SMART SET

Stories from Life

April

25 Cents

Complete In This Issue

GYPSY MATES

FREE —*Send coupon for 8 x 10 Art Print of this beautiful painting—the Kissproof Girl. Printed in 12 colors, mailed flat for framing.*

NEW

Kissproof

the waterproof rouge . . . in a startling jade green case

New! Different! Exquisitely modern! Daintily thin! Never before has a Compact Rouge been offered in such a strikingly original case! Luxurious gold and brilliant jade green! An Exclusive Compact Rouge for Particular Women —yet costs but 50c! And its genuine Kissproof!

Waterproof, *it stays on!*

Kissproof — the modern rouge — stays on no matter WHAT one does! A single application lasts all day! The youthful NATURAL Kissproof color will make your cheeks temptingly kissable—blushingly red—pulsating with the very spirit of reckless, irrepressible youth! Your first application of Kissproof will delight you!

Your dealer, if up to date, has this striking new rouge. Get it today! Look for the rich gold and jade green case—and be sure it's stamped Kissproof! If your dealer cannot yet supply you, send direct or

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a week's supply of this new, natural Kissproof Compact Rouge, a dainty miniature Kissproof Lipstick, a whole month's supply of Delica-Brow, the original liquid dressing for the lashes and brows, and a week's supply of Kissproof, the Extra Hour Face Powder. Send the coupon now—you'll be glad Kissproof is what it IS after you start using it!

Kissproof, Inc., Dept. 1324
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago
Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box. I enclose 20c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Also send art print of the Kissproof Girl FREE. Check shade of powder.

☐ Flesh ☐ White
☐ Brunette ☐ Ivory

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Why cannot mother and daughter talk frankly

... about the most intimate matters of a girl's life?

THERE is no denying that in many families there is not the confidence one would expect in a kinship as close as that between mother and daughter. The mother hesitates to speak too soon, only to find she has waited too long. Others have displaced her in the daughter's confidence. Then again, many mothers are themselves in doubt concerning these intimate matters. They belong to another generation. They have not kept step. Such a state of mind is no fit approach to any discussion of personal hygiene. There must be *understanding* — knowledge of the truth as declared by modern science. It is with this need in mind that "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been made available.

Mothers should know the dangers to be avoided

Every mother should read what this up-to-the-minute booklet has to say about the use of poisonous antiseptics in feminine hygiene—such antiseptics as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and their various compounds. Here are products too powerful to be used in the mouth, preparations so caustic in their effect that no physician dare permit them to remain for more than a few minutes on any part of the body. And yet thousands of women still employ them for intimate purposes of feminine hygiene.

Physicians have good cause to cry out against this state of affairs. For they know of numberless cases in which irreparable injury has been done—cases of hardened and deadened membranes, of delicate tissues permanently scarred.

There IS a safe antiseptic for feminine hygiene

But a new era has arrived for women. Today there is an antiseptic that is entirely safe for feminine hygiene. It is called *Zonite*. Remember the name, and with it this important fact: Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous and non-caustic. Remember, too, that it actually *has* the germ-killing power which assures real, surgical cleanliness.

Zonite is *more than forty times* as effective as peroxide of hydrogen. *Stronger* even than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body. Yet it is so *safe* that dentists freely recommend it for mouth hygiene!

Write for this frankly-written women's booklet (free)

No wonder women are turning to Zonite as the final solution of their greatest personal problem. The safety of it, the wholesomeness of it, the proved effectiveness of it cannot be denied. Every mother who cherishes the best and safest for her daughter, should send for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It states the truths concerning this vital subject frankly, authoritatively and without wasting or mincing of words. Check the coupon today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In bottles, 30¢, 60¢, $1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION S-4
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home.

(Please print name)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

APRIL, 1928
VOLUME 82, NO. 2

SMART SET
Stories from Life

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

The BEST True-Life Serials

Rebel Romance 20
A Drama of Love in the Midst of Revolution

Unforbidden Fruit 34
Behind the Closed Doors of a Girls' College

Uneasy Love . . *The Daring Romance of a Midnight Sweetheart* . . 50

The BEST True-Life Stories

Gypsy Mates 28
The Call of the Wild Was in His Blood

Blonde Wanted 40
So He Advertised—And I Was a Brunette

A Gamble With Love 58
Should He Have Put His Faith in Her?

My Wife and the Other Woman . 62
A Husband's Side of the Triangle

Sometimes It Happens 64
Do You Believe in Love at First Sight?

Her Mother's Sweetheart 68
Why Did They Object to Our Engagement?

All I Ask Is Another Chance . . 70
"If Only I Could Live My Life Over"

My Stolen Flight 72
The First Air Stowaway's Own Story

The BEST True-Life Features

Do I Like Being Famous? 18
By Irvin S. Cobb

What Can a Boy or Girl Do? . . 26
By Rupert Hughes

Girls Gentlemen Don't Prefer . . 32
By Anita Loos (As Told to Dorothy Holm)

Restless Wives 38
By May Cerf

Fifty-Fifty Marriages 49
By O. O. McIntyre

Does It Pay to Be Good? 56
By Dr. Louis E. Bisch

AND JOHN HELD'S OWN PAGE, page 17; I MISS YOU, a poem *by* Mary Carolyn Davies, page 66; A GALLERY OF BEAUTY, pages 45-48; FUN FROM THE FILMS, pages 77-80; NEW PRIZE CONTEST, page 44; MARTHA MADISON, page 82; Alex Smart's, THIS FUNNY WORLD, page 84

Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

Next Month

BOB CARR

A Thrilling New Story of High School

BLUFFERS

By that Eighteen Year Old Genius Who Wrote
"Crucible of Youth"

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DRAW ME and WIN a PRIZE

Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize .. $100.00
2nd Prize .. 50.00

3rd Prize ... $25.00
4th Prize ... 15.00
5th Prize $10.00
6th to 15th Prizes, ea., $5

To the Next 50 Best Drawings—A Fountain Pen

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE", showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning $2000, $4000, $5000 and $6000 yearly —some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the School famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

Rules for Contestants

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these Rules Carefully:

1. Make your drawing of girl and shadow exactly 5 inches high, on paper 3¼ inches wide by 6 inches high. Draw only the girl and shadow, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 5th, 1928. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1682 Federal Schools Building **Minneapolis, Minn.**

Is LIFE a Game of BLUFF?

Is all the world a stage—and are we all players, taking one rôle after another upon ourselves? Why do we cast ourselves one day for one part, the next for another? Why do we pretend to be bad when we're really good? Good when we're really bad? Why do we try to make ourselves seem indifferent when we're sympathetic, tender when we're indifferent? Why do we always hide behind ourselves? Perhaps you'll find the answer in these stories from life in May SMART SET.

How does a wholesome, peppy, fun loving high school girl manage to get herself a reputation for being wild? How does a boy contrive to get himself the title of town sheik? It's easy for young people to make grown-ups think they are awful—but when your own pals agree that you're the last word in speed—well you'll see how it's done when you read the latest tale by Robert S. Carr, the eighteen-year-old author of "Crucible of Youth." Don't miss his high school story,

"Bluffers"
in May SMART SET

Was this girl really heartless?
See May SMART SET

If you knew some one who hated a lie—who was almost fanatical in her devotion to truth, could you picture any situation in which even she might be willing to pretend that black was white—pure white? Have you yourself ever been face to face with a situation which made you feel that it was great and good and noble to lie—or at least to pretend? If you haven't you will live through one of the greatest experiences of your life when you read Virginia Terhune Van de Water's true story

"The Quality of Mercy"
in May SMART SET

Should a girl be condemned for one mistake? How can she live it down if the people who pretend to be broad-minded and tolerant refuse to accept her socially? Refuse to give her the employment which she must have in order to live? Whose fault is it if she makes a second mistake? Hers? Or that of the world that pretends to be understanding but is so busy with its own affairs that it has neither the time nor the inclination to be kind. Don't miss the article by the jurist, who from his place in the court room, sees these girls without their masks

Judge Charles A. Oberwager
in May SMART SET

Are we Americans really obsessed with sex? Or are we simply reacting against the mid-Victorian attitude which put sex in the same class as the family skeleton? Is this constant discussion of sex merely a gesture of defiance against unnatural repression? Will the pendulum, which is now swinging towards free love, companionate marriage, and easy divorce swing back to some other extreme after awhile? The author of the "Book of Marriage" has told Dorothy Holm what he thinks about it. You will find the article by this great student of life

Count Herman Keyserling
in May SMART SET

Would you travel halfway across the world to meet a fascinating woman whose heartlessness had sent your pal to his death? Would you try to make her care for you in the hope that you could hurt her as she had hurt the man you loved. If you found yourself falling under her spell would you run away, or stay and find revenge the sweeter? You may decide for yourself whether my big plan failed or succeeded when you read

"The Girl Who Didn't Care"
in May SMART SET

How does the average man choose a wife? How does he know the one girl in the world from all the others? Is she prettier? Sweeter natured? Daintier? What does the average man look for in a wife? A pal? A housekeeper? Or a baby doll? The author of "West of the Water Tower" and "Fancy Lady" studies all types. He knows why one attracts and another repels. He knows what men look for in a wife. If you want to know be sure to read the article by

Homer Croy
in May SMART SET

If you had ceased to love the greedy vamp you married, had almost begun to despise her could you pretend, when your old chum came to visit you, that everything was harmonious? Could you pretend not to see when she tried her wiles on him? Would you still play blind man if he fell for her? Or would you throw pretense to the winds and fight to save him from her and from his own infatuation? You'll see loyalty in a new light when you read

The Devil's Gift
in May SMART SET

If you'd like to meet some worthwhile, interesting people with their masks off—if you'd like to see into their hearts for a moment—be at the newsstands when May SMART SET comes out on March 30.

TO MAKE MORE FRIENDS

We *GIVE* You ALL Our Profit

Unequaled Bargain

A Genuine 9×12 ft. CHING-STAN Fringed Velvet Rug ON CREDIT

Yours—the sensation of all rug sensations .. something never before shown, something decidedly different.

Yours—the opportunity to get this fine rug *below actual factory cost* . . . because we're willingly *sacrificing profit to win friends*—purposely *losing money to gain new customers.* But for a *limited time only.* Sale starts right away—ends when supply is exhausted. Act quickly.

"Gorgeous! Marvelous! Luxurious!" "How wonderfully rich and colorful!" —folks say when they see this perfectly stunning rug for the first time. Its beauty is really breath taking. And—here's the charm of it, here's the distinctiveness of it: It is woven in one *complete* pattern. Not a single detail repeated. Every corner different. Its composition is like a priceless tapestry. Everyone knows that only the costliest rugs are so designed. Everyone knows that repeat patterns are easy to originate and manufacture—they're common, ordinary. But complete patterns without repetition—that's different. And so is this rug . . . *different.*

Unequaled Quality—Seamless

"Ching-Stan"—that's its name. A stunning 9 x 12 ft. Fringed, Seamless Velvet Rug that you would call a bargain at $40. Indeed, you probably couldn't equal its quality at that price. But just think—our Special Sale Price, for a *limited time only,* is $24.95. You save $15 by ordering *now.* Send only $1 with order. Use it as your own for 30 days FREE. And here's more good news—use your credit, take about a year to pay.

Style—Serviceability

Like a frame, the narrow taupe outer border and wide inner border of blue set off the taupe field—a taupe field that is neither Jaspe nor Damask, and more attractive than either—"Chenille figured background" would describe it better. Taupe for style and serviceability—then, for contrast, brilliant flowers in lavender, wisteria and orange blooming against the border. The center motif is a brown pagoda with an orange tiered roof. Two Chinese sampans are moored near the shore. A Chinese bridge leads to brown and lavender balconies, shadowed by trees and flaming star flowers. Of course there are birds, dragonflies, rare blossoms—an Oriental medley in richest shades of lavender, gold and green—a symphony of gorgeous colors that will retain their beauty throughout the years.

Like every fine rug, "Ching-Stan" is seamless. No seams to wear through. Like every fine rug, it has a heavy, knotted linen fringe. Quality and matchless service are woven right into its soft, deep pile. Full room size, 9 x 12 feet. Truly magnificent!

Send only $1. Use it for 30 days FREE. If you don't believe it to be worth every cent of $40, return it and we will refund your $1 and transportation charges both ways. You risk nothing!

Order No. BA 5095. Sale price $24.95. Terms $1 Down, $2.50 Monthly.

Nathaniel Spear
President

Spear & Co.

Dept. S804 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers to the People of America for 35 Years

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Showers of Spring Bargains that bring Rainbows of happiness. Bargains, bargains—1278 of them—for the brides of many springs, or the spring bride. Bargains that sing the spring song of savings—savings of 25% to 40%. Everything on credit—easy, dignified credit. A year to pay. Furniture, rugs, lamps, chairs, curtains, davenports, beds, dishes, silverware, stoves, linoleum—everything for the home. Just out! Mail the coupon now. No obligation to buy.

$24.95 ABOUT A YEAR TO PAY

Spear & Co., S804 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the "Ching-Stan" Fringed Velvet Rug as described above. Enclosed is $1 first payment. It is understood that, if at the end of 30 days trial, I am satisfied, I will send you $2.50 monthly. Order No. BA 5095. Sale price $24.95. Title remains with you until paid in full.

Name _____

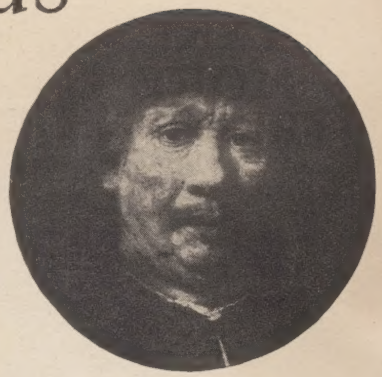
R. F. D. Box No. or St. and No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____

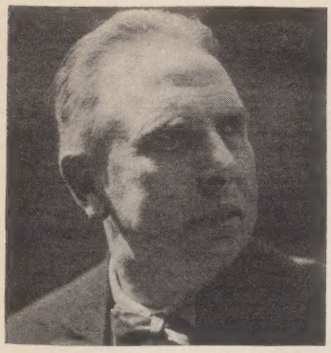
FREE CATALOG If you want the FREE Catalog only, send no money, put an x in the square and write your name and address plainly on the above lines. ☐

$1 DOWN

The Loves of a Genius *told by* Emil Ludwig



IN April Cosmopolitan Emil Ludwig, who wrote those fascinating biographies of Napoleon and Bismarck, tells the romantic life-story of Rembrandt, the Dutch miller's son who became one of the world's great painters, and his love for Saskia van Ulenburgh, whose lovely face and form are immortalized in many of his paintings.



You Can Learn About Women *from* Theodore Dreiser

SOME years ago Theodore Dreiser, whose "An American Tragedy" recently achieved so sensational a success, wrote a book called "Twelve Men"—a series of stories about men which rank among the masterpieces of fiction. Now he writes for Cosmopolitan a similar series of stories about *women*. The first of these, "Rella," appears in April Cosmopolitan.

Ring W. Lardner Tells *the* Romance *of a* Traffic Cop

"I SUPPOSE you didn't see that red light . . . What did you think the other cars stopped for? Did you think they all ran out of gas at once?" But she only smiled at him and told him he was "cute." And that was the beginning of a romance that ended in a way quite different from what you might expect. Read the story—"There Are Smiles—" in April Cosmopolitan.

Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. Writes a Story of a War Dog

THE author of "Fix Bayonets!" writes for Cosmopolitan the story of Greta, a German war dog, trained to carry messages from regimental headquarters to battalions on the line, and her meeting at a listening post in No Man's Land with Private Hense Jordan of the Fifth Marines. A real war-story by a man who knows real war and real dogs.

ALSO in April Cosmopolitan—Irvin S. Cobb, Robert Hichens, George A. Dorsey, Sir Philip Gibbs, Meredith Nicholson, Peter B. Kyne, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Rex Beach, George Ade, W. W. Jacobs, Faith Baldwin, Percival Christopher Wren, Frazier Hunt, Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C., E. Phillips Oppenheim, Richard V. Culter, O. O. McIntyre, Shirley Warde, Rube Goldberg, and Charles Dana Gibson.

ALL IN APRIL

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combined with
Cosmopolitan

ON SALE MARCH 10

Betty Compson

Noted Motion Picture Star,

writes:

"The strain of constant posing before a camera is sometimes great. A few puffs from a good cigarette is the quickest relief. I always have Luckies on the set. They soothe without the slightest throat irritation."

Betty Compson

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"The sale of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes has increased to a phenomenal degree. I am a leaf tobacco buyer and am instructed to buy the 'Cream of the Crop' for this Brand and I am following my instructions to the letter."

G. L. Davis

Leaf Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Which Kind Are *YOU?*

Adventurous?—yet tied to home or office?

McCLURE'S will carry you over strange seas to distant ports and far-off lands, where those who dare may still live dangerously. Percival Christopher Wren, F. R. Bechdolt, T. Howard Kelly, and other famous writers of adventure, will be your guides and companions.

Ambitious?—for a well-rounded, successful life?

A life with its due share of money success and achievement, of work and fun, of fame and friendship and love and health — in the balance which means happiness? McCLURE'S will help you attain it—with stories from the lives of those who have achieved their ambitions in many fields —Rockefeller, Luther Burbank, Jean LaCoste, and many more.

Keen-Witted?—an embryo detective who became something else?

Mysteries to sharpen your wits—you will find them in every issue of McCLURE'S. A. E. W. Mason, W. C. Tuttle, and many other masters of mystery write for McCLURE'S.

Romantic?—yet finding life prosaic?

In McCLURE'S are exquisite love stories—stories to stir the blood, and make the world a better place to live in — stories poignant and tender, spiced with danger and crowned with victory, by such writers as Konrad Bercovici, Edward L. McKenna, F. R. Buckley, and many more.

Each number brings you pages and pages of sheer fun—and information—and inspiration—and entertainment — novels, stories, articles, poems, pictures! Each number is a tonic and a vacation combined! Think what *twelve* big numbers will be—and sign the coupon!

McClure's Magazine — One year $3.00, two years $4.50

McCLURE'S, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. SS 428

Please enter my subscription for 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐. I enclose remittance ☐ You may bill me ☐ Please mark a check to indicate length of subscription and way of payment.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

McCLURE'S Regular Subscription Price $3 for one year. $4.50 two years. Canadian and foreign postage extra.

Win a NASH Sedan or $1400.00 in cash

Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped De Luxe Model Nash Sedan, or full value in cash if preferred ($1,085.00). In addition to this Nash Sedan we give away, absolutely free, a latest model Chevrolet Coach or its cash value ($595.00), a Brunswick Panatrope Phonograph, a Six Tube, Single Dial Freshman Radio, a Corona Portable Typewriter — many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash.

14
1
19
8

Solve This Puzzle

The numbers in the squares to the right spell two words. The alphabet is numbered. A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Can you make out what the two words are? When you do this, send me your answer right away. It may mean winning the Nash Sedan or $1,400.00 in cash.

19
5
4
1
14

$315.00 Cash For Promptness

In addition to the two automobiles, the many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also offering a Special Prize of $315.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive $1,400.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and $315.00 in cash. In case of tie duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address written plainly. EVERYBODY REWARDED. Address

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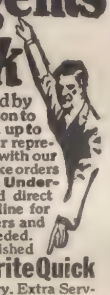

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make $2.00 to $5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to $15 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our **New Plans.** Simply introduce and take orders for famous **World's Star Hosiery, Underwear and Rayon Lingerie** sold direct from Mill to Home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders. No investment needed. Complete selling equipment furnished **Free.** No C.O.D. Nodeposit. **Write Quick** It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Exclusive territory. Extra Service Awards. Cash Bonus. Promotion. No experience needed. Write today for all particulars.

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I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

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175 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

Fascinating Womanhood

This is the title of a book that will teach you how to gain the interest and make yourself attractive to the man of your choice. It explains the psychology of the male mind by showing you how it works. You do not need to be lonely any longer. You can win home and husband and be happy, once you are master of the psychology which this book teaches. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 71-D

"Woven Sunshine" FINE FIBRE ROCKER

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ONLY $1 DOWN *for* 1 or 2 or 3 Rockers

Color . . . and Comfort . . . and Cheer. That's what people want in their homes nowadays. That's why Fibre Furniture is all the rage.

You want it, too. You ought to have it. You *can* have it. Use your credit!

Here's the newest of the new—the bargain of bargains! Yes, a marvelous bargain, even for SPEAR—and on long-time credit terms, as well.

"Woven Sunshine," that's just what we call this artistic new Fibre Rocker. Bright and cheery as a flower garden in June. And comfortable? Well, it's as comfortable as the easiest easy chair imaginable.

It's just like the rockers you see in all the new homes and hotels. Same new style, same high quality. Only one difference. *Those* rockers cost $15 apiece; *this* one costs *you* just $9.85.

And better yet—we make a further reduction in our low sale price, when you order 2 or 3 rockers! Why, for $1 down you can have 1 or 2 or 3. But 3 is the limit. Order 1—or 2—or 3 today. Send only $1. 30 days FREE trial.

What beauty! Baronial Brown Fibre, shading into tan, with cheery touches of tangerine and sea green. Upholstering of gorgeous Floral Cretonne, in all the colors of an old-fashioned flower garden.

The firm, smooth, round fibre is closely woven over a hardwood frame. Legs and stretchers, too, are closely wound. Stunning fibre braid trim.

What comfort! The well padded, shaped back, and the tailored, thickly padded, removable automobile type seat cushion are resilient and restful. This is the most comfortable cushion made, containing 6 deep, resilient coil springs, supported by steel bands.

Just the ideal size, too—29 inches wide overall, with comfortable roll arms. Back 23½ inches high from seat—seat 19 x 18 inches.

Use Your Credit—30 Days FREE Trial

Send only $1 with order—that's all. Use in your home for 30 days FREE. If you do not believe each rocker well worth $15, return it and we will refund your $1 and all transportation charges. You risk nothing.

1 Rocker, Order No. B A 975, Sale Price $9.85. Terms $1 down, $1 monthly.
2 Rockers, Order No. B A 958, Special Price $19.48. Terms $1 down, $2 monthly.
3 Rockers, Order No. B A 959, Special Price $29.25. Terms only $1 down, $3 monthly.

Nathaniel Spear President

→ Spear & Co. ←

Dept. S 803 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers to the People of America for 35 Years

SPEAR & CO., Dept. S 803, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me at once Fibre Rocker as described above. Enclosed is $1 first payment. It is understood that, if at the end of 30 days trial I am satisfied, I will send you $1.00 monthly for each rocker I order. Title remains with you until paid in full. (Please check number of rockers desired.)

Order No. B A 975, 1 Rocker, Price $9.85 ☐
Order No. B A 958, 2 Rockers, Special price $19.48 ☐
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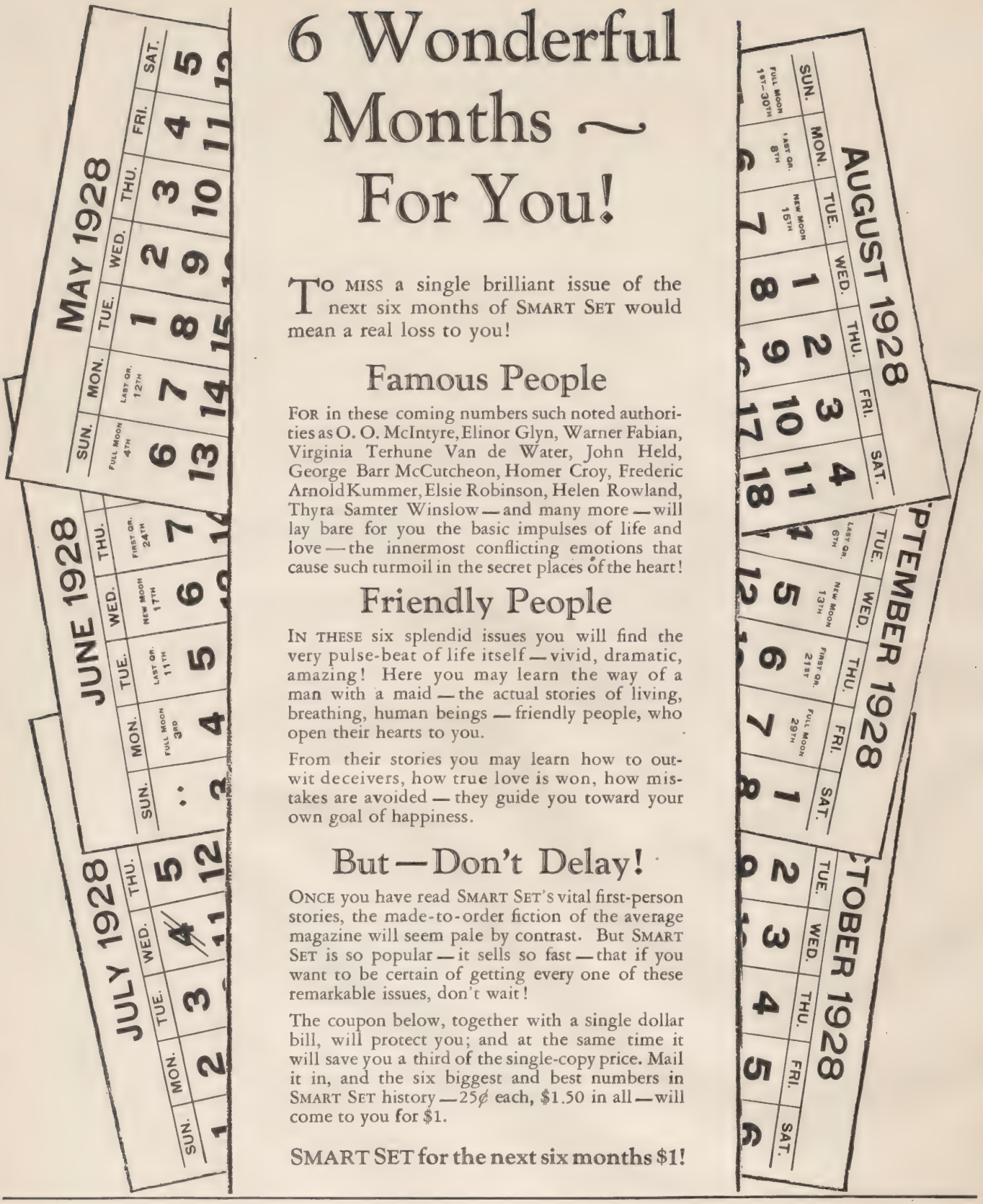

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For those who MISSED the Opening Instalment of This Remarkable Serial. Begin Here

Unforbidden Fruit

By

WARNER FABIAN

Who Startled You Not So Long Ago With His Book of "Flaming Youth"

SUITE TWENTY, Trumbull House, was in evening session. Feminine apparel, feminine appurtenances, feminine curves and angles, feminine voices were everywhere.

The center table was strewn with a collection of text books, note books, magazines, a bridge manual, a copy of "Lord Raingo," another of "Summer Bachelors," a green stocking and a tan, a cracked jazz record, a bottle of headache tablets, five cigarette boxes and a sophomore, all impartially whitened with a new brand of talcum-powder from a box which had inopportunely opened up while in aerial transit across the disordered apartment.

Half a dozen girls in the abandon of negligée gave to the divan the desperate appearance of a raft just after a shipwreck. Several others occupied the two chairs and a trunk, the contents of which were oozing out upon the floor pending a more orderly disposition.

On one wall was stretched a banner with the inspiring words "Sperry, 1928" in mauve and cerise. Opposite was a framed legend, in an inexplicable species of worsted work, posing the incontrovertible statement that "Home Is What You Make It." There were also pictures of the kind which one might not too optimistically expect.

IN THE window corner a young gentlewoman stood upon her head.

Question and answer, comment and gossip, rejoicing and lamentation crossed and recrossed each other in the buzzing air.

"Hello girls! What kind of a vacation did you have?"

"Grand! A perfectly gorgeous time!"

"Lousy for me and I don't mean maybe."

"Not so rotten! Could have been worse."

"The old dump isn't so bad to get back to once you're here."

"Oh, gee! Who says it isn't? Sixteen more weeks of slaver-ee."

"With no break in the clouds till Junior Prom."

"Signed up your swain yet, Gwen?"

"The thirteenth man I asked to Prom
Has just gone back on me,"

chanted a voice. It was a little off key but no one noticed.

"Nixie's rooming alone, so I guess maybe I'll move in with—"

"—elected Biology Two, God help me, before I found out—"

"And if anyone so much as whispers 'hockey' to me, I'll—"

"What I heard about her even the tabloids wouldn't print."

"Who's that, Celia?"

"—harder than ever this semester, and if it is, I'm sunk, simply sunk."

"Well, you won't go down alone."

"Kaplan & Boyle may be more expensive, but I will say this for them, whatever you get there—"

"Maybe they are married. Stranger things have happened!"

"Basket-ball? Too much toil! I got a shiner to take to the Yale-Harvard game, last year."

"—taste like incense to me. I wouldn't smoke 'em if you gave—"

"Darn the self-Gov' . . . Anybody here on it?"

"Always beefing about sex complexes. They make me sick, that bunch."

"Moi aussi, a pain in the ear."

"—doubled two spades and instead of going back to di—"

"In beige duveteen. Actually!"

"Somebody swiped my lab outfit. Now, I ask you?"

"ROXY ANN! Remember that Sperry College was founded to instill in us the spirit and demeanor of Christian gentlewomen."

"Now, everybody!" said a shrill, derisive falsetto, "a sweet che-ah for Old Spay-ree!"

"Me, I never want to see a drink or a man or a night club again in my life. I'm off that stuff for good."

The inverted gentlewoman in the corner grunted skeptically, for the proponent of this self-abnegating proposition was Delevan's genius for getting away to some kind of festivity over every week-end while still maintaining her standing in class was the wonder and despair of friend and foe. A slight, quick, homely girl addressed the grunter.

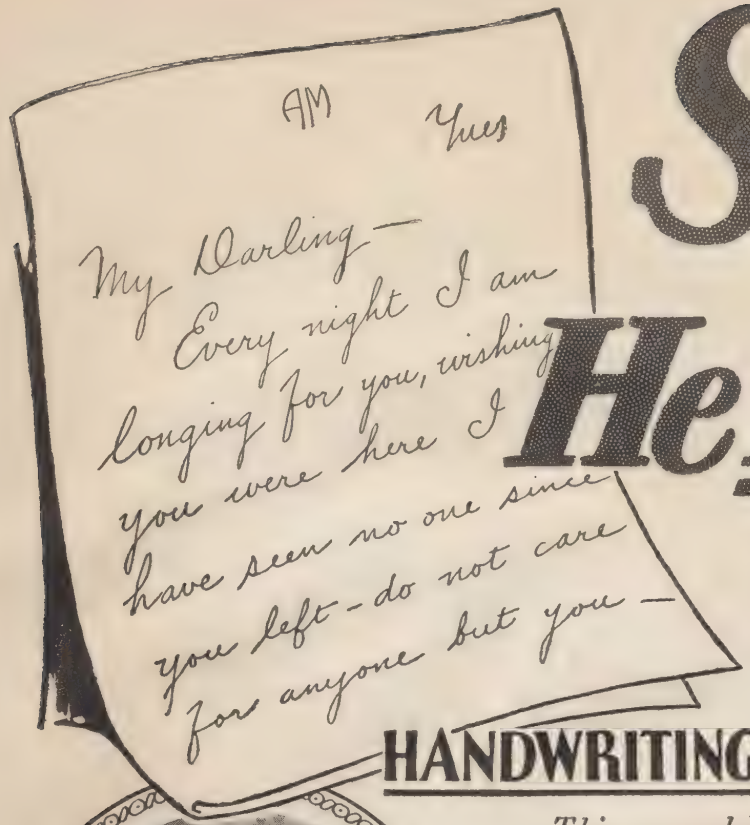
"As you were, Starr. You'll have apoplexy!"

"Two minutes to go yet."

"What's the idea?" inquired Sara [*Continued on page 140*]

Sensation!

Unforbidden Fruit became a sensation the instant the opening instalment appeared last month. Appeals for copies of SMART SET containing the first part of this remarkable story were so numerous they could be met only by reprinting it in this issue. Warner Fabian, the mysterious writer who hides behind a pen name, never scored a bigger success than he has here. That's why you are given this second chance to start his most widely discussed serial.


AM Yues
My Darling—
Every night I am
longing for you, wishing
you were here I
have seen no one since
you left - do not care
for anyone but you —

She Lies and He Knows It

She Says She is Lonesomely Waiting, But He Knows the Truth

HANDWRITING *CANNOT* BE DISGUISED!

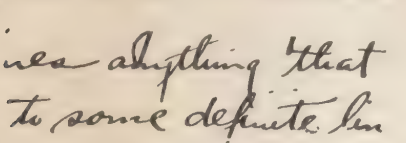
This young lady's letter reads sweetly enough—but her fiancé knows graphology! He has studied her handwriting and *knows* that she is deceiving him. The engagement will be broken off.

Handwriting is an accurate reflection of character. *It cannot be disguised!*

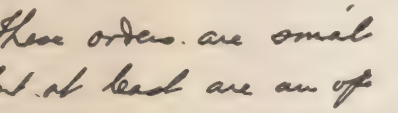
As everyone knows, palmistry, phrenology, astrology and cards are of no real value in themselves, in fortune telling. They are uncertain and unproven.

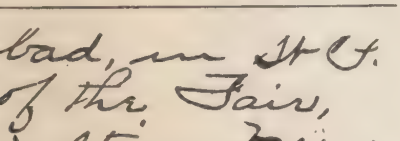
Handwriting, however, is the mind on paper! To one who knows a few simple facts it reveals the truth as well as if a full, honest confession were made.

What is it in the handwriting of above letter that denotes this woman as fickle and unfaithful?



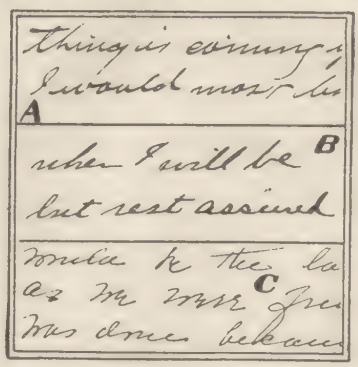
A young lady of estimable character was engaged to the man who wrote the specimen of handwriting shown here. He was a handsome, bright, entertaining chap, a glib talker and extremely sociable. Can you tell from his handwriting why she felt obliged to cancel the engagement?





A New York firm advertised for a good road salesman. Two men applied for the position by letter. One was a "crook" and thief and the other was thoroughly reliable, and as capable a salesman. The firm selected one of the two men, because of his appearance. After three months' service, the firm discovered treachery, dishonesty and dissolute habits in their choice. Which of the two men would you have selected, judging them by their handwriting?

TRY THIS TEST



The three specimens of handwriting shown above were clipped from the original letters of applicants for a position of trust. One is a crook and thief; another is insane; the third is an intelligent and capable person who was engaged and is regarded favorably. Which one would you engage, if they all applied by letter for a position of trust?

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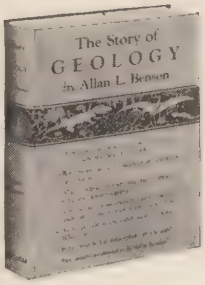
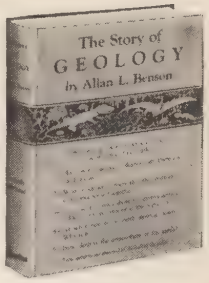


ARE YOU WELL EDUCATED?



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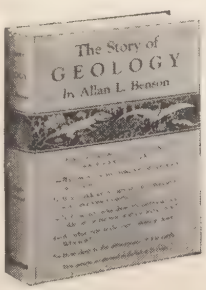

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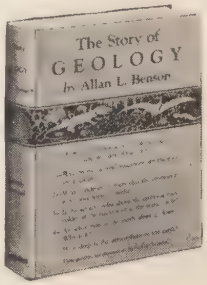

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JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor

Making the New Ford "Look Right"

Have a Laugh with IRVIN COBB at

Do I Like Being Famous? Don't Be Silly!

Underwood

Mr. Cobb, himself, in person, as the camera sees him. The cigar grows there and Herb Roth, left, caught it full grown. The other artists had to take it as it came, which proves it's no property torch

IT'S a curious thing, this business of being a so-called celebrity. In the hope of achieving what, among us, passes for fame you work your head off. If you fail to win it you die disappointed. If you win it, you find that the taste of it isn't exactly what you thought its taste would be. Also you find that it's as hard to keep as it was to gain—maybe harder. In this country particularly we have a way of putting an individual on a pedestal one day and knocking him off the next. As a race we're affectionate and fickle. And the higher the pedestal the farther the fall. We had brass bands for some fellow last week. This week we're out for him with brass knuckles.

Other nations may be a trifle slower about giving a native son their favor, but once having given it they're more steadfast in their fondness for the popular idol than we are. Perhaps living under a republican form of government and changing presidents every four or eight years has something to do with it. You might say, metaphorically speaking, that America makes a grand sweetheart, but a poor husband. Without being metaphorical you might go further and say that here's the land where nothing gets old-fashioned as fast as a reputation, unless it is a society drama or an egg.

Even so, the possession of even a minor share of notoriety, transitory and fleeing though it may be, has its compensations. It's a poultice for the vanity and a precious balm to the spirit of man. All of which brings me around, by rather a winding course, to the point in illustration which I set out to make. It's only an incident, to be sure, but I claim that it is an illuminating instance

"Looking South"
By McCutcheon

Not long ago a friend and I started for the Gulf Coast on a hunting trip. My companion belongs to an old and honored New York family. In Manhattan society the members of his stock are prominent and have been so for a couple of generations. Financially he stands high. He has a dollar for every dime I ever hope to have. But, while in social and financial circles locally he is as well known as the average leading citizen, he more or less loses his outstanding identity when he ventures into other circles, or leaves the island where he was born and reared.

We met at the Pennsylvania Station. A smiling red-cap took our bags, at the same time hailing me warmly as "Mr. Cobbs." When a colored man pluralizes your name he is doing you special honor, although he does it instinctively and automatically. It is as though he meant to imply that you were too important to be addressed in the second person singular. To the best of my recollection and belief I had never seen this smiling functionary before, but he hailed me as he might an acquaintance of long standing.

His Funniest True Experience This Month

And Some Cartoons from Life

By John T. McCutcheon – Herb Roth James Montgomery Flagg & Tony Sarg

That was merely the beginning. The gateman to whom we offered our tickets nodded familiarly and, as he waved us through to the train shed, murmured something about having seen my picture in the paper. The Pullman conductor shook hands and said that with his little boy one of my books was a favorite. He named the book. True, George Ade was the author, but I didn't tell him any better. Unwittingly, with the best intentions in the world, he'd spoiled a pleasant moment for me. In the spirit in which it had been offered I accepted the tribute, at the same time silently giving Ade credit in the box score for an assist.

Presently there came a knock at our stateroom door and there entered a big man who introduced himself as a Texas stockman. He had recognized me as we passed through the coach and he desired to meet me and to bring in a couple of his friends, if I didn't mind. I told him I didn't mind.

After a while we went to the dining car. As we settled ourselves in our seats a lady sitting at a table behind me, but facing my friend, said to him with her lips:

"Is this Irvin Cobb?"

In pantomime he admitted that it was.

The waiter, who took our order, informed me that he for one liked the way I told negro dialect stories over the radio.

And so on and so forth.

We were back in our reservation making ready for bed when my companion, who for some minutes past had apparently been considering a subject in his mind, said to me suddenly:

"My God, man, tell me something. This thing which has been going on ever since we started—does this happen to you every time you go anywhere?"

"Yes," I said, "it does. You see, first and last, nearly every caricature and cartoonist in the country has taken a whack at me. There is that about me which seems to have a fatal fascination for a sketch artist. And with me the greater the caricature, the better the likeness—which may or may not be a personal compliment for me. But in any event, by reason of printed representations of my face and figure and by reason of other causes, I'm likely to be picked out of the crowd and pointed out wherever I am, either at home or abroad. The farther west we go the more people we'll encounter who are likely to come up and introduce themselves, because Westerners are naturally less stand-offish than Easterners but, as you've noted this evening, it's not an uncommon experience for me here in the East."

"But doesn't it bore you to death sometimes?" he asked.

Tony Sarg tried to disguise Mistuh Cobb of Old Kaintuck' as Daniel Boone, but that coonskin cap can't fool us. Jim Flagg caught Irvin just as he was saying, "That reminds me—"

John T. McCutcheon followed Irvin into Dixieland and drew this picture to show you how big he is in the old home town

"I'll tell you about that part of it," I said, very truthfully. "The first time it happened—the first time a kindly stranger hailed me to say he had read something of mine which he liked or remembered—I got about as gorgeous a thrill out of it as any ordinary human being could ask for. The novelty is gone now and, once in a while, when I'm nervous or tired or am craving a little privacy, I'll confess to you that I am just a trifle bored by such an attention, although having been given a compliment I strive to acknowledge it appreciatively and gratefully.

"But let me tell you this: If ever you want to see a party who is really bored—yes, bored to the point of being heartbroken and suicidally depressed—you just look me up on the day when they stop doing it!"

I meant that. I mean it now. I want to cling fast to my little share of the thing you call notoriety. So does every right-minded man or woman I know, who likewise has had a share of it, and don't let anybody try to make you believe otherwise

BEGINNING: *The Self-Told Revelations of a Spanish*

And in a Stranger Whirlpool

Rebel

LAURITA VALLEZ *of the Rancho*

NOW this is a very strange story that I mean to tell you, and if I would tell it well I must say how it was that I, Laurita Vallez, came to be living alone on the plantation of Piedrecitas. I must tell you of General Felix Mora and of that strange American whom I first saw trampling my carpets with his muddy boots.

It was in what we call the grinding season. From the fields the farmers had brought their cane. Everything should have been running smoothly, but as a matter of fact, everything was running very badly indeed.

I often smiled to think of how I had talked of my life on the plantation to the girls in the convent outside of Paris. They had listened wide-eyed to the tales I had to tell. They had sighed to think of the romantic future that was to be mine when I returned to my home in Central America.

But I had not thought to come home and find no one left of my blood. My father had died. My reckless, lovable brother had drifted away on an expedition into the interior and been heard of no more. So now there was no one except myself.

What was it, I wonder, that made me feel that whatever happened, the plantation must go on? Why did I feel as if it were a trust that had come down to me through my father's blood, and his father's?

I only know that on the coast, people shook their heads when I told them I was going into the interior alone to manage the plantation and make my inheritance profitable.

Dios! Was I mad? I, to go there alone, away from the protection of the cities. Suppose, just suppose a revolution should take place? Already there were rumors! Ah, but there were always rumors!

I told them I was not afraid. I did not need their cities, their soldiers and police. Let revolution come, as it had come so often in our land, and I would hold my plantation in spite of that and keep the big mill grinding.

So three months later I found myself on the plantation in the very center of the Central American jungle land.

In case you do not know, I must explain that a plantation is not just a big farm with other farms near it. It is like a city in itself; it is like a ship. Everything must be on board: apo hecaries, priests, merchants. Justice must be administered and the sick cared for.

Old Rinaldo, my administrador, was weak and helpless, and so I had to rely entirely on myself.

How proud I was! How I walked with my head in the air, watching everything, alert, happy, confident! How I scolded Old Rinaldo when he muttered about more difficult times ahead! But Old Rinaldo was right. Like a breath that swept across the hot fields came the news of war!

Then my helpers seemed to lose heart and will. They buried their gold, and went into hiding, so that every morning there were fewer at the mill than the day before.

Rinaldo implored me to go to the coast until everything was over but I grew angry with him. The mill must grind.

Now no one dared to mention the revolution in my presence.

Beauty Caught in a Whirlpool of Revolution

of Love, Adventure and Intrigue

Romance

Captain
DAN RYDER
American
Soldier of Fortune

so it was almost a month before I learned the name of the general who was leading the rebels. One evening, Manuela, the woman who stayed with me, burst out suddenly:

"They say that if this General Mora is victorious now, he—"

"Who?" I demanded. "What name did you say, Manuela?"

"General Mora, General Felix Mora. Madre de Dios! Why are you staring like that? Do you know him, this general?"

Know him? Oh, I knew him indeed and I did not like him.

It was on the steamer that I had met him, almost a year before. He was a slight, extraordinarily polite man, who had a habit of smiling and smiling, without any humor at all in his eyes, which were the most peculiar eyes I had ever seen.

He had chatted with me, telling me he had known my father He had paid me many compliments. Then the evening befor we made port, he had asked me to marry him.

I did not like him. How could I? He was an old man! Why, he was more than forty! He saw me shudder and was displeased.

"Please hear me out," he said. "I am offering you something besides my name. I cannot tell you everything, but the woman who marries me will occupy a great position. She will have riches and the envy of others; she will have power!"

He seemed so shabby that I stared, wondering if he might even be out of his senses but he was sane enough; he meant what he said.

When I told him no he did not move for a moment. Then he said:

"Very well, I will wait. You will hear from me again. You will remember then what I have told you now!"

His voice was like ice, and somehow I felt suddenly afraid. I tried to laugh at my fear, but it was no use. I found that there was no laughter in me.

I had not seen him again before we docked and after I reached home I had quite forgotten him. And now Felix Mora had become General Mora! He was on his way to seize the honors, the riches, the power he had spoken of. Then I knew why I had felt afraid, I knew I had guessed the determination in the man. But that had been a year ago. He must long since have forgotten me. That vague threat in his voice had been nothing but the echo of his humiliation. However there are men who forget nothing, who never halt until they have won what they set out to win, and instinct told me Felix Mora was one of these.

Another month rolled by. The heat lay on the land like a thick blanket. The sun burned down on the fields. The mills ground at a snail's pace. Rinaldo and I and the few who remained, continued our task as if nothing had happened.

Yet every few days wild reports would reach us. Felix Mora had been proclaimed dictator. Felix Mora was in flight for the border. A battle had been fought at Espiritu. A rebel regiment had been captured and every man shot as a warning. There were fearful tales, and no one on the plantation was easy, for it was clear that the fighting was going on just north of us. I sent a messenger to the capital, asking for help, and

It was black now except for the glow of the lantern my guard carried. A mad plan to escape came to me. Suddenly I kicked the lantern from his hand. As it crashed against the wall, blackness enveloped us. I ran down the hallway while the guard stumbled and cursed

declaring my loyalty to the government and to my country

Then one day at noon, a faint, crackling sound was borne to us on the wind. The wheels were silent. The workers looked up with startled faces. One or two cursed under their breaths hating the thing they sensed was near

"It is nothing," I said trying to reassure them. "It is thunder."

"Thunder in dry season? Who ever heard of that?

"No, of course not," I corrected myself. "It is a field of cane on fire. It is the sound of the burning stalks."

Then Rinaldo's high-pitched voice said:

"Why should we pretend? It is the sound of machine guns

And we were all silent, even I

With Drawings from Life

By GARRETT PRICE

I heard the sound of a horse's hoots outside. There were so few who came through to Piedrecitas that I went to the wide arched doors. A tired, dusty man dismounted. It was the messenger whom I had sent to the government asking that help be sent me.

"The rebels are advancing," he whispered through dry lips. "There is a whole army of them. They are marching this way, sparing nothing. It is said they even eat the babies. Dios! What is to become of us all?"

I seized his shoulder. He was shaking like a leaf.

"Did you get my message through to the government?" I exclaimed.

"They said they would send a body of men here under Colonel Castano but why should we believe them?"

I LOOKED around at a white-faced, disheartened group, ready to surrender at a shot. There was not one there with an ounce of fight left in him. Then I was angry.

I told them I would defend this plantation that had been my father's and his father's before him, even if I, a girl, had to do it alone. I pointed out that we could barricade ourselves behind the big doors and hold out until Colonel Castano came. My anger made me say whatever came into my mind. They listened, lifting their heads higher and higher, until I knew I had won them, for courage is contagious.

That afternoon we worked, not at the task of grinding cane but at the grim business of making the mill into a stronghold.

They worked cheerfully, as if it were a simple matter to withstand an army. I only hoped their courage would endure if it came to actual fighting. The Haitian blacks piled up great pieces of iron before the door. Others brought water and provisions from the huts. Still others cleaned their carbines or sharpened their machetes until they were like razors.

But I who had started this thing felt my heart heavy within me. It might be true that the government had promised aid, but the chances of Colonel Castano's actually arriving were more than uncertain. I wished that there were someone to help me, just one brave man. I knew well enough that the courage of my little army would soon go as swiftly as it had come!

While we had worked, an ominous silence had fallen. The rattle of the machine gun died out. I hoped only that the rebels in their march might not draw the plantation into their net, but scarcely had the last preparation been made, when they came upon us!

At first there was the clattering of the artillery as it was dragged over the rutted road. Then I heard the jingling of harness, the sound of the horses' hoofs, the voices of the men.

I looked through the barricade. There were only a handful of men after all but they were circling the place. Then one of them saw the doors of the mills and shouted and gesticulated. I saw a machine gun turned towards us. In another instant, with a sharp, rapid thudding it was spitting lead against our gateway.

I HAD my father's sword and an old heavy revolver that I could scarcely lift. I cried out to those who were with me. They were screaming! They were scrambling for shelter like a lot of frightened hens. Then one of them raced towards the door. I knew what he meant to do. I knew he was going to unbar it and surrender.

"If you go one step towards that door," I cried, "I'll shoot you down!"

He gave me a terrified look but the machine gun terrified him still more. He stumbled on. I raised my pistol but it shook in my hand and I couldn't shoot him! I couldn't! In a moment he had opened the doors and a bullet from outside toppled him forward on his face.

Then I felt a new rage come over me, the rage against these marauders who had spilled innocent blood. I would not hesitate to open fire on them!

There was a hoarse cry, followed by a clumsy rush across the threshold. An officer, apparently the commander of the troop, led the way. I stood with my father's sword in one hand, the old revolver in the other. I think I was very pale; I know I was determined.

The workers were crawling and scrambling away like frightened insects. I stood there all alone. There was a command from the officer. His men drew up behind him and he stood there shaking with laughter!

Oh, but I was angry then! I raised my pistol steadily.

"Put that down," he said and even in my excitement, I noticed that he spoke Spanish with difficulty like some Americans I had heard.

"I'll shoot the first man who comes one step nearer," I cried.

"Put that down, my dear, or I'll kiss you," he said. He came slowly towards me and I aimed at his heart. I aimed but I did nothing more.

He was tall, more than six feet, and built like a giant. He had sandy hair, deep set eyes and that dare-devil grin. He was so handsome! And he stepped towards me quite calmly, quite unafraid.

"I'll shoot!" I said. "I'll shoot!"

Step by step he came on until he was in front of me, looking into my eyes. And the instant after that he had caught me in his arms and kissed me!

Then I think I could have pulled that trigger, I hated him so much. Only it was too late! For the pistol and the sword had gone clattering to the floor.

"You are a coward!" I exclaimed.

"You're wrong. I'm a brave man to kiss a woman like you!" he said. He seemed so cheerful and so self-possessed that I longed to humiliate him, to see him on his knees begging my pardon. Oh, how I hated him!

HE GAVE another order and a peasant with bare feet and a gun on his shoulder marched up to me. In another instant my people had been dragged out from their hiding places and were led out of my sight without a struggle or a gunshot!

Then the officer left the mill and I was alone with my guard. The minutes seemed like hours but at last a soldier came to the doorway and beckoned. I was taken by the arm and guided across the roadway to the house. I walked up the wide veranda through the tiled hallway and into the library.

And there was the man who had dared to kiss me, with his muddy campaign boots on my rugs, his sword across my desk, and a half-emptied bottle of brandy beside him. He gestured to my guard and in another moment we were alone.

"Now then—" he began in his halting Spanish.

"If you don't mind, please speak in English," I said. "It

General
FELIX MORA
Rebel Chieftain
Who Made War
To Win Laurita

will be much easier for me to understand than your Spanish is."

He grinned again. "Anything you ask me from now on is yours," he said. "All right, we'll try English."

He poured out two generous glassfuls of brandy "Let's drink to our meeting," he said.

He did not seem to read the scorn and the fury in my eyes but he understood my rejection. He drank both glasses, one right after the other.

"I suppose you know you are a thief," I said. "You stole that from my cellar."

"Stole? Soldiers don't steal, my dear. They merely requisition, if you know what that means. It's a very fine point. But sit down, I want to talk to you."

"I'll stand," I said.

"Suit yourself." He stared at me for

Wounded and in danger the rebel captain took time to tell me of his love. "There's no use trying to fight against me, I'll make you love me," he said. I heard a crashing in the undergrowth and there were my friends, the troopers who thirsted for the captain's life. With a cry I ran towards them

so long a time that I flushed all the colors of the rainbow

"Yes, you're beautiful," he said at last but I ignored it.

"When are you and your men going to leave here?" I demanded.

"I don't quite know," he answered. "You see I've fallen in love with you."

He came towards me, and though I retreated towards the wall, he put his arms around me and grinned down at me.

I think I screamed. I don't know what it was I said but he stepped back and for the first time I realized I was sobbing and shaking so I could hardly stand.

"But I am in love with you," he said almost wistfully.

"In love! A man like you! As if you knew what the word meant!" I said. "I couldn't tell you what I think of you and you couldn't understand me if I did."

I racked my brain to find words of hate and contempt and rage. He looked at me darkly.

"Never mind what I am. I'm not trying to explain All I know is, you're beautiful and I want you."

Then I was deathly afraid. I tried to reach the door, but he was there before me.

"Don't lose your head," he said. "A plucky girl like you! Listen to me! Maybe I am a drunkard and gone to the devil but I think I could love you. I mean that, though I've only just caught sight of you."

I screamed something at him, I don't know what. But it didn't matter as he paid no attention.

"You're my prisoner," he said with grim satisfaction "Don't you forget that! I've taken you prisoner and I mean to keep you that as long as I choose! So you might as well be calm."

I felt frightened as I'd never been frightened before. It was like being locked into a cell with a brute.

"Listen," he said. "I'm telling you the truth. My name's Dan Ryder and I'm a captain in the United States Army. I mean I was. Ponies and liquor and women made a fool of me. That's why I'm here. Yes, I'm a ne'er-do-well, if you like, but I haven't lost my head. I want two things

in the world and just two. One's brandy, and the other is you!"

He moved towards me slowly and my heart pounded with sheer terror.

The next instant he gripped my wrists. I tore myself free with a sudden violent movement and my voice trembled with its own intensity.

"YOU talk to me of love," I cried, "and you do this! I have heard of many evil men. I think you are worse than any of them!"

I was torn by many emotions but fear stood out above them all. I looked around desperately for help but there he was between me and the door, grinning.

"Who knows?" he said. "You may be right. And as for loving you, I'm likely to say anything. So long as neither of us believe it, what's the difference?"

Desperately I kept telling myself I must not lose my head. I must think. I must save myself. Reproaches meant nothing to this man. My scorn and hatred only amused him. So it was that I dropped my arms at my side and stood helpless before him, begging him for mercy, appealing to his honor.

"Don't talk to me about honor," he said. "I gave

that up a couple of centuries ago. Do you suppose I care what I do now? Do you think you can stop me by talking that way?"

The words came from him in a kind of rage, as if something or someone had hurt him in a way he could never forget. Hope went out of me. A sob rose in my throat. I looked around the room with its tiled floor, its high columned ceilings, its barred door. Then as if answering my unuttered longing, a sound came to my ears.

I heard a sudden sharp command, the clatter of rifles, and the sound of precise military footsteps in the hallway. Dan Ryder heard that sound, too, and a puzzled look crossed his face, a look I could not understand.

In another instant the door had been thrown open and General Felix Mora stepped into the room.

He was still the dapper little man I had seen on shipboard, and in his polished riding boots, his officer's coat and campaign hat, he looked as important as he had once promised me he would be. He flung down his crop as he entered, swept off his hat and made me a profound bow. Then his eyes noticed Captain Ryder and he seemed to come to an immediate understanding of my situation. His voice had a ring of angry authority.

"Captain Ryder, I gave you orders to take everyone here prisoner and hold them. You have grossly exceeded those orders."

A gratitude I can not describe poured into my heart at the words of this amazing rebel leader.

I stammered out my inarticulate thanks but the American captain said insolently, "It happens I want this girl. There are reasons, you'll remember, why you can't stop me."

FELIX Mora's face grew scarlet. He seemed to control himself with an effort. He darted an angry look at the Captain and the next instant he had summoned an orderly, and told him to show me into the hallway. The door closed behind me, and I was led, a prisoner, down the corridor of my own house. Through the windows I could see the picket of soldiers. I could see the mill in the haze of the late afternoon sunlight and it seemed strange that this was not peace but war.

I could hear the sounds of Ryder's voice, broken by the sharp, high voice of Mora. I could not hear what they said, but the voices went on. For fifteen minutes I remained where I was, troubled and wondering. How had Ryder dared to oppose Mora, why did Mora himself apparently consent to argue with him?

Then at last General Mora joined me. His face seemed quite pale, I thought, and his eyes were dark and determined. He dismissed the orderly with a wave of his hand.

With a kind of desperate abruptness he said:

"Little more than a year ago, I asked you to honor me by being my wife. I ask you that again. This time you cannot refuse."

He saw the startled look in my face, and gave me a partial explanation. "I have told him we are affianced. Only so could I hold him in check. There are reasons. We shall say nothing of them now. Do you see you have no choice!"

His eyes devoured me. I looked away from his eager scrutiny.

"But why," I said, "why is it necessary to do this thing?"

"I have told you I could not explain. It is enough that it is so. Come, Señorita, I promised you once I would be a great man. You see me now on the way to greatness, the liberator of this unhappy country and a real man of destiny."

He ended with a flourish and a flash of his dark eyes as if he were addressing an assembly. Then more quickly he added, "And if you do not do this thing, no one can save you, not even I?"

He stood tensely, as if demanding his answer. And I wondered what answer I could make but acceptance. I did not doubt his sincerity, and I had already had a taste of Captain Ryder's unscrupulousness.

As I slowly nodded my head, Felix Mora lifted my hand and kissed it. Then he guided me back to the room I had left. Ryder stood in the corner, his bloodshot, cynical eyes staring at my face in a questioning way. [*Continued on page 132*]

What Can a Boy and Girl Do When Nature Says Marry—but Wisdom Says Wait?

ONE of the most poignant phases of young love seems to be curiously ignored by everybody except young lovers. And that is the harrowing, tormenting delay, the ordeal of fire that they must go through before they can even think of marriage.

Nature makes boys and girls capable of the utmost devotion, the most endurable passion at a time when they are eight or ten years away from the youngest age at which the conditions of our civilization make it feasible for them to marry.

They are ready to be fathers and mothers, and in the gravest danger of becoming fathers and mothers, at a time when grown-ups still think of them as children, and are still horrified at their escaping from the prisons of ignorance in which their parents and guardians try to keep them.

I have read that there is at least one instance of a girl only eight years old being a mother. In India, child marriages are still the custom, as they once were nearly everywhere. The hideous results of turning little girls over to husbands have been described in Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" with such vividness as to horrify the world.

Yet in our own United States a girl may marry at the age of twelve with her parents' consent in Virginia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, and Mississippi. A year later she may be married in New Hampshire, at fourteen in eleven states. In Georgia she may be married without her parents' consent at the age of fourteen.

Yet a boy may not marry without his parents' consent in any state before he is eighteen, and in all but eleven he must wait until he is twenty-one. With his parents' consent a boy may marry at the age of fourteen in Virginia, Kentucky Louisiana, and New Hampshire, or even younger. In eight states there is no age limit set by law.

No more is it good form, good sense or benevolence to deride youth when the mania of love assails it. Parents and friends who laugh are brainless and cruel

Thus in Virginia it is quite legal to join a fourteen year old boy to a twelve year old girl, if the parents are willing. And occasionally they are so willing.

Napoleon's mother was married at fourteen to an eighteen-year-old youth and bore him one child at fifteen, another at seventeen, another at eighteen. At nineteen she became the mother of Napoleon. She outlived him too, by sixteen years.

Shakespeare, at eighteen, married a woman of twenty-six, and his latest biographer denies the old legends that he was forced to marry in a hurry and later abandoned his unloved wife. At any rate, he was a father six months after the marriage and before he was twenty he was the father of twins. His eldest daughter, Susanna, did not marry until she was twenty-four, nor his second daughter, Judith, till she was thirty-one, and then, like her mother, she married a man six years younger. There was some irregularity and haste about her wedding and the honeymoon was spoiled by a decree of excommunication which must have saddened the last few months of Shakespeare's life.

George Washington, like Shakespeare, married a woman older than himself, but did not marry until he was twenty-seven. He had suffered, however, such fierce pangs of love at the age of sixteen that he committed some of the worst poetry ever compiled.

Here is part of an acrostic he wrote at that time:

"From your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;

The Tragedy of Young Love

By RUPERT HUGHES

Rays, you have; more transparent than the Sun.
Ah! woe's me, that I should Love and conceal
Long have I wish'd, but never dare reveal,
Even though severely Love's Pains I feel;
Xerxes that great, was't free from Cupid's Dart,
And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart."

He went from bad to worse verse as follows:

"Oh Ye Gods why should my Poor Resistless Heart
Stand to oppose thy might and Power
At last surrender to cupid's feather'd Dart
And now lays Bleeding every Hour
For her that's Pityless of my grief and Woes,
And will not on me Pity take.
I'll sleep amongst my most inveterate Foes
And with gladness never wish to wake."

HE WAS distracted with lover's frenzy over a girl whom he called his "Lowland Beauty." This was probably Betsy Fauntleroy, to whom he proposed at least twice. We have a letter from him when he was twenty, saying that he was going to try to persuade her to "a revocation of the former cruel sentence." But she would not be won by him.

Perhaps it was his remembrance of his own love anguish in his early youth that led him to be so sympathetic to his stepson, Jacky Curtis.

Washington tried to make a scholar and a strong man out of Jacky, but at eighteen the boy quite lost his mind as well as his heart over a fifteen-year-old Baltimore beauty, Nellie Calvert.

Washington pleaded with him to wait until he was a grown man and succeeded in making him promise to spend at least two years in Columbia, then called King's College.

Washington actually rode all the way up to New York from Virginia to put Jacky in school. Jacky stood it for two months. Then he came home, pleading so pitifully for mercy, that Washington consented to his marrying at nineteen, a bride who was only sixteen years old.

Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

RUPERT HUGHES

Novelist and Historian

And this was lucky, for the poor boy was dead in a few years, leaving four children, two of whom Washington adopted as his own.

A most fascinating study might be made of the ages, at marriage, of the mothers and fathers of great men, and of the great men themselves, but this is not the place for it. The point I would emphasize is the undeniable, yet usually overlooked, ability of the very young to know the most consuming passion. It is neither wise nor kind to belittle their pangs and dismiss them as "puppy love."

All the world weeps for Romeo and [*Continued on page 112*]

Cairna laughed softly at me when I told her I was engaged, was going to settle down with the beautiful home-loving Grace. "A gypsy like you?" she said. "Oh, if I were this girl you're going to marry, I'd follow you all over the world; the greater the dangers, the better; the wilder the country, the more I'd like it. I'd starve with you, suffer and laugh with you—I'd be your mate"

Gypsy Mates

After Years of Homelessness,
I, the Wanderer, the Exile,
Was to Have a Wife—a Home
And then I Heard a Ship's Whistle
I Trembled All Over
The Call of the Far Places!
It Was in My Blood

With Drawings from Life

By RALPH CRAWLEY

YOU know what I mean. No matter how much of a rover you are, moments come when you long for home. By home, I mean a sort of Snug Harbor, a safe place, with people about who love you, and with security and comfort. Having been in Indo-China for a certain trade corporation, a very large one, I happened, back in New York, to cross Washington Square on an autumn evening, just as the dark was falling, and just as the lights sprang out in the houses. When I saw those lights, when I realized that lovers, and fathers, and mothers, and children were busy among those lights with preparations for dinner, I suddenly felt homeless and lost, someone shut out in the outer darkness, a forlorn wanderer, who had no nest, no place to rest his head.

Since I was a boy I had wandered. True, I wasn't a mere hobo or tramp. I worked with a business corporation that sent me to many places in South America, in Africa, Australia and Asia in order to establish new agencies and develop new trade. And I loved nothing better. To leave the familiar, to go out to the strange, to visit the far places of the earth, to feel foot-loose and fancy-free, to meet strange women of strange races, to find myself in dangers that were mysterious to me, never to know what the next moment would bring, all these things were the breath of life to my nostrils.

But there were times when I remembered my boyhood: the hot steaming bath on Saturday night, my sisters and brothers laughing and playing with me, my mother busy with many things, and then the clean, sweet feeling of being in a fresh bed, with cool sheets, and everything secure and safe and snug and my mother kissing us good night. Then I would feel like a stranger in a strange land and long for home. Home, a woman that loved me, little children about my knees, a hearth fire, the world shut out, my roots deep, deep into the earth that bore me.

SO AS I was crossing the Park, I suddenly knew what I would do. I was very valuable to the corporation; they paid me well, and I had saved up enough money to settle down. I would tell old Fairhope, the president, not only that I wanted a New York job, but that I wanted his daughter as well. Grace was a nice girl. I had known her for some years. Every time I came back to New York I paid my respects to the Fairhope family, and Grace would make me tell the stories of my travels and the adventures that had befallen me.

I was very fond of her; she seemed like a member of my own family; she was a great relief after the sultry and strange women I had met in the far places. She was good-looking and practical, direct and possessive. She seemed to plant herself right in my life and concern herself intimately with everything I thought or did. Perhaps I had subconsciously held that against her.

Since I was this night on my way to the Fairhope apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, I decided that it would be delightful to marry Grace, to settle down, and to know the joys of home and family life.

I arrived in a gay humor and Fairhope beamed on me as he led me into the charming sitting room, with leaded windows like little doors, a flaming fireside, and many colors in the curtains and tapestries and furniture. He beamed on me, gave me a cocktail, and in five minutes I had sold him my great idea.

"YOU see, George," I said, "it's like this. Grace is about the sweetest girl in the world. I know. I've seen all sorts of women. And I've indulged my wanderlust completely, but that's all over. Give me a corner in Manhattan and the girl I love and I will be content. I've traveled myself out. All I ask of you is a job in New York. I've close to eighty thousand dollars in the bank, and I'll earn the rest. What say?"

He laughed. "All right with me. Ask Grace, but also ask yourself, Ardsley. You know about the sailor and the sea and the war-horse sniffing the battle afar off. Are you sure you are ready to give up all that those things mean? Do you realize what settling down means?"

I swore several great oaths and just then Grace came in, greeting me heartily. A nice girl! Gray eyes, full lips, a nicely in-curved nose, dark hair, a graceful body. Something hard and possessive about her. Something seizing. She simply came at me and overpowered me.

"Harry," she said, "how glad I am! But you're letting your mustache grow. Why?"

"Am I?" I laughed. "Perhaps I need you to look after me. Suppose we marry, Grace? I'll turn over the whole works to you."

She stared at me.

"Don't play with me," she said.

And there, right in front of her father, I took her into my arms. Her whole nature seemed to rise into the embrace. We were betrothed then and there.

"How glad I am," she said. "Oh, how glad. You shall never leave me again, Harry."

A queer ominous feeling clutched my heart. I knew what she meant. She was the domestic kind. We would have

When the fight was over and I stood there glowering, I heard a woman's voice asking, "Who is this girl you fight for?" At the words I was stunned for she who spoke was Grace, my fiancée. Dimly I saw her turn and before I could answer she vanished through the doorway

our establishment; we would entertain our friends; we would call on them; we would play bridge; go to the theater and have parties. We would, in short, settle down. New York in the working season; Maine, California or perhaps Switzerland or Paris in summer.

I DRANK another cocktail, and soon I began to glow. How delightful! Like a happy family we all sat about the dinner table: Fairhope, his wife, his two sons, Grace and myself. I was already a member of the family. We joked together; we planned for the future. And when I said good night Grace followed me to the door and embraced me again.

"It had to be," she said. "Harry, you're mine now, aren't you?"

"Yes, darling," I said and I broke from her and went on out of the apartment.

The night was chilly but I felt happy and comfortable. After years of homelessness I was to have a good position in a great city, a nice wife and a chance to learn what home and family meant. I, the poor wanderer, the exile, the outcast, ever among strange people, among aliens. Excellent! I had made port, I had reached the Snug Harbor every sailor dreams of!

Snow had begun to fall, silent and ceaseless, dancing black specks about the lamps, but white in the shadows. The Square was deserted. Everyone was home somewhere, in a shelter. Even the poorest were in cheap lodging houses. And then under a lamp I saw a sight that brought me out of myself.

There was a young girl sitting there, poorly clad. It seemed impossible. Who would sit out in the snow, in the chill night on a park bench except for some extraordinary reason? Was she waiting for her lover who could meet her in no place but this? Or was she a penniless outcast? What business was it of mine? She might feel insulted if I spoke to her. And then I saw her put her head on her arm against the back of the bench and weep.

I went over to her.

"Pardon me," I said, "are you in trouble?"

SHE looked up, startled, with the tears streaming down her face and the snow falling upon it. In the light of the lamp above her I saw her face clearly and warmed to her. She was tall and willowy, with large eyes either gray or green, delicate features, a slightly tilted nose, and gold hair showing under her close felt hat. She looked like a princess out of a fairy tale. She was singularly beautiful and her expression was mysterious to me. She seemed the silent kind, who never fully expose their natures. Her eyes were big as a child's, yet the expression about her mouth was that of a mature and experienced woman. I had the feeling that she knew life deeply and yet was fresh and naive. She was puzzling

The strange girl on the bench put her head down and began to weep. I went close to her. "Pardon me," I said, "are you in trouble?" She looked up, startled, and I saw she was singularly beautiful and—mysterious. I felt that she knew life deeply but she was disquieting, fascinating

and fascinating. It seemed to me I wanted to know a whole lot about her.

When she spoke, I was stirred by her voice. It held a clear music, every syllable enunciated with distinction.

"It's simply," she said, "that I'm tired, hungry, cold and haven't a cent."

I SAT down beside her scarcely knowing that I did so. "Don't you live in New York?"

She looked at me to see what manner of man I was.

Something in me quivered. I hurriedly repeated my question.

"I'm from Chicago," she said.

"Not born there!" I said.

"Oh, no!" she laughed softly, "I was born in Montreal. Chicago was our last place. I hiked from there to here."

It was my turn to stare. "You hiked here from Chicago?" I echoed.

"Of course I got hitches," she said. "Men picked me up and carried me along in their cars but there were stretches of walking, too. It took me two weeks."

"And you did it alone?" I asked.

"Of course!" Her eyebrows arched, there was a dreamy look in her eyes. "Why not?"

I laughed. Here was one of my own kind: a bird of passage, a gypsy, a wanderer, an adventurer. Just then I heard the blowing of a ship's whistle on the Hudson. I trembled all over. The call of far places! The whistling of the wind as the boat rocks out to sea! The horizons that keep changing! The smells of Singapore, the tom-toms beating in the desert! I turned to this strange and yet familiar woman.

"You love adventure," I said. "You love to leave all you know and taste the strangeness of the world!"

She stared at me again. "It seems as if I'd known you a long time," she said. "You seem like something I've dreamed and like something I know." Then I saw her teeth were chattering.

I ROSE. "You come with me," I said. "Here we are talking, and you hungry."

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

"To my apartment," I said.

She stared at me a moment. "All right," she said simply and rose.

I took her by the arm. She seemed very frail walking beside me but I noticed the rhythm of her steps. In spite of her weariness they timed with mine and gave me that strange sense of the woman who followed where I led with perfect faith in my leadership.

"You're very tired," I said.

"Yes," she murmured. "I walked [*Continued on page 126*]

Anita Loos Now Tells You Through Dorothy Holm What

Who Tipped You Off As to Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes And Why They Marry Brunettes

WHERE are they—are there any left—girls that gentlemen prefer?

The gentlemen are beginning to doubt it. Can you blame them? True, there are any number of girls waiting to be preferred: girls blonde and girls brunette; girls tall and girls short. To their right and to their left gentlemen are surrounded by girls. But where are the girls they prefer?

The gentlemen look, hopefully and wistfully, down the long ranks of girls. What do they find? Modish girls, slim and straight, all cut to the same pattern. Not a surplus ounce of weight. Not a curve left to allure. Straight, boyish figures in straight, boyish frocks. Sleek, boyish heads in tight-fitting turbans. Thin, pinched faces, strained and tense. No softness, no dimples. Restless hands. Tapping, hurried feet. Harsh. Self-centered. Self-sufficient. So very, very sure of themselves.

No, there is nothing there that gentlemen want. Those are not the girls they prefer. They turn away to continue their search, and the girls wait to be preferred.

"THE men!" they exclaim. "What is the matter with them? So they hurry to buy more straight, boyish frocks. They run to be weighed and vow they must lose another ounce. Their voices become more strident. Their faces become more pinched. Their lives grow more self-centered.

"What a lovely dress you are wearing!" Annabelle says to Suzanne at the bridge party

"What a darling hat!" Suzanne returns the compliment.

The tense faces relax for a moment.

1928—Gentlemen's Preferences?—1895

Gentlemen Don't Prefer

Miss Loos Looks Them Over

Anita Loos, who knows her Gentlemen, says they are tiring of boyish, flat-chested girls. Gentlemen of the Gay Nineties preferred girls with a "shape" like Lillian Russell's. Compare the plumpness of Miss Russell with Ruth Taylor, to the left, who plays Lorelei Lee in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Does Ruth represent a type that is passing?

That is the reward of the girls who are unpreferred, the admiration and envy of other women.

And meanwhile the gentlemen are seeking girls to prefer, and the girls are waiting to be preferred.

For, outward evidence to the contrary, every girl wants to be preferred by gentlemen. She may defiantly deny her interest in gentlemen; she may insist she is more interested in a career than in matrimony, but deep in her heart, every girl wants to be the kind that gentlemen prefer.

THEN why doesn't she strive to be what gentlemen prefer, instead of dressing and dieting to measure up to the standards that women have set? Surely, to be preferred by gentlemen means more than to be admired by women, yet the girls today are acceding to the preferences of women. It seems almost as if the girls were deliberately trying to make themselves unattractive to gentlemen, so successful have they been in making themselves the kind of girls gentlemen don't prefer.

They are becoming all the things that gentlemen don't like. They are losing all the feminine qualities that gentlemen seek in girls. They no longer have the feminine approach to life. In their effort to look boyish, they are becoming boyish. Not only are they losing their femininity, but they are losing their sex appeal. That's rather a pity, too, for most gentlemen have such a weakness for sex appeal.

Take, for instance, the prevailing vogue of thinness. Not slenderness nor slimness, but rail-like thinness that the American girl is bowing before. A girl who succeeds in losing ten pounds is the envy of all the women of her acquaintance. But does she win the admiration of gentlemen? I blush to confess it. She does not, for I am confident all the gentlemen of the world will agree with me that gentlemen prefer curves in women. The flat-chested, hipless figure that now passes for the form of a woman is anathema to the average gentleman. A clothes rack intrigues him just as much. It is not his idea of the feminine form. There is nothing there to allure and to seduce. No curves that suggest softness and warmth! No suggestion of hidden charm and mystery!

HIS preferences were certainly not consulted when women made the flat boyish figure their standard of feminine beauty. It is not in deference to his wishes that girls insist they must be thin. It is to excite the admiration and arouse the envy of other women that girls must be thin, not to please the gentlemen. To have a never-failing topic of conversation at the bridge table, at the tea table, they must be thin. "We must be thin!" is the slogan of the girls that gentlemen don't prefer.

And what can the poor gentlemen do? They are expected to accept these flat-chested, hipless, boyish figures that are filling America with their ugly angles. When they protest, the women, who are following their own preferences, wonder what is wrong with the gentlemen. They have yet to realize that so far as gentlemen [*Continued on page 110*]

NOTICE!

For those who may have missed the opening instalment of this remarkable serial we have reprinted it in full in this issue

Turn to Page 12

WARNER FABIAN'S Unfor

Startling Story of Youth and Love in a Girls' College

Last Month You Met:

SYLVIA HARTNETT, whose fire-and-ice personality has so weakened young Patterson Gifford's indifference that he occasionally forgets that he is a member of the faculty.

STARR MOWBRAY, whose happy-go-lucky personality forms a foil for Sylvia's seriousness. She is a young lady of affairs, flirting her way through college and through life.

VERITY CLARKE, the freshman member of the Suite 20, Trumbull House trio, whose chief ambitions are to be worthy of her popular roommates, Sylvia and Starr, and perhaps someday, to get into the Dramatic Club.

SARA LA LOND, the college mystery, who has won all the scholastic and athletic honors, but whom no one knows well enough to ask why she paces her room all night, like a soul in torment.

PROFESSOR PATTERSON GIFFORD, the campus idol! Young! Good-looking! Brilliant! In the class room he is a tyrant, indifferent even to Sylvia, but his indifference disappeared on that stormy night when Starr, in terror, called to him from a speeding auto. He gathered that there had been a terrible fight or a raid at a nearby road-house and that Sylvia, lost from the crowd, was in danger. It was then that Patterson Gifford forgot he was a professor and went flying to rescue the girl who so disturbed his calm. Would he find her unhurt? How could he get her back to college without starting a scandal?

bidden Fruit

With Drawings from Life
By HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WHEN Gifford reached the road-house he found Sylvia standing by a tree in confidential conversation with a bulky, mild, but intoxicated man. Within doors matters were quiet.

"I'll take you right home," the man promised.

"But I'd rather walk," said Sylvia.

"You'll be perf'ly safe with me," answered the man.

"Please let me walk."

"Go'—my car—right here. Better ride wi—sh me."

"I don't want to ride," Sylvia was insisting.

Gifford stepped into view. "Good evening."

"Oh!" said Sylvia and she suddenly began to giggle.

"Drunk," thought Gifford without surprise or disgust, though perhaps with a little unconscious disappointment.

The man of bulk stared a little. "Good evenin'," he said.

"Are you ready to go home?" Gifford asked.

"Home?" repeated the man doubtfully.

"This is Alderman Somebody; I don't know just who," said Sylvia.

"Spanhover," supplied the other. "Pleased to make your uckh-quaintance."

"And this," Sylvia said, indicating Gifford, "is my uncle."

"Thassa good one."

"Thank you so much for helping me get out."

"'S'all right. Any time—help a lady."

"Good night," said the girl. "Good night," repeated Gifford pleasantly.

"Wait a minute," said the alderman.

But the pair were already half way to the gate, leaving the third party to the transaction trying to make up his mind as to the next move. The latch clicked behind them. Simultaneously there was a click in the brain of the deserted one, waking a sense of deception, betrayal and outrage. Mildness dropped from him as a discarded garment.

"Hey!" he roared in the voice of a bull-elephant, "wherejeh think yeh're goin' with that girl?"

"Run down the road and keep on running," Gifford bade her.

Sylvia ran but when she had covered a hundred yards and found herself alone, she looked back for her rescuer. He was standing near the gate. His formidable stick swung gently in his hand. The alderman, who seemed to be parleying with him from a cautious distance, whirled and made a rush for the house. At once Gifford set out up the road. She heard the door bang open and the bellowing voice:

"Hey, you fellers! Cal! Jim! This guy is runnin' away with my girl. Come out and help me catch 'em."

"Keep going," ordered Gifford at Sylvia's elbow.

He set the pace at a brisk trot. Behind there was apparently some debate. At least, there was delay. Sylvia, still in good wind from her vacation's dancing and with her head now quite cleared, felt her excitement turn from dread to thrill as she raced along. When she began to pant he touched her arm, slowing her down to a fast walk. She glanced at him. His face was set in silence.

"Aren't you going to speak to me?" she asked.

"Yes," he returned in the tone of one who calmly enunciates an eternal and incontrovertible principle, "you are a little fool." Which seemed to close that topic of conversation.

Through the damp, thick air a faint whirring reached their ears. He interpreted it.

"They're after us."

Two angrily staring lights appeared half a mile back of them.

"Can you make that wood-lot over there?"

"Of course."

First floundering, then making easier pace, they crossed a ploughed field, heavy with mud in the low places. If they could hide among the trees the pursuit might go past. If not, she wondered what his course would be. Hers was plainly to take orders. She huddled behind a large maple. He stood over her peering out. She heard him curse once under his breath. The car slowed down and halted opposite them.

A man wallowed out. Another. A third. Three to one! No, three to two, for Sylvia

Exhausted by her swift run across the field, Sylvia crouched cane as a weapon. Taut and ready, the girl thought he had fled, rushed toward them through the patch of trees.

behind a sheltering tree while Gifford grasped his heavy looked capable and dangerous. The men from whom they "There she is," one of them cried, "hiding behind that tree"

would fight! Exultantly she knew that she would fight without flinching by his side. If only she had a weapon, even a hatpin!

Gifford took off his heavy woolen mittens. In her ignorance she supposed that he intended to fight with his bare hands and in that chill air.

"Give me a ribbon, a string, anything you have."

"What for?" she asked, interested.

"Do you think that you would enjoy being manhandled by three drunken brutes?" His voice was deadly.

"No."

"Then do what I tell you and hold your tongue."

Sylvia fumbled under her dress and drew out a two-foot strip of blue ribbon. One upon the other he slipped the mittens over the great knob in which his cane terminated. "Pull them down," he directed. She did so and he bound them neatly in place, now and again glancing up to mark the progress of the pursuers. They were making heavy passage of it across the field.

Gifford fumbled in his pocket and slipped an open jack-knife in her hand. "Stab below the waist-line if they get to you," he said. She nodded. He looked at her scrutinizingly, patted her once on the shoulder and walked out to meet the men. With terror for him she realized that he had left his only weapon, the club, propped against the tree.

"What do you want?" His quietly peremptory voice came clearly to her.

"Where's m' girl? Wha'd you do with her?" the bulky man asked. He was quite reproachful about it, as one who has had his trust in human nature basely deceived.

She heard Gifford state in an informative tone, "You gentlemen are off the track. There's the road."

One of the men, a broad, ape-like creature, seemed to be maneuvering to get in behind the lone figure. Sylvia was just about to cry out to him when she saw him turn and run, easily outdistancing the pursuers who staggered on the uneven surface. Having reached the tree where she was sheltered, he picked up his cane and stood out a little. Taut and ready in the little open space, the girl thought he looked as slender as a snake and as dangerous.

"Remember," he said to her in a quick aside, "strike low with that knife if you have to use it."

"Right!" She felt a devastating excitement in which fear played but a small part.

The advancing force entered the patch of trees. "There she is," piped the tenor, "hidin' behind the tree."

They came on. The ape caught up the dead branch of a tree. Holding it in both hands he began to weave about in prizering fashion, circling Gifford's slight, still figure. What happened next or how, Sylvia never could have testified. A quick leap, a pass, a shattering impact of wood upon wood, followed by [*Continued on page 86*]

If I had the power I'd post a warning, "Beware of Married Women," on every bill-board in the land. I'd make every boy stop, look and listen ere he gives heed to the wiles of these "married maidens." I see them here, there and everywhere surrounded by a group of callow youths, who soon become known as the "Married Woman's Delight." I know in the social set several inseparable trios—the husband, the wife and the other man, the husband playing the role of marital chaperon. I don't blame the husband. It's these restless wives who are the real menace!

Are Married Women a Peril

To the MODERN BOY?

Are They Dangerous Rivals

To YOUNG GIRLS?

What Are You Going to Do

About the Problem of

Restless Wives?

By MAY CERF

May Cerf is a brilliant society reporter who for years has written gossipy chit-chat about the idle rich. Here she takes you behind the scenes and shows you what society considers smart but what may amaze you

IF I had the power I'd post a warning, "Beware of Married Women," on every billboard in the land. I'd make every boy stop, look and listen before he heeds the married siren's wiles. I'd encourage every girl to fight the ruthless poacher on her preserves to a finish. I'd clip the wings of the truant from the domestic nest.

Not that I have a grudge against the philandering married woman. She does not affect me personally. I'm old enough and experienced enough in the ways of men to hold my beaux in spite of her. Nor have I a husband, a son or a brother to guard against her. However, I have studied her at close range. I know her methods. I know her frenzy for admiration and her pleasure madness. I know her lack of scruples. I know the wreckage scattered in her wake and I consider her the greatest influence for social decadence of the age. I'm going to give moralists food for thought by telling all I know about her. That's plenty and then some!

It so happens I know society. Goodness knows I should. I've been a society editor for more than a decade. The items I write are not the stereotype statements that Mrs. Elite gave a luncheon, Mrs. Climber gave a tea and Mrs. Gotrox introduced her daughter to society. On the contrary the column for which I wield a wicked pen deals in gossipy chit-chat about the idle rich. As a consequence I come into close contact with society in its many moods.

I know its surface glitter and its secret heartaches. I'm cognizant of the skeletons in its closet. I know its influence for good and evil. I know that a large percentage of society wives play around with the unattached men of their set. They do not lose caste, for such conduct is considered very smart and very modern.

I see them here, there and everywhere with one escort or surrounded by a group of callow youths. They corral every unattached man in sight. In their mad search for attention they do not hesitate to take a young girl's boy friend from her. It is a simple matter considering the married woman's technique for she is not hampered by maidenly reserve.

Not long ago I announced in my column the engagement of Helen B—— and Henry K——. It was a splendid match. The girl had beauty, birth and money. The boy had equal social prestige. He had brains as well as brawn. As the son of a financier and a boy with a future on his own merits he was a great catch. His charming manners made him a worthwhile trophy for any married woman's collection.

HELEN was blissfully happy. She and her fiancé had grown up together. She had loved him as far back as she could remember. Their eventual union was a foregone conclusion in their set.

One night in a smart cabaret after the theater I saw Henry K—— dancing with Mrs. Allen C——, a ravishing beauty and a pernicious flirt.

Naturally I looked for Helen, but Helen was not there. Helen's future husband and Mrs. Allen C—— were enjoying an evening together, and how!. They danced cheek to cheek and in a close embrace. The beauty of Mrs. C—— was as brilliant as a cut diamond. She was lure itself and she knew it. She used every trick of the Lorelei to captivate that impressionable youth.

It was an easy conquest for her. Henry became madly infatuated with her and Helen broke her engagement. It was the only thing she could do.

"She will soon forget him," Helen said to me. "I never will."

When Henry found out that Mrs. [*Continued on page 113*]

The Sign On His Truck Said Blonde

ONCE again it was spring's first green-gold morning in the hills of Westchester. The air was magically soft, yet it throbbed with high promise.

Standing in the walled-in garden of High Acres, our old colonial country place, I wished something romantic would happen. Like the poor little rich girls of the magazine stories I was fed up with all that mere money and society could give me. I wanted to meet my prince-chap and run off with him to strange, sweet places in the woods where brooks melted into dancing, singing silver.

Now don't mistake me! I wasn't looking for a fairy tale love affair. I didn't expect a young man in silk-striped tights with a feather in his cap to step out of a golden carriage into my young life. So long as he was the right boy it wouldn't matter if he rode into my life in an old cut-down flivver.

Of course, I couldn't draw a picture of my prince-chap even for myself, but I felt sure he would be very different from the rich society boys I had been brought up with. They were the kind of boys that my father, a dear, big, rough old Wall Street bear, expected me to marry. But he was "all wet" on this unless I really found my own prince-chap among them. I was already nineteen and had had no luck yet!

I looked through the great gateway made by the stone pillars of High Acres. Perhaps my dream man was somewhere down the road, somewhere over the hills! Perhaps the first day of spring had touched him too! Maybe he was somewhere beyond our walls looking for me. Well, the garden walls didn't cage me. There was a brand new roadster in the garage waiting to whirl me down the roads toward some fine romance.

"Darn it! I'm going to look for him," I cried desperately.

HELENE, my maid, called me from one of the windows of my room. Davenport Weymouth was on the wire about the half-way golf date I'd made with him for the afternoon. Dav was the man father hoped I would marry. Dav wasn't a money hunter. He had plenty of his own, and he was very well-born. But heavens! He was just another one of the nice eligible young men. A golf date with him seemed too flat for the first day of spring.

"Tell him I've gone horseback riding," I said. Helene was a wise maid. She nodded and disappeared.

THIS IS THE MAN

Who Drove a Truck, Sassed Her Father And Looked Like a Young God

But father had come out on the veranda ready to catch the ten o'clock express for New York. He overheard my glib fib. Father was all for Davenport!

"Look here, young lady, that's no way to treat a fine boy like Dav. At breakfast you said you were going to golf with him—"

"I was, father, at breakfast, but it's nine-thirty now and the first day of spring. I want to do something different and romantic. Oh, father, did you ever feel like running off to some strange place and meeting somebody you've dreamed about?"

"Now, Julie," he interrupted. "I've got enough on my mind thinking of this big trip to Canada tonight without a secretary

Wanted And I Am a Brunette

THIS IS THE GIRL

Who Thought Romance Was Somewhere Down the Road. Was She Right?

unless I find the right man today. Don't worry me with such wild, crazy talk! You're letting your imagination run away with you."

Poor father! He was in an awful stew because he had fired his secretary two days before. Can you imagine it? Father called the man a liar about some business deal, and discharged him because he didn't get mad about it. Father really wanted a secretary who would fight with him if necessary. What a man!

"No, it's not my imagination," I said. "It's spring, and I'm young. Can't you feel the magic of spring in the air, dear? Doesn't it make you want to forget Wall Street, and realize there's something else in life besides the making of money?"

"Yes, Julie," he admitted, and some of the rage left his voice. Father really was a peach at heart, but mother's death, five years ago, had hit him hard, and he tried to show a hard-boiled front to the world.

"Don't rub it in. I wish I could stay out there with you but I've got to get a secretary today. My head is bursting with all the things that ought to be down on paper," he said and he looked as though he really meant it

"I wish you could," I said. "It's so beautiful. No wonder I want to meet some nice young man, a prince—"

"PRINCE!" father said. "Don't tell me you've got that prince bee in your head like all these other title-hunting girls. By Jove! I'll shoot any prince that starts chasing you and you better understand that right now."

"Father! You're always so quick to jump the wrong way in everything but business. I don't mean a foreign prince. I wouldn't have one as a Christmas gift. I mean a boy that I can make believe is a prince."

With Drawings from Life

By LESLIE L. BENSON

"Julie, this spring air has put you into a dangerous mood. It's thirty minutes before train time. Just time enough for me to talk you out of this wild, silly idea. Get in the car," he ordered.

We bowled through the gates, and down the road toward the Katonah station with father looking terribly worried.

"I want you to call Dav, and ask him out to play golf. He's the right kind of boy for you. Your crazy talk about hunting a prince-bird has made me forget something important about my Gary deal today. Gad! If I don't get a he-man secretary today I'll be a nervous wreck."

"Don't worry about me, Father. I hope you find the man you want," I said.

At that minute the machine took a sharp curve, and came to an unexpected stop that nearly pitched us flat on the floor.

"What the devil?" puffed father.

Chester, our very expert and careful chauffeur, tooted his horn for an answer. A tremendous truck with a big sign, "Blonde Wanted," on the front was slanted across the whole road. There was no driver in sight.

Father saw the truck and grew terribly angry. If there was one thing that could get a one hundred per cent rise out of him it was a truck that obstructed his right of way. He yelled at poor Chester to get out and find the blooming truck driver. Just as Chester stepped out of the limousine a dark young giant in shirt-sleeves sauntered from behind the truck, and gave us all an amused look that quickly turned into a frown as Chester began to abuse him for blocking the way.

THE dark young giant strode toward Chester and waved down his flow of abuse with a gesture of his muscular arms. A hot and cold wave swept over me as I watched him advance with the lithe, sure grace of a panther. He was the handsomest man I'd ever laid eyes on. But it was more than his gorgeous, football build, and his good-looking face that made me think of him as the man of my dreams. It was my wild, instinctive desire to kiss him that made me know. There's no use trying to explain why I wanted to kiss this strange youth who had blocked our road with a big, grimy old truck. I just wanted to! That's all!"

I felt so unsteady I would have fallen if he hadn't caught me

Chester was backing away, but kept on abusing the dark young god. Father, no longer under control, pulled himself up by the arm strap. "These truck drivers have got the nerve of a brass monkey," he fumed. He climbed out of the car, and pushed between Chester and the young truck driver.

"Get that box car out of my way. What the devil do you mean, blocking the road and giving my man back talk to boot? Climb up there and get moving," roared father.

The dark young giant looked father squarely in the eyes. "Now, Big Boy, keep your shirt on," he said in a voice that thrilled me. No one had ever before dared to call my father "Big Boy" or tell him to keep his shirt on. I guess father was so stunned that he couldn't find his voice for the time being because he just stood there like an explosion on the way while my prince went on bawling him out.

"Don't act as dumb as your chauffeur, Big Boy. There's generally a good reason why the other fellow's in your way. I wouldn't be slewed across the road if I hadn't skidded, and I wouldn't stay parked where I am if the engine would start. My carburetor's flooded, so you'll just have to get under control and cool off," he concluded.

Then father found his voice. "You young scalawag, I've got a good mind to slap your face for your impudence."

"Father!" I cried.

The young truck driver gave me a sweeping bow. "That's right, hold him down. He's big enough to slap my face, but I've got a few years in my favor." He showed his great arm muscles to father. "Besides," he said, "I believe in keeping in training. I quit a good indoor job yesterday and bought this truck to be outdoors where I could use my body instead of my brains."

"LOOK here, young man," father cut in, "you've done enough talking. I'll do some now. Do you know shorthand?"

"Yes, I know shorthand, and if it interests you, I learned my onions at Princeton."

"Princeton!" said father. You could always set him off like a firecracker at the mention of Princeton.

"What's the matter? Is the Tiger poison to you? I suppose you're for God, for country and for Yale? Or are you a Johnny Harvard?"

"I'm Princeton '98," said father. It annoyed him to be thought of as anything but a Nassau man.

"Gosh! Old Spanish-American war class, eh?"

"Yes, and I got in the war, too," father said.

"Well, that's twice as much as I did. There wasn't any war, or any diploma for me. I got dropped in November 1925 for flunking everything but English and stenography which didn't count," he said. I could have hugged him for his gay unashamedness. I was so fed up with people either trying to tell me how good they were or trying to hide how bad they were.

Father suddenly took a step toward the Princeton truck driver. "Say what the deuce is your name anyhow?" he said. At that moment I realized there was something familiar about the boy's face. Somewhere, I had seen somebody who looked like him. Possibly I'd seen him in a magazine illustration, or in a picture.

"I'm Ted Tiernan," said the boy. Some of his breeziness blew away as if he were conscious of something he always tried not to remember.

"Ted Tiernan!" said father. "No wonder I've been thinking your face was familiar."

"Oh!" I gasped. This was Ted Tiernan, the great star who would have been selected as all-American back if class work hadn't barred him from the Yale game. No wonder his face seemed familiar! The newspapers had been full of him two years ago, but what a terrible deal the newspaper pictures had given Prince Tiernan! Why he was gorgeous compared to those football pictures.

"IT'S ten minutes to ten, Mr. Cosden," said Chester from the driver's seat.

"By Jove!" father said. "I've got to get the ten o'clock train to town. Say, Tiernan, to get back to brass tacks, I've been advertising for a man secretary. I want a man with nerve as well as shorthand experience. I want a man who'll fight with me or against me if necessary. You say you're all for this outdoor stuff. That's fine, but you'll never get far driving a truck. I'll make it worth your while to come with me."

"Look here, Mr. Cosden," said Ted Tiernan. "I don't want you to miss your train. The truth is that the way I feel out in this spring air I wouldn't take a job as secretary to Saint Peter." He looked from father to me as if to say that I was no added inducement. My vanity went up in arms then. I wanted to scratch his handsome dare-devil face.

As I stood there seeing red, the big sign, "Blonde Wanted," mocked me from the front of the truck. Ted Tiernan was one of those fellows with a blonde complex. I was a brunette. He was looking for a blonde. That's why I had no come-on influence with him. I knew that if I didn't go away at once

I wondered what I'd do if I saw my prince drive by. Would I stop him? Could I talk to him and ask him why he wanted a blonde? I knew I would never dare let him see how madly in love with him I was

I'd fly into a rage. I knew he wasn't interested in me. How could he be if he was willing to throw away the one big chance of our ever meeting again? He and his old blonde-wanted complex!

"Come, Father, you mustn't miss your train," I said, and looked daggers at Ted Tiernan. He gave me a queer look, and smiled in a way that completely captivated me.

"You're sure you're not interested in ten thousand a year?" said father.

"No. It's not money that interests me right now," answered the young giant and his eyes looked toward the hills of Westchester. "I gave up $8,000 yesterday. It's spring today and a job is the farthest thing from my mind."

"You're crazy, Tiernan. But I like your spunk. If you should reconsider come to me at 145 Broadway."

"Thanks, sir. If I do change my mind I'll call on you. I haven't got a Chinaman's chance of going back to the advertising office that I quit—"

"I suppose that sign on the front of your truck is the brilliant result of your advertising experience," I said, unable to keep still any longer. He looked at the "Blonde Wanted" sign, which so tantalized me, as if he had forgotten all about

its being there. He seemed to be amused at the fact that it annoyed me.

"Yes," he laughed, and to me his laughter was like salt in an open wound, "I found out that it pays to advertise for what you want."

HIS words turned my anger into despair. My prince-chap wanted a blonde. I felt as crushed as if I had heard a sentence pronounced against me, and all the promise of the spring day disappeared.

"Come on, Father," I said. I was afraid I'd cry before we got away. He came reluctantly although he had only a few moments to make the train. As we got into the limousine, Ted Tiernan vaulted gracefully into his seat on the truck. The next moment his beautiful, wide shoulders and strong arms were maneuvering the gears.

I had lost my prince without ever having had a chance at him. I stared out of the window, my eyes seeing, yet not seeing the spring woods. I was conscious only of something that people feel when they are going away forever from someone they love.

Father had to speak several times before I heard him.

"Say, for the fourth time, young lady, is that Princeton truckman, by any chance, your idea of the prince bird you've been buzzing about all morning? If he is it's a good thing he didn't take my offer. A fellow like Tiernan is all right for what I want him for, but a man who has to take a job has too far to go to catch up with my daughter."

"You're crazy, father," I said. The idea of a man like Ted Tiernan having to catch up with me! Why, he was miles ahead of me!

"Crazy!" he said, and he looked terribly alarmed. "Do you mean he's really the prince?"

"Prince my eye!" I said. I knew father must never know that I had fallen for a man who had flaunted his blonde complex in my face. "Do you think I'm goose enough to be interested in a man who goes riding around the country on an old truck with a 'Blonde Wanted' sign on it? Do you think any man who's soft on blondes could get a rise out of me?"

"Good Lord! Julie, that's a fact, you are a brunette, aren't you? Bless my absent-minded soul if you haven't got hair so black it almost looks blue, and eyes as black as—

"Oh! Say it! Pitch. I know," I said.

That's it, pitch. Well, Julie, here we are at the station, and the train's coming. I'll telephone you at twelve sharp. You'd better be home! I wish you'd call Dav and golf with him. I'd feel much better. Don't like this prince-hunting idea of yours. No good'll come of it. If only Tiernan had taken me up. Now that I know he's interested only in blondes, and not your idea of a prince, I'd feel safe enough to hire him.

"OH, HUSH, Father, and hurry. Here's the train," I said. When father was safely on the train I hurried back to the car and told Chester to show me how fast the car would go home. I yanked down the front curtains, slumped into the deep cushion of the rear seat, and wept all the way home. It was the first time in my life I'd ever cried over any man.

"I won't think of him ever again," I said, but I kept on seeing him and I knew he was my prince-chap even when my eyes were shut tight.

When we reached home I went straight to my room and flung myself across the bed.

Helene came in but I didn't know it until she said, "Mr. Weymouth called again, and will telephone later. He is very anxious to play golf with you."

"Oh! Tell him I'm not in if he calls, Helene," I said. Helene, being a really good maid, merely said, "Yes, Miss Julie," and left the room.

ALMOST an hour later I heard a heavy car passing and rushed to the window. A great truck was racing down the road toward Katonah, but it was not my prince-chap's.

"Oh! Why do I keep on thinking of him?" I said to myself. "I hate him. He wants a blonde. Not a brunette like me," but I could not stop weeping.

I had a mad impulse to get into my roadster and scour the roads for Ted Tiernan. If I could talk to him alone maybe he might change his mind about wanting a blonde. What difference did color make anyhow if you really cared for somebody?

Another truck rumbling down the road toward Katonah interrupted my day-dreaming. The truck swayed out from a grove of trees that bordered a part of the road. I recognized it and my heart stopped beating. It was Ted. It came to a stop near a little stream called Dancing Brook. My prince climbed down and walked toward the brook that flowed like a streak of silver through the woods.

Bolting for the garage I got into the roadster, and headed for the truck parked down the road near Dancing Brook.

I saw Ted Tiernan standing on a rock in the brook, looking up at the little mountain that sloped upwards into the west. There was something romantic and wistful about the way he stood there like a young Greek god! He heard me coming and turned sharply as if he had been discovered in a secret tryst.

"Don't run away," I cried. "It's only me; I won't try to give you a job. I feel the way you do working on a day like this. I just couldn't!"

"There is something in the air that makes you just want to drift around, and forget there's work to be done," he said.

"And look for blondes?" I added.

He gave me a searching look. His brow wrinkled just a trifle. Then he laughed. "Yes, and look for blondes," he repeated.

Just at that minute I slipped on the rocks and would have fallen if he hadn't caught my arms.

He put his arm through mine, and we stepped from rock to rock through the waters that were singing their first love song of spring. I do not know how long we remained standing together on the great flat rock, but I still remember the ecstasy of being there with him! I still remember the surging wish to tell him that he was my prince-chap. It was like being in paradise and yet it was not.

"I must be going back home. Father is to call me at twelve," I said at last, looking into his dark eyes.

"It is almost that now," he answered. "I wonder if you will be good enough to let me drive up and use your phone?" he said.

I knew then that I had to snap out [*Continued on page 124*]

Why Don't Gentlemen Prefer You Modern Girls?

PRIZE CONTEST

ARE girls losing their power to win men? Is the flapper less womanly, less feminine, less attractive?

Read the Anita Loos article on page 32. Is Miss Loos right? Has the craze to be thin robbed girls of the charm that was once irresistible?

Are girls too forward, too frank, too chummy to suit prospective husbands?

Do girls who make good pals scare away the man who might want a wife?

All of you young people have had experiences along this very line. Each of you, boy or girl, must have something worth saying in answer to this question,

Why Don't Gentlemen Prefer You Modern Girls?

For the best 250 word letter, based on your own experiences, SMART SET *will give a prize of $15.00; for the second best $10.00; for the third best $5.00 and $1.00 for each of the next ten best. The Editors will act as judges and the contest closes March 31, 1928*

Smart Set's Own Gallery of Beauty

Photo by Hal Phyfe

MARTHA LORBER

How could one say "The Play's the Thing" when this former Ziegfeld beauty is in that play herself

Paramount

Fay Wray and Gary Cooper are in "Legion of the Condemned." But if they are condemning Gary for loving Fay, we're against it

De Barron Photo

ANN ECKLAND

"What do you mean, 'Funny Face'?" demands Ann, whose pretty face is making a hit in that musical piece

CLARA BOW

Can't fool us Clara, you've been reading Martha Madison again. Doubters, turn to page 82 and see for yourselves

Paramount

Educational Cameo Comedies

RUBY McCOY

Hollywood's most beautiful red head warns "her gang" that the movie man will get them; too . . . if they don't watch out

MURREL FINLEY

Not content with being glorified in the Follies and Three Musketeers, Murrel is letting her hair grow to prove that, after all, it is her crowning glory

Photos by Hal Phyfe

MARY EATON

She is only a Five O'clock Girl but she strikes twelve every tim

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

Has It Occurred to You That There May Be TWO KINDS of

50/50 Marriages?

There is an ideal fifty-fifty marriage which mocks the counterfeit, says Odd McIntyre. The real one stands for happiness; the other only for despair

ALMOST every magazine or newspaper I pick up these days offers some new angle on marriage freedom. A glamourous picture is painted of the husband going his way and the wife her way. Women in their drab kitchens and men slaving at their desks often read—and sigh.

They do not know that such marriages merely indicate that the nuptial knot has become unraveled. Marriage is enshrined in mutual devotion and has little elasticity. Only in this way can it endure. When the husband desires his complete freedom and the wife her complete freedom, the close partnership which makes marriage happy has become dissolved. The yoke has become burdensome and any effort to gild it with flowery phrases is unvarnished bunk.

One evening recently I sat as a dinner guest in a New York café with a group which a society reporter would probably class as distinguished.

Our host was a successful business man. In the midst of the meal there appeared in the silken-roped entrance a beautiful and exquisitely gowned lady—his wife.

She was accompanied by a thin-waisted youth who had a weak mouth and was generously addicted to hair slick. All of us seemed to see her at the same time and there were a few seconds of frozen silence.

She relieved it by approaching her husband with a swift and smiling rush. He accepted her hand; she nodded to his guests and swept on to her table with her "boy friend."

Those who had expected a moment of drama were disappointed. There was nothing in his or her manner to show that either was perturbed. They might have been casual friends passing by in a crowded café.

The lady at my left, as though defending her sisterhood, murmured, "You know he spends most of his time with an inamorata in a palace near Lake Como." This was a concrete example of the fifty-fifty marriages which great cities now look upon so lightly as a most commonplace occurrence.

It exists between many couples who have seen a domestic red and who go their separate ways rather than drag their marital differences through the slime of the divorce courts.

They have found that their parade to the altar did not click and so they continue to live under one roof in a state of mutual neutrality and often inarticulate agony. They are, so far as their affections are concerned, in the language of the day, "washed up."

They devote their lives to a sort of emotional experimentalism, one love after another, with the usual dead ashes of remorse. This unconventionality is not included in the scheme of things and as an onlooker from the side lines both in New York and European capitals I have never seen it successful.

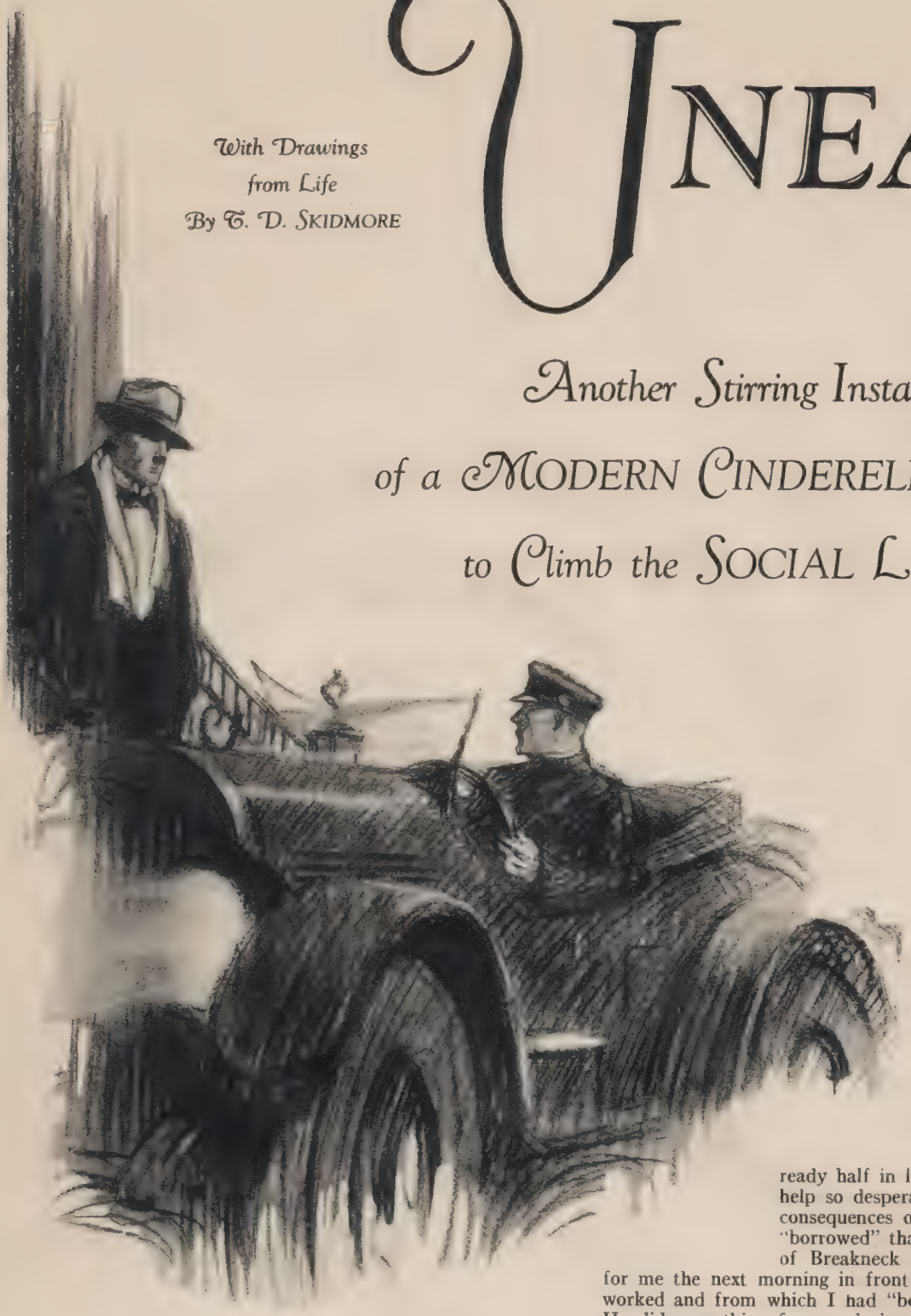
Only the very rich can indulge in these surreptitious romances. They are cradled in idleness and nurtured in the sort of luxury few of us know anything about.

The wife has her affairs and the husband has his and the only agreement existing between them is that they must be conducted with the utmost circum- [*Continued on page 95*]

UNEASY

With Drawings from Life
By T. D. SKIDMORE

Another Stirring Instalment of a MODERN CINDERELLA'S Attempt to Climb the SOCIAL LADDER



What I Have Already Told You

I MET my fate the night I crashed the gates into Virginia Gold's birthday party, wearing a "borrowed" dress. The owner of the dress and her stepfather, Breakneck Lawrence, appeared unexpectedly at the party and in my haste to get away before they caught me I ran out into the rain. A big touring car almost ran me down at the gate, but the owner of the car, Hughson Hardinge, drove me all the way back to New York and promised to look me up when he returned from Europe. I only half believed his promise but he left the warm motor rug he had wrapped me in as a sort of security that he would return.

He asked me no embarrassing questions about why I was running away from the party and I was too frightened by that time to volunteer any information.

I realized when he left me that I was already half in love with him, but I needed help so desperately in order to escape the consequences of having ruined the dress I "borrowed" that I accepted the friendship of Breakneck Lawrence who was waiting for me the next morning in front of the gown shop where I worked and from which I had "borrowed" the ill-fated dress. He did everything for me during the weeks that followed.

He bought me beautiful gifts, took me to places I had always longed to see and finally got me a chance to pose for Garrison Raynes, the famous artist, as his exclusive model. He even furnished a beautiful little apartment for me, as a birthday gift, but I met him there only as a friend, until the night he asked me to come there with my promise to marry him as soon as he was divorced. That very night Hughson Hardinge came back and asked me to marry him. Oh, why hadn't I had faith enough in him to know that he would come? What could I tell Hugh? What could I tell the man who was waiting—waiting for me to prove the sincerity of my gratitude by promising to be his wife. What could I say to either of them?

LOVE

I DIDN'T know! I saw no way out, yet I must, I would make a way. I couldn't lose this chance of dazzling happiness. I told myself this stubbornly, desperately. Then a voice seemed to speak in my ear: "Whatever you do, you must get out of this house quickly. If you don't meet him at the flat on time, Breakneck Lawrence will come here to find you!"

I threw another glance at the ugly clock which Julie had bought at some bazaar. If only I dared say to Hugh, "I'll marry you if you'll take me away now! Afterwards it will be too late!"

But I mustn't fling myself at him the moment he had asked me to be his wife. According to Julie's code, a girl ought never to show herself too eager. She must hang back and seem undecided, otherwise the man would think her "too easy."

I didn't think this man would be like that! But then, I didn't really know him at all, or what he was at heart. His face was as inscrutable, in its way, as Breakneck Lawrence's.

WELL, I must make up my mind, and make it up quickly! I wasn't a liar by nature. I fibbed badly and never told even the whitest lie if I could help it, unless it were to save someone's feelings. But now I was a creature at bay before a great danger, and when the inspiration to lie flashed into my mind I didn't hesitate a second.

"Are you sure you know me enough and care for me enough to want to marry me?"

"It's the surest thing in the world!" Hugh answered. "If I hadn't known from the first minute what I was going to want, I've had months to think it over. But I did know! Don't forget that I was always picturing this meeting when I found you, as I knew I should, and I couldn't help feeling that Fate would keep you free for me."

"Well then, if you're sure, I am sure too!" I said. "If you'd never come back, and I had no right to think you would come, maybe I might have married some other man some day. But I could never have loved anyone with this wonderful, wonderful love!" So far all I had said was true. Now came the lie! And I can never make you understand how hard it was to deceive him. "Perhaps I ought to tell you there is a man whom Julie, my chum that I live with here, wants me to

Suddenly around the corner came Breakneck's car. It stopped in front of the house I had just left and the man who stood between me and happiness got out. At the sight of him panic seized me. I ran down an area stairway and crouched there

marry. He's a great friend of hers. She'll be so disagreeable about it if I refuse him, that the sooner I can get away the better."

My heart was thumping as I finished the fib with a little gasp for breath. I hoped against hope that Hugh would say, "If that's the case, come away with me at once." But how could Hugh dream of the serious situation I was camouflaging by a silly-sounding lie? It must have sounded silly, even childish, for he kissed me and laughed.

"She must be a dragon to terrorize a brave little girl like you!" he said. "I know you are brave by the chances you took on the night of Virginia Gold's ball. You never told me what the adventure was you were running away from. You didn't need to tell me. Why should you? You ran into a big one with me, yet you were brave enough to trust me. You called me your 'knight'! Let me save you from this dragon, too, darling child. Tomorrow I'll find you a place which can be your home, a real home to be married from, the moment I can marry you. And that moment will be soon, if you'll say yes."

HE LITTLE guessed how gladly I would have said yes, could it have been the very next moment!

"I suppose you don't want to bolt to-night?" he asked. "You needn't breathe the bad news to the dragon till tomorrow.

"No, no, of course not," I agreed, but I was bitterly disappointed at the failure of my fib. I realized that he had thought me half in jest about Julie. It wasn't that he would not have rescued me gladly, only the idea of such a mad rush into matrimony would not have occurred to him. I saw, myself, how absurd it would seem.

"A dear old woman who used to be my nurse when I was a small boy, keeps a sort of super boarding house a few miles out of New York, at Pelham," Hugh went on. "A nice spinster cousin of mine, Miss Caroline Nelson, lives there, and she'll make a splendid chaperon till I take you away as my wife. Would that suit you for a few weeks? I can't wait longer, I warn you! Shall I go out there tomorrow morning and make arrangements for you to arrive bag and baggage in the afternoon?"

"I should love it," I said but I was wondering what I could do in the meantime. "I've motored through Pelham with Julie and friends of hers. It's so pretty there! Oh, Hugh, this is all so wonderful! I can hardly believe I'm awake. I never dreamed such happiness could come into my life. I'd adore to go on making plans with you, but Julie may come. She'd be surprised and ask rude questions, for I never let men call on me when I'm alone in the evening. It's dreadful but you know when you came I was just going out. I daren't wait any longer, or the people I have an engagement with, will send over to see what's become of me."

"I'll go, if I must! Will you promise to lunch with me tomorrow at one o'clock," he said.

"Yes, in some quiet little place, where we can talk," I said. "Perhaps we can do it on the way out to Pelham?"

"I'll call you up in the morning," he said. "What's your number? And will 9:30 be too early?"

I was at my wits' end. "I may have to go out even earlier than that, myself," I said. "Shall I call you up, instead?"

Hugh agreed to this. He explained, "The Wanderers'." He wrote the telephone number of his club on a visiting card.

"CAN'T you phone those people, whoever they are," he asked, "and tell them you're unexpectedly prevented from coming to their silly old party tonight?"

"I'd give anything if I could!" I said, "but I can't possibly."

"It's hard lines to give you up ten minutes after you've promised to belong to me forever!" Hugh said.

"Oh, it's more than ten minutes," I reminded him. "And even if I could stay at home, Julie may come in any moment."

"That's an argument for getting away at once!" Hugh laughed. "This Julie of yours is a gorgon as well as a dragon! But can't I take you in a taxi to the place? That would give me a little while longer with you, Vision. After these months I grudge you to anyone else!"

I thought hard for a few seconds. If I refused, he might think it queer. What if I let Hugh drive me to the apartment house near Gramercy Park? What if I said good-by to him at the door there and then went up alone to the home of the Midnight Sweetheart? What if I wrote a hasty note of farewell in the flat and left it for Breakneck Lawrence to find when he came? If we started almost at once, Hugh and I, there would be time for me to do it and run away before Breakneck was due. He had told me that he was engaged till eleven and had made the appointment for a quarter past sharp.

Yes, I could do that! But how could I go to a hotel and lose myself afterwards, with no luggage, nothing but the evening clothes I had on? No hotel would take me in. I dared not come back home, even for five minutes. Breakneck would be prompt. He always was! He would read the note, know I had betrayed him, and come to look for me even if in the letter I told him that I was going away.

Strange, how fast you can think when your whole future, joy or sorrow, life or death, depends upon your thought!

Perhaps no more than thirty seconds passed between Hugh's question and my answer.

"Do take me to the place," I said. "It's close to Gramercy Park. My friends have a flat in a big new apartment house. And it's just occurred to me that they won't mind keeping me all night. Wait five minutes while I pack a handbag and scribble a line to Julie. Afterwards I can write her a proper letter."

"That's an idea, since you're so keen on avoiding the formidable female!" said Hugh.

I dragged from under the curtains of our makeshift wardrobe a smart, fitted bag which Breakneck had given me. I hated to make use of a gift of his at such a time but I had nothing else! I flung in a frock and soft hat that would do for tomorrow, a nightgown and kimono, shoes, gloves, stockings, a few toilet things, and added all my jewelry, mostly gifts from Breakneck. In less than five minutes the bag was packed and shut. Then, on a stray sheet of paper I scrawled in pencil:

"Dear Julie, I'm staying out tonight. I'll write or phone first thing to-morrow. Don't worry. Bob."

AS IF Julie would worry! She'd laugh and draw her own conclusions! But I was writing the note for Hugh Hardinge's benefit, and under his eyes.

He carried the bag downstairs for me and we walked to the corner to find a taxi. I was thankful when Hugh stopped one and it drew up to the pavement.

At the apartment house I hoped Hugh would let me go into the entrance hall alone but he would not. He went with me into the softly lighted lobby and waited till I was in the elevator. For an awful minute my heart was in my mouth for fear the polite negro in livery, who gave me a pleasant 'Good evening, Miss'!" should mention Mr. Lawrence. But he was discreet. Hugh and I bade each other good night for the dozenth time, exchanged a look that thrilled me with joy and terror, and then I had the intense relief of seeing him turn towards the entrance before I was shot up, out of sight.

It was the first time I had ever brought any baggage with me but the boy carried it to the door of the flat without betraying a flicker of curiosity.

"Oh, Bowling, I'll be carrying this down again in a few minutes," I took pains to explain. "I'm bringing a lot of books, and taking some small things away."

"Very good, Miss," was his only comment.

He hurried back to his waiting elevator a few steps away and with fingers that shook I fitted my key into the lock.

"For the last time," I said to myself. "For the last time!"

I switched on the lights.

Never had the abode of the "Midnight Sweetheart" looked more attractive, for Breakneck had sent masses of flowers, and the maid, who came for an hour or two each day, had arranged them in vases and bowls. Yet I had no regrets at leaving the place forever. On the contrary, I could have fallen on my knees to thank God that I should never see it again because Hugh had come.

But there was no time for thanksgiving! The little Marie Antoinette clock told me now that I had only a short margin of safety left. It was ten minutes to eleven!

I ran to the desk, which was supplied with pale gray stationery. I had never used this, except to write the notes which Breakneck exacted whenever he found himself unable to join me for a midnight chat and supper.

"I didn't think you could look more beautiful than you did that rainy night," Hugh said. "But you are a shade more wonderful today. Poor little girl, you were very unhappy that night. Sometime, maybe, you'll tell me all about it"

In common gratitude for all his generosity, I had repaid him by keeping faith in this way, though often it had been an effort. I hardly knew what to write but I did my best to say something pretty affectionate and likely to please him. Invariably I had signed myself, as he had made me promise to sign, "Bob, Your little Midnight Sweetheart."

Tonight I was to write a very different letter and there was no time to pick and choose words.

"DEAR, dear, kind Breakneck," I wrote.

"Don't hate me too much but I can't say 'Yes,' as I almost promised to do last night. I've thought things over and I'm afraid I don't love you enough in the way you want to go to Europe with you. It is a great compliment you have paid me, asking me to be your wife as soon as you are free to marry, and I do appreciate it. I am grateful for that and everything you have done. You are so strong and determined that I don't dare trust myself to see you again before you sail. Truly I don't! Please, oh, please don't try to find me. When I can, later on, I'll send you back all the jewelry you've given me. Think as kindly of me as you can. I'll always remember you with affection, though I'll not be your Midnight Sweetheart."

I sealed the envelope and addressed it "Breakneck." Then I placed it on the table against a bowl of red roses, where his eyes could not miss it as he came into the room. Beside it I laid my latch key, to show him that I was surrendering my ownership of the flat, his magnificent birthday gift.

Then I almost ran into the little vestibule, snatched up the bag I had set down there and ten seconds later was pressing the electric button for the elevator.

Going down I could hardly reply to Bowling's chatty remarks about the weather. An awful fear had come upon me lest Breakneck should, in his impatience, arrive before the time, and I should meet him face to face. I had told several fibs that night but I could think of no excuse to meet such a situation.

Fortunately my failing wits weren't tested. I refused Bowling's offer to call me a taxi and hurried out into the street. I was anxious above all things to get round the corner and out of sight in case Breakneck's automobile should suddenly appear. He usually came, I knew, by way of Gramercy Park, so I took the opposite direction.

"Safe," I said to myself, but as I neared the end of the block, I started back as if I had been shot. Breakneck's car was turning the corner!

I ran, almost fell, down an area

I realized my danger when Virginia Gold, the girl whose dinner I couldn't avoid her so I faced the introduction. Hugh's eyes fixed upon me as though

dress I had "borrowed," was invited to the Grahams for "Haven't we met before?" Virginia asked. Then I saw he were studying a serious problem

stairway close by. From my hiding place I saw Breakneck's massive figure getting out of the car and pausing to give some directions to his chauffeur. I waited till Breakneck had gone briskly into the house and the automobile had driven off in the direction of the Park. Then I hurried around the corner to look for a taxi.

I tried to imagine what was happening at the house. Would Bowling say, "Why, sah, you just bin an' missed the young lady!" And if he did, would Breakneck rush out into the street after me without even going up to the flat?

I thanked heaven when I saw a taxi! I jumped into it, saying only, "Drive uptown till I find an address I want." That gave me a moment to breathe and I needed it, for I was panting as if I had run for half a mile.

I had no address to look for, of course, but presently I pushed open the front window and sought the chauffeur's advice. "I can't find the address," I explained. "I must have mislaid it. I don't know much about hotels, but I'd like to go to one that's respectable and not too expensive. Can you recommend anything?"

"Well, miss, it ain't every hotel that'll take in a lady with only one small piece of baggage this time of night," he said. "About how much do you want to pay for a room?"

I had about twenty-five or thirty dollars with me, and didn't quite see how I was to get any more soon. Breakneck Lawrence knew the bank where I kept my small savings, and he might have it watched. He often boasted that he had never, in any case, tried bribery in vain, because he always began with a high offer.

"I'll pay three dollars," I said. "I don't want a hotel on Broadway. Some quiet street, please."

"We'll try the Mason in West Thirty-third," the chauffeur suggested.

We did try the Mason, but the clerk looked me over and regretted that there wasn't a vacant room. Then we tried two or three other hotels, but not one had a room to give me and I was almost ready to cry.

"I guess I'd better take you to the Hotel Monte Carlo in West Forty-fifth," said my man. And I didn't even ask him what the place was like. I was ready to be thankful for any roof over my head.

Though it was true that I knew very little about New York hotels except the smart ones where Breakneck took me to lunch, I realized as soon as I entered the lobby of the Monte Carlo that it was a house where no girl would willingly spend a night if she had any other choice.

But I had none and I asked for a room, blushing under the impudent eyes of the young clerk. He replied that I could have a single room with a bath for three dollars.

The chauffeur brought in my bag and I gave him a good tip. Afterwards I remembered how good [*Continued on page 135*]

A Common Sense Article By Dr. LOUIS E. BISCH

Is There Anything to the Pseudoscientific Talk You Hear That Every Girl Has a Right to Her Fling? That She Should Throw Restraint to the Winds And Make No Effort to Repress Her Emotions? What Does Science Actually Say? What Is the Truth?

Does it Pay to be GOOD?

TO WHAT extent should you exhibit your feelings? How far should you let yourself go?

How much should you display your charms?

Where such things are concerned what should you consider the limit consistent with your own best interests as well as those of society at large?

You, a young girl of today, are faced with exactly these problems.

Nor can you, should you happen to be an older woman, or a man for that matter, remain indifferent. Directly or indirectly these problems of the younger set affect you too.

The problem of emotional repression is a real problem.

It concerns not merely the welfare of the individual, the young girl herself, but it embraces the entire relationship of the sexes, marriage, the home, social intercourse, child rearing and the common good.

When the young men returned from the war, disillusioned and cynical, and found you young women as blasé and disenchanted as they, your thinking elders did not feel unduly alarmed. It was thought that a loosening of morals, a lowering of standards, a general sneering attitude towards social precedent, idealism and feminine virtue were perhaps rather natural, following as they did, a cataclysm that rocked the world. The revolt of youth was not thought of as permanent. One felt that sooner or later, as nations and their peoples again settled down, you young women would also return to a state of normalcy and be as you were before the war.

But it is already ten years since all this hubbub was started

Has the pendulum during that time swung back to where it was before the war? Have you women who were youngsters then, or has the still younger generation which followed you, indicated in any way whatsoever that you are returning to what, for want of a better term, I shall call Victorian ideals?

People thought you would have your fling and quit.

That you had your fling there can be no doubt, but you certainly have not quit.

Indeed, all indications seem to point to this fling becoming wilder and wilder.

A MOTHER of two daughters said to me not long ago "I have given up trying and I most surely have given up hoping. Girls are not going to change. They are getting worse instead of better. To argue with them is a sheer waste of time. They think they know it all. No matter what you say, they go ahead and do what they jolly well please."

This seems to be about the consensus of opinion. Other mothers have expressed it.

You young girls yourselves seem to accept the situation as a matter of course. A number of you have told me you don't understand what this fuss is about anyway.

If you are eighteen or twenty, or even twenty-five, one may well imagine that knee skirts, boyish bobs, synthetic gin and flirting are accepted by you without question. You really have not known any other state of affairs. When the war

started you were mere children. You think of these things as older folks think of the automobile or as your children in turn will think of passenger flying and television.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that the clothes, codes and conduct of young girls used to be something quite different from what they are now.

Pinchot

DR. BISCH
One of America's Foremost Psychoanalysts
Author of "The Conquest of Self"

FORMERLY young men and young women did not think it was clever to outwit the law. Pleasure has not always meant a mad orgy of recklessness. Girls did not wear their sex on their sleeve as most of you seem to be proud of doing. There was a time when you did not scoff at love and call a married woman about to have a child "stupid."

No, you don't realize these changes. You don't realize that you have traded sentiment for sentimentalism. You don't know that you have allowed yourselves to become unnaturally susceptible to emotionalism and excitement of the age in which you live.

In trying to be a good sport and measure up to the standards of some of your male companions, you probably do not appreciate the price your deeper and better natures have paid.

Aboard ship, two summers ago, a young girl in the deck chair next to mine suddenly threw down the book she was reading and exclaimed:

"These novelists positively make me sick! Imagine a lover not being permitted anything more than a formal hand kiss until after the engagement. Why don't they write about what actually happens? A girl who is as fussy as that wouldn't get a chance to be taken out more than once in this day and age. Why—!"

And she stopped. Perhaps she thought she was giving too much away, or that I might form an opinion of her own character she preferred not to have made.

But there you are! Young girls now scoff and sneer and laugh at chivalrous behavior and at finer and subtler shades of feeling that once actually constituted standard rules of conduct.

Such homage paid to your sex strikes you as absurdly artificial, does it not? You cannot believe such things ever happened, can you? Is it because you are more honest than your sisters of other years? I wonder.

Are you so honest that you want to reduce the lure that goes with the mystery of your sex to the lowest possible minimum in order that the man will know right from the beginning whether he still wants you for what is left?

I put that question up to three different women.

One was a girl of eighteen. The second was a woman of twenty-three who expected to be married within a month. The third was a married woman of thirty.

Said the girl of eighteen: "It sounds all right, Doctor, but I don't think the average girl thinks about the matter at all."

"What does the average girl think about?" I asked.

"Well, having a good time, I suppose."

"Do girls of eighteen or twenty think much about the subject of marriage? Do they realize what it means?" I asked.

"Not seriously," my informant replied. "It's in the back of our heads, I guess, but we don't let it bother us any."

"Is it not true that you girls as a rule do not like the serious man? They bore you, do they not? They are not light-hearted and free enough. They don't know how to thrill you. They are stand-offish. They respect you too much, is that not it?"

"Yes, that's it," she answered without hesitation. "You can't have much of a time with the boys that always want to be serious and talk love."

The following is from the woman of twenty-three:

"I HAVE had my fling, but I didn't think about anything while I was having it. All the girls were doing it and I simply hopped on to the band wagon, that's all."

"Then you did not try to be more honest than the girl who holds herself in check? You did not make yourself more readily approachable because you wanted to pull the bandages off men's eyes and have them like or dislike you, not for what you might seem, but for what you actually and fundamentally are?"

"I never gave it a thought," the young lady replied.

"But how do you feel regarding the man you are going to marry?"

"Oh, that's different," she said, "quite different!"

"Is [*Continued on page 96*]

With Drawings from Life

By EDWARD COLIE CASWELL

A Gamble

A Self-Told Story of

I BELONG to that class in the South known as "po' white trash." Of course they don't call it that any more; the name went out of style with the slavery-time negro, but it's too bad we have no modern equivalent for that expressive term.

Seems queer, does it, that this isn't full of "ain'ts" and "you-alls" and other colloquialisms? But I am a college man, an electrical engineer with a degree that I earned, working my way through high school and university. But being po' white trash is not a question of what you are or have made of yourself. It's what your father and your grandfather did and were, in the South.

Do I sound bitter? I ought to be bitter. That term, po' white trash, and the feeling that originated it have made my whole life unhappy.

Leave out, if you will, the early years. There was plenty in them: bitterness, rancor, things that hurt and cut the sensitive youngster that I was, but my reasons for bitterness

"You say you've failed," Cicely cried. "No. I failed, but we'll go at it again, you and I, full partners. We'll fight that swamp till we win"

with Love

a Man's Great Faith

need not go back as far as the time of my childhood.

Take me at twenty-three: a senior in college, within a few months of the technical degree that would be mine by the hard-earned sweat of my brow. Remember that behind me there were twenty-three years of resentment at being treated as something not quite human, of not being introduced to "their" girls, of being overlooked when "they" were pledging to their fraternities. And all of this simply because "their" grandfathers had owned slaves by the scores, while nobody knew what my grandfather had done.

That was my status at the time of the annual trip of the senior engineering students to inspect the plants and equipment of the Power Company. Theoretically, the trip was for business only. But we were to be in charge of one of the younger assistant professors and year by year there had grown a custom for some of the girls who came up to the dances to happen to be in town when the seniors went on their inspection trip.

I knew nothing of who was to be in the party until I came out of the hotel that morning to get into the car and saw Cicely Dearborn: radiant, sparkling, like a rose fresh with dew. I would rather it had been anyone else on earth.

Cicely knew me, I suppose, as thoroughly as I knew her. Ours was the same small Southern town, but her people lived on "the Highlands," while my folks were packed in one of the cottages by the railroad tracks. I could not remember ever having spoken to her, though I used to see her almost every afternoon with her colored mammy and perhaps her pony cart, as I delivered my route of papers. She never came into our part of town. Rumor had it that Cicely's mother had become very jealous of her social position after her marriage to Cicely's father.

AND what I thought of Cicely I took care that nobody ever learned. The shy lad that I was would have died rather than let anyone know of the grip at his throat even at sight of her clear-cut little features, framed cameo-like by her dusky hair. Sometimes I would go a quarter of a mile out of my way to keep from passing her.

No, I had never spoken to Cicely Dearborn. Why—when bitter lessons have taught you how great distances can become—why cry for the moon?

The first part of that inspection trip was a nightmare to me. I had looked forward eagerly to this trip, to seeing the big machines that hummed with power that was to be used across a state, the "white coal" that rushed through the spillgates in the dams, the sheer bigness of it all. Instead, I found our trip degenerating into a kind of social outing, into the sort of thing that had meant misery to me ever since I could remember, a flaunting into my face that I was of a race apart. It did not help that Cicely Dearborn was there to see.

The young assistant professor devoted himself to the girl he afterwards married. "Skipper" Harper was most attentive to Cicely; others of the seniors paired up; I walked alone.

The morning passed drearily, after a fashion. In the far end of the substation, among the high-tension machines, we turned back. We were in single file in the narrow pathway.

An undersized colored workman coming toward us stepped aside to let us pass. One second there was a commonplace situation; the next, tragedy. He stepped a trifle too far. There was the cover of a transformer case "shorted" into one of the power lines, deserted and left unguarded, against all rules and all considerations of danger and it got him.

Fortunately for him it was not the real high-tension stuff that sears the life from a man in one hot, quivering flash. This was high-amperage, lower tension power stuff and it held him there within arm's reach of us, wrenching cruelly at each tissue of his body. Instinctively, without thought, one of the girls reached to pull him loose. I had started running to them before I knew that it was Cicely.

There wasn't anything about what I did to cause all the stir that followed. To my mind, in order to be a hero a man has to do something where he knows he will almost certainly be hurt and hurt bad. And despite all that "heroic risk of his life" and "plunging into almost certain death" rot that the papers were full of, I saw, as I raced up, the rubber gloves left by the same careless workmen who had left the open trap.

The picture yet lives vividly before me: the overalled workman quivering back in agony, his face wrung into lines of torture, and the dainty girl, gripped by the same invisible force, her slender body bent like a bow. What I did was very simple. I pulled on the rubber gloves and yanked Cicely loose from that almost certain death. Then I freed the colored workman.

Almost immediately they started their foolishness: pounding me on the back and yelling silly praises at me. I felt like a fool.

I had known I wasn't going to be in the slightest danger; the only thing I had done was see the gloves and use them. They would have been ample protection against a hundred times that voltage.

I was much more worried over Cicely. She passed out cold and she was still unconscious when the ambulance came. Sending for that, I suppose, was how the reporters got hold of it, and when they saw a chance at a real human-interest, love-and-romance front-page story, a little thing like the truth didn't bother them. The only thing that was familiar to me when I read it was my name.

There was no more inspection for us that day. I went back to the hotel to be alone. I wanted none of their praises.

I was writing letters when there came a knock upon my door. "Come in," I called and got a healthy surprise.

In the doorway stood a small, slight, yellow negro with the longest ears I have ever seen on any human being. The former owner of his second-hand suit evidently had had a taste for striking patterns in clothes, and his brilliant yellow shoes with bumps over the toes were light enough almost to be cream-colored. He took a good look at me, nodded as if to say to himself that he was right, and his white teeth showed in an ingratiating grin.

"Heah I is," he announced. "I's yo' nigger."

All I could do was stare. Evidently he was not drunk. And he seemed perfectly sure of what he was saying. He grinned again.

"Yo' nigger," he explained, "yo' nigger Rabbit."

I shook my head at him. "Nope," I told him colloquially. "I haven't got any nigger and you ain't my Rabbit."

He grinned in delight. "Boss," he asked, "don' you know me? I's de one you pulled loose t'day."

And so he was. "For Pete's sake!" I asked, "what are you doing here?"

"Well suh," he said, and I knew what was coming would be good, "I done quit mah job, suh. I's gon' wid you."

"With me! How do you know where I'm going? I don't even know, myself!"

Again I received that infectious grin. "Don' matter t' me, boss," he said happily. "I's jus' gon' wid you. Hadn' been f'r you t'day, boss, I'd-a fried on dem wires!"

"But I haven't the slightest need for you," I protested. "I wouldn't know what to do with you."

"Boss," Rabbit said, and I could have sworn that the ears that had earned him his cognomen flapped, "white fo'ks always needs the right kind o' nigger. I's comin' wid you!"

"No you're not!" I told him positively. "Much obliged for coming back to thank me and much obliged for your offer. But I don't need a boy, won't need a boy, see no chance of ever needing a boy. Clear out, now!"

THE door closed. I turned to my letter writing. There was a repetition of the knock. But it was Skipper Harper.

"Cicely wants to see you," he said.

"Cic-ely?" I managed at last to ask weakly. He nodded.

"They've found she isn't hurt," he said, "and they've brought her here to the hotel instead of taking her to the hospital. She asked to see you."

With all my heart I wanted to see her, and yet there was the same inexplicable shyness that, as a youngster, had sent me far out of my way to avoid her. She was propped up in the pillows, and against that all-white background she looked to me like an angel. Her wide eyes glowed with welcome at sight of me, and she lifted a slim white arm.

"You saved my life," she said to me softly. "You risked your own!"

I know that my voice trembled when I answered and if all the whole world had been standing by listening I could not have helped saying what I did.

"I didn't," I said, speaking to Cicely Dearborn for the first time in my life. "But I'd give my life for you if you needed it, anytime."

Our eyes held. The faintest of flushes came in her pale cheeks.

"I believe you would," said Cicely Dearborn, and then, ever so softly, "but I wouldn't like for you to have to."

That was the beginning of it and I soon began to wander in a fool's paradise. Cicely did not seem to think that the gulf between the Dearborns and po' white trash was impassable. When we students finished our tour of inspection, the girls of the party rode back most of the way with us through the country and Cicely kept for me the place beside her in the big Dearborn car. All the long, [*Continued on page 120*]

That inspection trip was a nightmare. It became a sort of social outing from which I was excluded. Others of the seniors paired up. I walked alone, feasting my eyes on the aloof, superior Cicely Dearborn

Let Me—the Husband Tell You the Story of My Wife

MY WIFE

THE AUTHOR

of this story is a man whose name is a household word. You will readily understand, when you have read his frank account of his own marital experience, why he could not sign his name. That is why he consented to tell you the truth and so give you another of those amazing stories from life you will find only in Smart Set

MOST wives regard their husbands as personal property and act as though the marriage ceremony had bound the man to them forever with a sort of legal ball and chain.

In certain ways this is true, but the woman who tries to hold her husband by such means often makes a terrible mistake. That is why I take off my hat to a certain woman who cast her legal and marital rights aside and came out into the open, to fight another woman on her own grounds, as a woman! It took nerve and courage to do a thing like that, and now that it is all over I'm mighty proud of that woman, who happens to be my wife.

We had been married for more than twelve years when I became interested in a woman other than my wife. She had a remarkable personality, was beautiful and clever, although a trifle selfish and hard. She had had many affairs in the past, and was noted as a man-killer. I do not mean this in an unpleasant way but her charm was so great that she attracted men, without particular encouragement on her part.

Of course this aroused the envy and enmity of other, less attractive women who referred to her as a vamp. She wasn't that, I know, but women are mighty hard on other members of their sex who happen to stray into their private grounds. I suppose it annoys them to think that anybody but themselves might be able to attract their husbands.

IN MY particular case this girl, for she seemed that in spite of her twenty-seven years, was sincere. I know it sounds conceited for me to say that but it's true. No matter how sophisticated, how worldly-wise a woman may be, she can still fall in love, and my experience is that when such a woman does fall in love, she falls hard, and takes the matter a lot more seriously than the average woman.

We were in earnest, really in love with each other and the experience is one that I can never forget.

My wife knew that the matter was serious and that all three of us were living on the edge of a volcano. If she had attempted to rattle any chains then about her legal rights as a wife or had she said, as most wives would have, "Give up this woman and never see her again, or I will divorce you," the chances are I would have told her to go ahead. Such a move would have been fatal to our marriage.

But my wife did not do that. Instead she threw aside all the time-honored weapons which she might have used as a wife. She acted just as though I were not married to her at all and as if I were a free man, courting two women and trying to make up my mind which of the two I liked better.

She had certain handicaps but also some things in her favor. She was ten years older than the other woman and not so good-looking but she was more clever.

Our two children were fighting on my wife's side, not consciously for they knew nothing of the affair. My wife never spoke of them and never made the usual remarks about my duty to my youngsters. You might have thought we didn't have any children, so far as she was concerned, but they were

and the Other Woman

THE TRIANGLE

Here is a man who is proud of his wife. When a woman, younger than she, perhaps more attractive, began to interest him, the wife decided she would not give up her man. She would fight for him—and fight with the weapons of the Other Woman. Every wife will be interested in this wife's heroic struggle for her home and love

HER RIVAL

there just the same, holding me back, reminding me constantly of the fact that I had a father's responsibilities.

My wife's cleverness, and the children on one side; the other woman's youth and greater beauty on the other, made the fight a fairly equal one. But my wife did not allow things to remain like this very long. She had made up her mind to beat this woman in a fair fight, if she could, and set out at once to overcome the handicaps.

She had always dressed well and kept herself physically fit, but she went further then. In a few weeks she had gotten rid of every ounce of superfluous flesh that she possessed, had improved her naturally good complexion and had brightened her head of unbobbed hair. Simple expedients to the feminine mind, although mysteries to men. She seemed unusually cheerful and more charming.

THE parties we attended always included the other woman, but I began to see that my wife attracted as much attention as her rival. Her pleasing voice, and some bright French songs she sang, were making quite a hit. I was as much surprised as anyone else, because, while she had always had a trained singing voice she had stopped using it after we were married. Where she had found these little songs, when she had learned them, I don't know, but the first time she sang in public, everybody present crowded about her, begging for more, especially the men.

She never tried the usual experiment of making me jealous. A great many wives think that husbands can be won back in that way but it is apt to prove a boomerang, if the affair is at all serious. Suppose she had shown a marked preference for some man and had started a flirtation. That was exactly what the other woman wanted, because it would have given her, and me as well, a justification. How easy to say, "You see, Kate isn't breaking her heart over you. She's quite ready to console herself. That lets you out with a clear conscience."

My wife knew that it often pays to make a man jealous, when he is involved in some petty flirtation and that he would probably break off any such unimportant affair at once, rather than see his wife carrying on with some other man. But when a husband is seriously attracted by some woman other than his wife, the most foolish thing the wife can do is to try and make him jealous.

HE IS almost certain to regard any interest she may show in another man as proof that she does not care for him, that he is justified in looking for love elsewhere. I am quite sure that if I had found my wife interested in another man, when the affair between Margaret and myself was at its height, I should have left her.

Kate never made that mistake. She let me see, plainly enough, that she was attractive to men as a class, but she gave me no grounds for jealousy toward any particular one. Other people in our crowd noticed her increasing popularity. I overheard them say that they couldn't understand my interest in Margaret, when my own wife was so [*Continued on page 98*]

Do You Believe in Love at First Sight? Neither Did This Girl—Until A Certain Night When Romeo Stood Under Her Balcony

With Drawings from Life By VERA CLERE

I was sitting on the balcony when I heard a step. As I peered over I saw a young man there. We stared at one another for a long time. "Ah, Juliet," he said, "I would I were a glove upon your little hand." It may sound funny but I wasn't a bit offended at this strange beginning

INSTEAD of going to Bar Harbor for the summer, mother suddenly changed her mind and took me to a fashionable lake resort high up in the Alleghanies. Mother hated the mountains and adored the sea, so I couldn't understand why we were going.

Mother is slim and lovely and generally she looks young enough to be my sister. But when I asked her why we were going to the mountains, she sighed and looked older and more troubled than I had ever seen her. Then she looked at me for a long time, inscrutably, before she said:

"Darling, I am choosing this terribly expensive millionaire resort for your sake, if you must know."

"I'd rather go to Bar Harbor," I protested. "I shan't like it anywhere else. You know I won't."

"I shall hate it too," she murmured. "It will be the end of me." Then she laughed and pretended what she had said was a joke, but I knew mother—or thought I did.

We were rather curious people, mother and I. We had very little money yet we dressed well and went to the right sort of hotels. Mother used to say that as long as one didn't have a home, a house she meant, nobody could place one. So we spent our life travelling, keeping up a wonderful appearance, because mother was an absolute genius at making clothes for both of us which looked like Paris models.

The hotel we went to was called Mountain Notch Club. One had to be introduced in order to keep out undesirables. I could see it was frightfully expensive.

"We shan't be here all the summer," mother said when we were shown into our suite. She made an excited gesture. "This is not hotel to me; it's an altar."

I thought at once of a wedding. "Are you going to marry?" I asked. That would be thrilling and I was eager for something exciting to happen

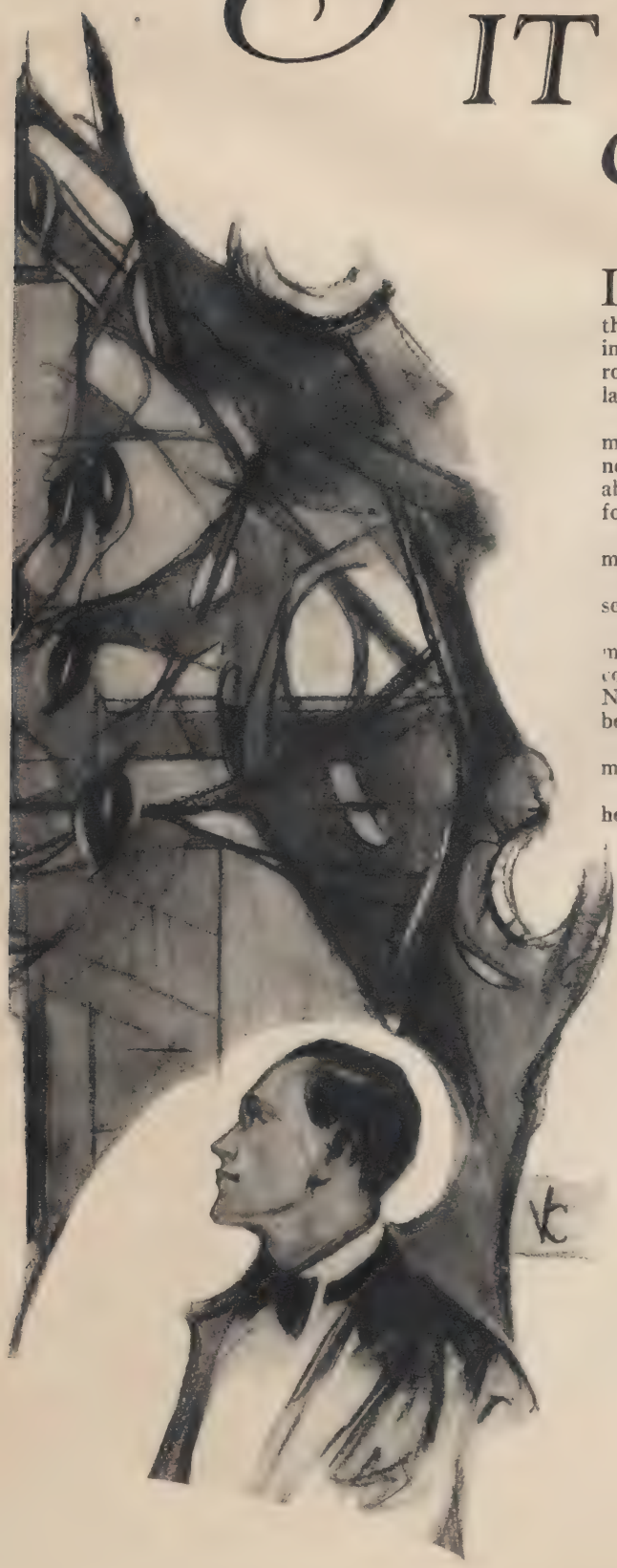
"An altar is also a place where people are sacrificed," she said. "I'm talking nonsense. I'm tired. You'd better go to bed."

"Aren't you coming, too?" I asked.

"Not yet. I have to see someone first, someone staying here who is waiting now." She looked at the pretty frocks she had made as I unpacked them. I thought of the hours and hours of work she had done so cheerfully. Usually she loved to look at them but tonight she was strained and nervous.

"DARLING," she said, "I think you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. You should have jewels and furs. I can't make them as I did those dresses but I'm going to get them for you just the same." I had never known her so mysterious. I had no jewels to speak of and mother wouldn't let me wear a cheap fur coat which was the only sort we could afford. Of course I wanted them more than I had ever let her know. What did she mean by saying she was going to get them for me? I didn't understand her

Sometimes IT Happens



I FOUND out within an hour. I went to sleep at once but awoke when a sudden gust of wind came tearing through the room. When I had shut the window I was wide awake. My wrist watch had stopped, so I went into mother's room which was next to mine. It was empty. The sitting room adjoined it and I supposed mother was there. She always sat up late reading or playing bridge.

I opened the door just a few inches and I heard a man talking to mother. I wasn't even in a negligée so I stopped suddenly. I should never have listened if it had not been that the stranger said something about me. "But what of your daughter?" he asked. "Surely you haven't forgotten her?"

"She is always in my mind," mother answered. "I came here with my mind made up to marry you, but I can't. I can't."

The man's voice was rather harsh but it was not unkind. I could sense that he was suffering.

"You would have saved me a lot of trouble if you had made up your mind earlier. You think of me as a middle-aged man, calculating and cold, accustomed to having his own way. You are my second defeat. No, the first was not a woman, but my own son. He defied me and became an artist."

"I'm not defying you," mother said. "I'm simply telling you I can't marry you after all. You know very well that it was for my girl's sake."

"She still exists," said the other. "She still needs money to launch her in society and get a rich husband."

"She could have had many rich husbands if she had wanted to."

"Why didn't she accept one of them?"

"For the same reason I can't accept you. She believes in love."

I could hear the unseen man sigh.

"Even though you make me suffer," he said, "I'm not sure you won't do something to restore my faith in women. Can't you forget the husband who has been dead ten years?"

"I can never forget him," mother said softly, "and I can never be unfaithful to him. I don't suppose you understand."

"Candidly, I don't," he answered. "I admire your—let's call it Victorian fidelity, but you've got to live and you've very little to do it on. As my daughter, your girl would have every advantage. So would you. Yet you choose to sacrifice it all for a sentiment. Forgive me if I say you are acting stupidly." There crept into his voice a touch of annoyance. "You've made a fool of me by leading me to suppose that you would marry me. I've made my money by being cautious and never boasting. I've a name in the Street for talking only when I am certain. Well, I was certain of you." He laughed rather bitterly. "So I told some of my closest friends that this summer a wedding might take place up here in which I was vitally interested. I did all but mention your name."

"I suppose you can never forgive me," mother said. "I came up here to marry you but something holds me back."

"Self wins the battle so the daughter is sacrificed," he said, "and the eternal theme of mother love proved wrong."

"It is very cruel of you to say that," mother told him, "and not true. It is because I believe in my daughter that I know she would approve of what I do."

"I can hardly believe you would dare give her the chance to judge. What lovely girl would turn down sable coats and Paris

gowns, yachts and splendid homes for antiquated sentiment?"

"My girl would," mother said.

"I leave you to your illusion," the man answered. "Good night."

"And good-by," mother said. "We shall leave tomorrow."

I had crept back to bed before mother came into her room. Then she opened my door and came in to sit on the foot of my bed.

"DON'T turn on the light," she said as I groped for it in the dark. "I'm not at my fascinating best just now."

"Mumsie," I said and put my arm around her, "you've been crying. Why?"

"You wouldn't understand," she sighed, "and I don't think I dare tell you."

"You needn't," I whispered. "I know."

Then the poor darling broke down and sobbed and told me more about my father than I had ever heard before. They simply adored one another. It was the sort of match where relatives on each side oppose and put obstacles in the way. and lie and lie and lie, and yet nothing matters and the lovers overcome everything and are happy.

The poor dear wanted me to forgive her because at the last moment she couldn't force herself to marry a rich, pompous man who wanted my lovely mother to entertain for him and make younger men envious.

"But do you understand," mother said at last, "that this means we must give up trying to hang on to the fringes of society and get a little tiny house or apartment and do something? I shall try interior decorating and you must do something with that voice of yours instead of singing little French songs to amuse people who neither understand French nor singing."

"How wonderful!" I said but I wasn't enthusiastic about my voice. I knew it simply wasn't good enough to be worth training. I put mother to bed as if she were the one who needed help and advice.

I couldn't sleep so I put on a negligée and opened the long window. It led on to a little wooden balcony. There was a moon and the view over the lake and mountains was heavenly. It was warm enough to sit outside. I found I was terribly excited. I was going to leave this make-believe world and work. It wasn't as unpleasant as you would think. I had heard the spiteful, catty criticisms other women had made about mother and other girls, about me. They knew we didn't belong in the sort of society we tried to frequent. So they called us adventuresses, gold-diggers and so on.

Mother said it was sheer jealousy because men paid me so much attention. I knew mother did it so that I could marry well but she never tried to influence me. When that rich Gorman boy begged me to marry him he tried to bribe mother to be on his side, but she told him it was up to me to decide and she hoped it would be against him. Shortly after that ten million dollars went out of my life and we weren't in the least sorry. I hated Gorman. I dreaded to motor with him and dancing was a torture.

Mother had said we were going tomorrow. Secretly I was glad. I wanted to be able to do something for her. I wanted to get away from the show market.

I HAD been sitting on the balcony almost an hour when I heard steps underneath. They stopped directly under my window. Wondering who it could be I peeped over. A man was standing there. It was light enough to be able to see it was a young man. He seemed as much surprised as I was. We stared at one another for a long time.

"Ah, Juliet," he said in the most adorable voice, "would I were a glove upon that little hand, or better still, the pearls around your white and dimpled neck."

It was a funny thing that I wasn't a bit offended at this strange way of beginning. Mother has taught me to be careful with strange men. But he was down under the balcony and we should never see one another again so I didn't go back into my room.

"My name is not Juliet," I said, "and I have no pearls or dimples on my neck any more than your name is Romeo."

"I wish it were," he said. "I can't think of anything more delightful than to be called Romeo and know you were Juliet. Still I think Rhona is even a prettier name. Rhona Vernon. I think the combination is delightful."

"How did you know my name?" I asked.

"Because I looked at the register as soon as Mrs. Vernon had signed it. That's the first sign of life I've shown since I came to this stupid place."

"I should have called it unnecessary curiosity."

"NO, JULIET, no. You wrong me. All my brief life of twenty-six summers I have dreamed of a slim girl with hair of rust-color."

"Rust! I don't think that's a bit nice."

"It's a lovely color. Don't dispute my color sense. I'm an artist. A slim girl with rust-colored hair and slate eyes."

"Slate!" I cried. "How horrid!"

"How deliciously unusual you mean. By slate, I mean eyes of gray-green which don't reveal their every secret. As a student of Leonardo da Vinci I may as well tell you Mona Lisa had slate-colored eyes and what she was thinking about only God knows, because slate-colored eyes baffle even artists like me. Juliet, tell me, what sort of a man have you dreamed about in your few years of life?"

"How tall are you?"

"Six-one."

"What weight and what colored eyes and hair?"

"A hundred and seventy pounds. Eyes brown and hair a refined and lustrous black. I may add my nose is short and although not my best feature would be the pride of any other man."

"The man I have dreamed about in my eighteen years is five feet nine. His hair is golden, his eyes, blue. He has a large nose and he isn't a bit conceited about himself."

"Brutal Rhona," he said. "And I was beginning to think you were as charming as you are beautiful. Throw me down a dagger. I would die upon your threshold with the name Rhona on my lips."

"What sort of a dagger would you like?" I asked. "I have a wonderful collection of them."

"Blue damascened steel inlaid with silver and very slender. I might miss my heart with one of those curved knives that don't always strike exactly where they're aimed."

"Your heart?" I laughed. I was feeling very happy.

"How wise of you," he retorted. "Of course I haven't a heart. It was stolen from me by a scornful princess with rusty hair and slaty eyes. I must choose some other form of death. I remember once in Rome that a man I knew stabbed himself because a girl laughed instead of loving. Poor Francesco wrote some wonderful verses and then killed himself hoping even in death he would look as though he loved. I was the first to find him. It was horrible. There was a cynical grin on his face as though he had found out there was nothing in life, nor even in love." [*Continued on page 100*]

I Miss You

By Mary Carolyn Davies

I miss you, but it isn't you I miss;
It's just the smoky fragrance of your kiss;

It's just the noisy music of your shout;
White of your faith and blackness of your doubt;

The silver of your honor, and the gold
Of the hard faith you hold;

The quickness of your laughter, and the light
Lift of the spirit's somber wings of flight;

The color of your thoughts, each subtle hue.
I miss you, miss you, but it isn't you;

It's only all you stand for. Surely then
I'll find these things I seek in other men.

I tell myself it isn't you I miss,
But all my soul is thirsty for your kiss.

In the strange young man's canoe we floated out on the still lake. The sunrise was gorgeous. "Rhona," he said, "until I met you I thought love was the supreme delusion. I should always have thought that if I hadn't seen you a few hours ago"

Felicia and I Were Puzzled At the Mysterious Objection to Our Engagement—Until We Learned About—

Her Mother's Sweetheart

With Drawings from Life
By FRANK GODWIN

I DON'T know whose story this is. At first I thought it was mine. After I fell in love I was quite certain that it was at least half Felicia's. And now there's only one thing I'm sure of, and that is that I do not know whose story it is.

Felicia! Shades of Venus, what a girl! She was dancing with Tommy Forbes when I first saw her. In our town, you see, everybody goes to our "script" dances. Anyone may come who has the price of admission. We don't have to have a guard on the door or make regulations. Nobody makes a mistake at one of our dances more than once.

I'd just got back home from the vacation trip dad gave me to New York, and the first sight of Felicia made me thrill clear to my backbone and the tips of my toes. One glance at Felicia's lovely hair and wide, earnest brown eyes and I started across the floor toward the corner where Felicia and Tommy were dancing.

"Tommy," I said, "maybe your car's not the one that's on fire outside, but if I may be presented—"

Tommy gave me an unkind look. "I have had six very poor lies told to me tonight," he said, "and the worst was better than that. Felicia, honey, you'll have to meet him eventually; don't blame me for it. This is Glenn Northup, Junior. Remember, you take him without any recommendations from me."

I looked at Felicia. Tommy Forbes, the dancers, the colored band and the circling youngsters faded. A peculiar thing was happening to me. Without knowing why, I knew that this feeling I had about Felicia was real. I knew that a year from then, five years, or fifteen, I'd feel the same way.

Because I was so sure I did not know how to act. If it had been any other of the half-hundred pretty girls on the floor I could have made violent and effective love in any one of half a dozen well-tried methods. But there's all the difference in the world when you really mean it. Spouting the same endearments I'd worn thin as part of my "regular line" would have been a sacrilege.

I saw folks beginning to look at us and realized I was standing there on the dance floor like a fish. Felicia was waiting to dance. I slipped my arm about her.

You know, this language of ours is all wrong. There're all sorts of words to tell how lovely and pleasing a sight, or a taste or even an odor might be: beautiful, delectable, sweet, fragrant, but never a word to tell when something feels that way. Well, that's how Felicia felt in my arms that first time when we danced and forgot we were dancing.

WE DANCED nearer the door and I assure you it was no accident. "You know," I told her, "I feel sort of faint." That wasn't entirely a lie, either. "Would you go out a bit with me, in the open air?"

First her eyes smiled, her great, wide, earnest brown eyes, then the laugh crinkles came in her tender young cheeks, and last of all her dewy, red lips curved into a smile. "You don't work slow, do you, Glenn Northup, Junior?" she said. Her head was on one side and her eyes lilted up estimating me. "Yes, I'll go with you," she said.

I finally found a roadster that somebody wasn't occupying and Felicia settled herself into a graceful little ball in the far corner.

"Do you really live in Morganville, Glenn Northup, Junior?" She kept using my full name. "It's been months, it seems

Two Young Lovers of Today Uncover a Romance of the Long Ago

I stared at Felicia, with her lovely hair and wide brown eyes and I knew I had found the one girl in all the world for me. When I realized folks were looking at us and grinning, I slipped my arm around her and we danced

since mother and I moved here and I haven't seen you. Morganville's not big enough for me to have missed you if you'd been here."

"Dad gave me a vacation for being an industrious son." I made my words light but I could not keep my voice from trembling when I spoke to Felicia. "I wish now I hadn't gone; I could have met you sooner. Where'd you come to Morganville from? And why haven't I seen you before?"

"It wasn't my fault."

"We're wasting time," I told her. "If I don't tell you right quick, some fellow'll be finding us and claiming you for a dance.

"I never talked like this to any girl in my life before. I suppose you'll think I've gone crazy to tell you, instead of waiting till we've known each other longer. But Felicia dear, I'm so very sure, and every minute that I delay telling you is one more minute that you and I could spend together," I told her.

Felicia started to make a laughing retort, just as she would have to any other fellow who took her off and made love to her, but as her little head tilted back in the semi-gloom, her eyes met mine, and held. She did not laugh. Instead, the big eyes widened, looked up questioningly into mine, and she cuddled her head on my shoulder

We did not see much more of the dance. We were busy finding new things about each other to be glad over.

Tommy Forbes and the others tried to kid me when they saw how far gone I was, but nothing they could think of disturbed me, not when I knew that [*Continued on page 116*]

An Amazing True Story

By

STELLA BROWNLEIGH

All I Ask is Another Chance

IF I could live my life over again, what should I be doing at the present moment?

Ah! You can't tell how that hurts. I see before me so clearly the home I should have had, the children, yes, and the husband. I should be with the little toddling things now.

And instead of this—I am here in my cell, waiting for release from a term of imprisonment.

Why am I in prison? I was found guilty of jewel stealing but that was only the final chapter of my story. It seems incredible to me now that the things I have endured could ever have happened. I sit and cry sometimes when I think of the girl I used to be, foolish and weak but not really wicked. Yet how can I say that, remembering all I have made John and my babies suffer? The babies won't even know their mother when she comes back to them.

Perhaps you think I don't deserve any sympathy, that I am just bad all through. I can't blame you. I feel that way myself sometimes. There are moments when I am locked in my cell that I wish the walls would fall in upon me. Because I feel this, I want to tell the real truth about what it means to be a crook.

There is a sort of a glamour thrown over the life of a thief. You read about them in the papers and you think how wonderful they are. You hope that the man who held up the bank will not be caught; you thrill with fear lest the bobbed-haired girl who got away with a thousand dollars' worth of furs will be discovered. That is only one side of the question. I know the other. I know the depths of degradation to which your thief must sink and the sickening fear that comes over you in the street when you think you are being followed, when you dare not run and dare not turn to face the detective you fear is swooping down on you. It is indescribable, that fear. I know because I have lived with it.

MY PEOPLE had nothing to do with crooks. They were respectable. It killed my mother when I was arrested. My father was a fashionable tailor and lived away from the shop. If we had lived in the flat above it, I should have found quite a lot of excitement in observing and talking to the customers. But my mother had other views for me, and when I left school I came home to a house that was dull in spite of the fact that it was comfortable.

I had plenty of pocket money and lots of clothes. I had a sociable disposition and wanted to make friends, but my mother, who had been middle-aged when I was born, didn't care for young people. I was forced to find companionship outside my home since my mother wouldn't let me have friends in.

It was my cousin, Reg Baker, who found me friends and social interests. He was much older than I, and very fascinating. My mother didn't approve of him but she had a faith in her own kith and kin that nothing could shake, and though she grumbled a bit, she never forbid me to see Reg. He took me to dances, races and restaurants. I enjoyed myself tremendously. He used to tell me his ambitions. Occasionally he would borrow a friend's car and take me for a ride into the country. He was a reckless driver but I hadn't any nerves and enjoyed the risks we ran.

I USED to enjoy going with him to the races. We used to bet; sometimes we lost; sometimes we won and then one day we went down heavily. We owed a hundred dollars between us and Reg said dreadful things would happen to him if the book-maker wasn't paid.

I knew it was no good to tell my mother and my father would have been horrified to hear what I had done, so I pawned my trinkets and the book-maker was paid.

I suffered from remorse for awhile but the feeling wore off. I felt I was not playing fair with mother and father, who always gave me anything I wanted within reason. But at that time another feeling swamped affection. I was so terribly in love with Reg that pawning presents I had treasured seemed unimportant.

I look back at that time with wonder, because I realize now that what I felt for Reg was infatuation more than love. He had a way with him that I could not resist. Sometimes I grew serious and begged him to concentrate on his business instead of spending all his time on pleasure. He used to listen quite seriously to everything I said to him.

Sometimes I would not see or hear from him for a week. By that time I would be aching to hear from him and I would phone him.

I ought to have interested myself in other things. I know I was wrong but even folly doesn't forgive the dreadful thing I did to my mother.

I don't like telling you about this but I have made up my mind that I would give you the whole truth. Please don't despise me too utterly. I did something for which I've paid over and over again in tears that seem to come from the bottom of my soul.

Reg was in trouble and came to me. He said he owed a book-maker two hundred dollars. [*Continued on page 107*]

Where Leadeth The Primrose Path?

By the time this issue of SMART SET *appears, the author of this astonishing human document will have begun her effort to live down her past and make a fresh start. If you think the primrose path leads to happiness read the experience of one who now wishes she had her life to live over.*

From Behind Prison Bars, Stella Brownleigh Cries: "If Only I Had My Life to Live Over"

And now that I am waiting for the prison doors to open —I wonder what awaits me. Will God give me a second chance? Will John help me? Shall I be able to go home again? Home, to my husband and my babies?

Oh, the horrible suffering as I waited for Ted to turn around. I wanted to scream in his ear that I had come because life held nothing without him. When at last he looked at me his face went deathly white.

TWO years ago the government laid out an emergency landing field and installed a powerful wind-direction indicator and beacon about a half mile from our country place.

After the field was completed four mail planes on the New York-Boston route came roaring over our heads each day, sometimes flying so low I could see the pilot's head sticking out of the cockpit and other times so high they were mere specks against the blue of the sky.

One evening in the early spring I was sitting on our front porch about seven o'clock when I heard the evening mail plane drooning up from New York. Suddenly its motor coughed, choked and went dead. I hurried for my roadster because I knew the pilot was going to make the first forced landing on the emergency field.

He was just climbing over the side of the plane when I drove my car off the road on to the field. The only thing I saw of him at first was a pair of soiled breeches, high-topped boots, a short leather coat, a helmet and goggles such as aviators always wear.

He was standing with his hands on his hips, swearing. When he heard me he swung about and pulled off his helmet and goggles so that I saw a wide, grinning mouth parted over shining white teeth, a pair of laughing blue eyes and a mop of curly, brown hair. For a moment he looked puzzled, then he laughed.

"Well, you're the first good break I've had today," he said.

I smiled and stammered something about being glad that he hadn't hurt himself and asked him if there was anything I could do to help him out.

"Surest thing you know," he said, still smiling. "I've got four bags of mail for Boston. Where's the nearest railroad?"

I explained that Green Ridge was on a branch line running out of Bramford. He said that he would have to get the mail to a main line station of the New Haven in order to have it delivered on time.

"Bramford is the closest," I told him.

"Can you take me to a taxi?" he asked.

"I'll run you down to Bramford if it will help you," I said.

"Lady Luck herself," he grinned and hauled the four bags of mail out of the cockpit. In another few minutes we were heading down over the ridge. I pushed my foot down on the accelerator because he explained that he had to get the mail on the next train, and because I wanted to show him that I wasn't afraid to step along.

"Weren't you frightened when your motor first began to miss?" I asked him.

"Nothing to be frightened about in that," he said. "If it came to the worst I could have hopped over the side in my chute. This route is the nuts after hopping over the Alleghanies for a year. I crashed into the side of a mountain out there and broke my leg!"

Then he asked me my name.

"Jane Randall," I told him.

"Mine's Ted Latham and I'll say you're a handy Jane to have around. This mail would be late except for you."

My Stolen Flight

The First Air Stowaway's DESPERATE GAMBLE on the WINGS of LOVE

I glanced at him and something about the mischievous smile on his lips made my heart skip a beat, and my hands were a bit unsteady.

After we had given the mail to an astonished postmaster in Bramford I waited while Ted phoned New York for instructions. He was ordered to stand by his plane until morning when mechanics would be sent to help him repair the leaky oil line.

"Then you'll come back to our house for dinner and for the night," I said.

"That sounds better than parking in the cockpit, but wouldn't I put your family out?"

"There are only two of us and loads of room," I answered.

The rest of the evening doesn't matter except that I fell hard for Ted Latham.

He told us about his plans to pilot a two-motored monoplane on a transatlantic flight. Also he said that he had taught Vera Morley to fly. Vera is the daughter of Martin Morley, a New Yorker who owns the largest estate on Green Ridge. I could tell by the way he spoke about her that he had quite a crush and I wondered why, because, without being catty, Vera is the most selfish, conceited creature that ever drew breath. It rather surprised me when Ted said he had spent a half dozen week-ends at the Morley place. Usually they tried to be very high-hat and wouldn't

I remembered very little of that night. It was all so weird—the beating rain, the roar of the motors, so continual it seemed I had always had their sound in my ears. Ted's white face over the instruments . . . oh, would we never get there?

When I saw the mail plane was in trouble and would be forced down, I sprang into my car and raced to the emergency landing field. The strange aviator was standing with his hands on his hips, swearing, when I climbed out of the car and went toward him

have thought of having a guest who ever wore overalls. Then it came out that Martin Morley was backing Ted and two other men who were planning the hop across the Atlantic as soon as their plane was ready.

When he phoned the Morley house and talked to Vera I could hardly keep the tears back, and that night I cried myself to sleep. What chance did I have with a man like Ted Latham?

Before we had finished breakfast the next morning a plane swooped down on the field beside Ted's and he had to leave. I drove him over to the field where three men in overalls were waiting. I scarcely had a chance to say another word to him as he worked with the men to repair the leaky oil line. After he had finished he came over, took my hand and said he would like to have me come into New York and go to a theater with him sometime.

AFTER he had gone I decided I would probably never hear from him again. A lot of time he would have for me with girls like Vera hovering around. Not that I couldn't carry off the honors so far as looks were concerned, but they had the cash. I convinced myself that he had made the suggestion only because I looked as though I wanted him to. I decided that I wouldn't even go out and wave the next time he flew over, although he had promised to fly low.

But I was home three hours before he was due, watching and listening for the first sign of him. When I heard the steady roar of his motor, I went rushing out into the front yard waving both arms like a wild woman.

He flew so low that I thought he was going to swipe the trees with his landing wheels. When he waved he released a package that was in his hand, and I could see his lips smiling below his goggles. The package dropped earthward for a moment, and then a tiny parachute attached to it opened, and came floating lazily down into the yard. I almost broke my neck leaping for it. By the time I had it safely in my hands Ted was a mere speck in the distance.

Inside the wrapper was a two pound box of candy and fastened to the top was a note.

"Dear Jane, a 'handy Jane,' too," it read.

"Just a little token of my appreciation.

"If sometime when you feel serious you'll cruise over to Eighth Avenue and Thirty-third Street in New York and look at the inscription on the front of the Post Office you'll read, 'Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.' Aside from all my kidding I do my best to keep people from laughing at our motto, and I want you to know that I really appreciated your help.

"I put in my resignation yesterday because our plane is almost finished for the big hop. I will be free next Thursday. Why don't you meet me in New York in the morning and we'll go out to the field and look the bus over, then come back to town for dinner and that theater date?

"Drop me a note at the Fullerton Hotel, West Fifty-second Street to let me know if you can make it. And please be sure to come."

That night I went to bed with the note under my pillow and I was smiling at all the people I had heard ridicule the idea of falling in love at first sight.

I wrote to Ted and told him I would get in town about noon the next Thursday and would meet him at the Graymore if it was all right with him. He answered: "Fine! If you disappoint me I'll drop a bomb on your house."

Disappoint him? What a chance!

During the next few days I experienced all the sensations that every girl in love knows.

MAYBE I didn't feel like Sheba herself when we got out of the taxi at Curtis and Ted took my arm to steer me toward the aerodromes. I didn't know any more about airplanes than a katydid when I first gazed at that giant plane but I got a thrill out of it just the same.

After Ted had introduced me to his navigator and some of the rest of the hangar crowd, he led me up the little ladder into the fuselage.

Way forward was an enormous copper tank for fuel. Just behind that were the pilot's and navigator's seats with the instrument board, the controls, and a place for maps in front of them. Next came the cabin in which there were ten wicker

The flier had a wide grinning mouth, shining white teeth, a pair of laughing blue eyes and a mop of curly hair. Something about his teasing smile made my heart turn over. I stared and stammered and asked if there was anything I could do to help him

chairs for passengers. Ted explained that when he took his big hop the chairs would be taken out and the space would be filled with extra tanks for the gasoline.

Behind the passengers' cabin was a tiny radio compartment that was divided off from the tail of the ship by a curtain. When he pushed it back, I asked him if he wouldn't let me ride back in the tail

"ALL right with me," he said. "She'll lift over twenty thousand pounds, so I guess you wouldn't make a great deal of difference."

"I'd give anything in the world to go," I said.

"I didn't know you cared anything about flying," he answered "Ever been up?"

"Never."

"Want to?"

"If you were piloting," I answered and hoped I had said the right thing.

"I'll see if I can get a bus," he said as calmly as though he had said he was going to get a glass of water.

Fifteen minutes later he was strapping me into a little monoplane and we were roaring across the field and up into the air.

There isn't any explaining that feeling when you first leave the ground. Lots of people have done it, of course, but it's terribly exciting. You wouldn't even know that you were traveling at seventy or eighty miles an hour if it wasn't for the wind and the roar of the motor and looking over the side at the ground.

AFTER we had climbed up about three thousand feet Ted banked her over and we swooped around in a circle. I turned in my seat and he grinned at me as he turned the nose up again. After we had climbed so high that the hangars below looked like tiny dolls' houses he did two or three funny turns and then began to fall exactly the way a leaf flutters to the ground. For a moment I thought I was going to be deathly ill. But it passed in a few seconds and I turned and smiled my assurance at him.

With that he nosed the plane down at a terrific speed and suddenly brought it up again until I could feel the strap about my waist tightening and for an instant we hung head down with the ship on its back. As suddenly he brought it around and we had completed a perfect loop.

I was still able to smile after Ted had made what is called a perfect three-point landing.

When he unstrapped the belt which had held me in the plane he studied my face.

"You'll do, Handy Jane!" he said.

As we went back to the aerodrome again, a big limousine

drove up and Vera Morley stepped out with her father. Of course Ted had to be all attention to Mr. Morley. That took some of the edge off the way he made a fuss over Vera. The little cat!

While Ted talked with Mr. Morley Vera condescended to be patronizing to me. Every time we mentioned Ted she smiled as though there was some deep, mysterious secret between them. My sense of humor kept me from becoming annoyed and I was glad because a few minutes later when she asked him to take her up for a little hop he glanced at his watch and said he couldn't possibly because he had an appointment in town.

VERA gave me dirty looks when Ted helped me into our taxi but I managed to give her a nice sweet smile as we drove by them.

That evening at dinner and during all of the following weeks when Ted managed to get away for a few hours, he talked air and motors and navigation.

That first night I felt like a terrible dumb-bell because I didn't know a landing wheel from an aileron. Ted didn't notice it because I had enough sense to keep my mouth shut and listen, which is about all most men want a girl to do.

But after he had taken me out to the field a few times I began to get on to what he was talking about. I got so I knew who held the distance, speed and altitude records and how much a Sikorsky wing could lift.

Then one day when Ted and his navigator, Bill Hooper, almost set a new endurance record for sustained flight they dragged me into a newspaper picture with them. I nearly died of joy when it came out in a Sunday rotogravure.

The only fly in my ointment was the fact that I knew Ted was seeing Vera Morley even more than he saw me. One day I mentioned it in a roundabout way. He studied me for a moment and said:

"Her father has made this chance possible for me and she's always with him you know."

I nodded my head and tried to swing the conversation to something else but Ted wouldn't have it. He gathered both my hands in his and smiled into my eyes in that way that makes my heart melt.

"YOU know I've sort of counted on you in this thing," he said. "That evening I landed near your place and you were johnnie-on-the-spot to help me out made me feel that you were sort of a lucky omen for me, as though everything in the world would be all jake if you were with me. You know most of the pilots carry some ridiculous lucky charm and they won't take the air without them. I've never fallen for that bunk but—well, I can't just explain how I feel about it."

That last week was a nightmare. Ted, Bill Hooper, Ray Meeker, their mechanic and radio man, the Morleys and a half dozen other pilots who were waiting for their planes to be tested and for decent weather, were all staying at a hotel near Curtis Field.

Ted called me on the phone every day and twice I went down to have dinner with him. He was always so excited that he hardly knew I was there. He called me Handy Jane and made me feel as though I was one of those luck charms people wear on their watch chains. Not that he wasn't as sweet as ever, but he had no time for anything else in the world but his plane and his big hop.

Every morning when I awoke I went rushing to the window to gaze at the sky, hoping that it would be covered with clouds. I found myself awakening in the middle of the night in a nightmare of fear. Ted seemed to be disappearing beneath great rolling waves.

I was worried, too, because Vera Morley was under his heels continually, working her little tricks. She knew that if he succeeded he would be a lion worth capturing. If he didn't, I knew she wouldn't lose any sleep over him.

On a Tuesday afternoon Ted phoned me and his voice was just a nervous whisper.

"We're going, Handy Jane," was the first thing he said.

"Oh!" was all I could manage to say because the room began to rock back and forth and I could feel cold perspiration creeping out all over my body.

"Good reports all the way across," he went on. "It's now or never, old girl. Keep your fingers crossed. Having you with me will get me there."

Something smacked on the wire and he laughed, a high boyish laugh full of courage and hope.

"THERE'S a big fat one for you, Handy Jane. I've got to go now, a million things to do." I was crying so that I could scarcely speak.

"Play it safe, Ted," I said.

"You bet, Handy Jane, and don't ever believe I won't be back as soon as I can get across the big pond again!"

"To me Ted?" I begged.

"To you, dear."

"Good—," I said and that was as far as I got because everything went black about me. I was so weak I could hardly climb the stairs. After I had paced around the house for an hour I got into my roadster and drove to Bramford for a paper hoping there would be something about Ted in it.

There was a picture of him on the front page of a tabloid. And beside him, holding his arm, smiling her insipid smile was Vera Morley. When I read the caption my eyes almost popped out of my head.

"Young Lochinvar of the Skies and Girl He Will Marry If He Returns!"

I'm not sure what I did for the next couple of hours, except that I drove for miles and miles. Finally in Greenwich I saw a sign that read: "Ferry to Oyster Bay."

While the traffic sign was turning from red to green I made up my mind that I would go over and find out for myself about Ted and Vera.

When I arrived at Roosevelt Field it was just getting dark. For a moment the awful idea came that possibly they had already gone. Then I saw thousands of people massed before one of the aerodromes and I knew that I was in time.

I pushed my way through the crowd and was barred from the hangar by a solid line of policemen. After ten minutes of persuasion one of them went to get Ted. He pulled me past the guard, his eyes shining, his face drawn and strained.

"I had a hunch you'd show up, Handy Jane," he said.

We stood there holding hands for a moment and then someone shouted his name and he disappeared into the crowd of people clustered about the plane.

I walked around and around the plane until I was opposite the tiny door that led into the tail. The huge lights that hung directly over the front of the hangar were cut off by a series of beams that left the back of the [*Continued on page 129*]

The Greatest Unsolved Literary Mystery!

Hiding behind a pen name, the mysterious writer who calls himself

WARNER FABIAN

goes everywhere, meets everybody and, himself unknown, learns the Secrets of Life as a writer who is known has no chance to learn them. That is one reason for the truth and reality you found in Flaming Youth and now find in UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT.

WHO IS HE?

What is your guess as to the real identity of Warner Fabian? Of whom does he remind you? Is his style like that of any other famous author? SMART SET *doesn't know who he is, so we can't help you solve the mystery. Turn to page 34 and read* UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT *and see if you can find the real person back of*

WARNER FABIAN

You Just Know It's Love

Edna Marian, Dorothy Coburn, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, M-G-M

VAMP: *Did I make such a lasting impression on you?*
HE WHO GOT CAPTURED: *Yes! I'll never forget how you first struck me*

BABY VAMP: *What do you suppose those men are looking for?*
DARK SISTER: *Wives! And it's up to this woman's club to provide them*

DUMB: *Are cave men good providers?*
BELLE: *Sure! They've all got rocks*

BABE: *Why do you keep harping on one string?*
HER MAN: *Because I can't make a perfect lyre out of a bow and arrow*

FUN from

Joan Crawford ventured as far as the fringes of society and then, being a respectable movie actress, she realized she was out of the picture

M-G-M

MOO: *Aren't you afraid of me?*
SALLY: *Why should I be? I'm not a cow-ard!*

Sally O'Neil, M-G-M

Robert Edeson, Phyllis Haver, in "Chicago" Pathé

OLD GROUCH: *As your friend and lawyer I warn you that you are in the shadow of prison bars*
BAD BABY: *You can visit me. Lawyers are admitted to the bar*

FIRST SWEEPER: *Does your new broom sweep clean?*

Educational Comedies

the FILMS

THE BRIDE: *You used to call me "darling" before we married*
THE GROOM: *Well hereafter I'll call you "dearest." You're the most expensive wife I've had*

Marion Davies, Lawrence Grey in "The Patsy" M-G-M

We've seen bunnies masquerading as ermine in the Easter fashion parade but this is the first time ermine ever masqueraded as a bunny

Dorothy Sebastian
M-G-M

SECOND SWEEPER: *Of course not. It's always picking up dir*

Ann Carter, Nancy Dover
Marguerite Andrus
Christie Comedies

HIGH STEPPER: *How did you come to join our fire department?*
SIDE STEPPER: *Oh, I ran after so many false alarms I decided to make a profession of it*

GOOD SKATES

This young athlete believes in giving good service. That's why she "rolls up" such a tennis score!

Yola D'Avril, First National

Dorothy Gulliver, Arthur Lake, Universal

OFFICER: *I'll have to pinch you for speeding*
PRETTY SWIFT: *Pinch me? Take me to jail but don't touch me*

LORETTA YOUNG *is some baby! She rolls her eyes, rolls her own and also rolls 'er skates*

First National

SHE: *Why do you make me wear these skates?*
HE: *Oh, I think we can cover a lot more ground*

Marion Nixon, George Lewis, Universal

LOCHINVAR: *Do you still think I'm a man from a one horse town?*
GIGGLE SISTERS: *No, you've got too good a line*

Newton House, Barbara Kent, and Helen Foster, Universal

No wonder Princess Pat preparations give far greater BEAUTY

Says MARY PHILBIN
Famous Universal Film Star

Mary Philbin enjoys the smart, convenient "Tap-It," Princess Pat's dainty, spillproof powder and lip rouge container.

"DO YOU KNOW," Mary Philbin will say, "the reason Princess Pat beauty aids are so marvelous, is because their presiding genius is a woman." She is versed in exactly what women want, is a brilliant chemist, a laboratory expert, and, I am sure, the greatest idealist in her profession of any woman living. And, let me remark, looks at least twenty-five years younger than she actually is. I never have seen a more beautiful, finely textured skin, nor more perfect grooming.

"I had wanted to discover in person the truth about all Princess Pat beauty aids. I had read about them, heard other women enthuse about them. But I have a peculiar inquisitiveness which I always want to satisfy. So I arranged a brief appointment—and actually spent three days in the laboratory and factory where Princess Pat beauty aids are conceived and prepared.

"What I learned made me a Princess Pat enthusiast for life; and I have made hundreds of converts to these scientific beauty preparations. And, if I may, I'll tell you some of the things I discovered."

How I Begin My Day for Beauty's Sake

"Each morning I apply a tiny bit of Skin Food Cream. Nothing startling in that. But wait. I do not remove the Skin Food Cream—not yet. Instead I apply a fairly generous amount of Ice Astringent. Now Skin Food Cream is to give back to the skin oils of which exposure robs it. Ice Astringent is to close the pores, keep them always fine, and protected against dust and dirt. Well, then, I gently massage the Ice Astringent *on top of the Skin Food Cream.* An absolutely new idea, you see. And this is what happens. The Ice Astringent—cool and refreshing as its name implies—actually melts and feels cold like ice. As a result the skin is left beautifully soft and pliant, nourished for the *entire day*, while at the same time the pores are closed by the Ice Astringent. Isn't that marvelous? You simply cannot imagine the splendid effect; you have to try it to find out the delight in store for you."

My Use of Powder and Rouge

"My personal visit to Princess Pat Ltd., disclosed two lovely things. I learned that many skin specialists have concluded that starch, the base of all *usual* powder is *not* beneficial to the skin. So the very wonderful woman who is the company's idealist, decided more than five years ago that no starch should be used in Princess Pat preparations. Months of experiment in her laboratory disclosed a way to do the seemingly impossible, to substitute precious almond, of known virtue, and do away with starch. Today not a speck of starch is used in Princess Pat Powder or Rouge. Besides the Almond Base in the powder, other imported ingredients of rare delicacy and great price are used. And I marveled at the wonderful machinery which makes the powder inimitably soft. And as for *staying on.* Well there simply isn't any comparison. I have used about every known powder, including the most expensive French Powders—none of them even approach Princess Pat in clinging quality. Another thing: Princess Pat has a quality that seems mysterious to me—it gives the most wonderful beauty of all—a smooth silken skin, but never a hint of powdery appearance. When you use it, your skin assumes absolute perfection, but you simply cannot detect the powder. I was told the scientific reason; but must confess I've forgotten it. All I was interested in was the result. But I can remember, and can tell you from experience, that continued use of Princess Pat Powder works wondrous benefit to the skin, because of the constant contact of its almond base. It is simply marvelous in preventing blackheads, in giving the skin a texture which simply defies coarse pores, even under the most trying conditions of exposure—none more trying, certainly, than my own work, sometimes under the burning Kleigs, sometimes in the open with dust flying or extreme temperatures to meet.

"And Princess Pat Rouge. Never was anything so wonderful. I remember the explanation of that clearly, because it was so obvious. The skin, you see, has no real color. If you doubt, just try to say what *color your skin is.* No, the skin is really a transparent membrane with some neutral tints. When you have a natural color, it is the blood showing through your neutral skin. Now if you use the usual rouge, this is not taken into account. You apply a fixed unyielding color—and then wonder why it never looks natural.

"But with Princess Pat, these facts have been taken into account. Special *transparent* colors have been used. They intensify (instead of blot out) the neutral skin tones. There are ingredients that actually warm to life when this rouge is placed upon the skin. Thus you secure exactly the color nature gives when she has been generous to some rare women with a *naturally* beautiful complexion. And here's something else; you can apply Princess Pat rouge *just as heavily as you please*—and it will look natural; or you can just use the tiniest bit with a perfectly natural effect. Thus each one's liking—for much color or little—is perfectly served.

The Most Valuable Advice I Can Give You

"I haven't space to tell you all that Princess Pat beauty aids accomplish—how they speedily correct eruptions and blemishes of all kinds, how they eradicate wrinkles (with marvelous quickness) how special methods of application give exceptionally beautiful make-up to harmonize with your mood and gown, how one special shade of rouge (Princess Pat Nite) is scientifically prepared to respond gloriously to every kind of artificial light (almost impossible with daylight rouges). I can't go into all these details.

"But here is what I advise every woman to do if she wants *twice the beauty from beauty aids.* Princess Pat has the most adorable Week End Set, containing generous quantities of *all* Princess Pat beauty aids. For instance there is a *month's* supply of powder alone. Every set represents an actual loss of money. It is for distribution simply and solely to enable women to try *all* Princess Pat Preparations for next to nothing. For the set, beautifully boxed is sent you for 25c postage prepaid. Why, that is less than would pay for a soda fountain drink. And think of the joy of a month's new beauty for the same amount.

"And last but not least there is sent with this set the most beautiful beauty booklet in the world—no exceptions. And it contains beauty information and instructions you'll be simply wild about. The booklet, too, is just out and contains beauty information you can obtain nowhere else in the world.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-34, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Ask for PRINCESS PAT *Powder, Rouge, Lip Rouge, Skin Cleanser (cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Ice Astringent (vanishing), Lemon-Almond Lotion, Talc-Deodorant, Perfume and Toilet Water.*

Some New Light on an Ever Pressing Problem

When Should A Girl Use MAKE-UP?

First National

First National

Paramount

By MARTHA MADISON

Using make-up is not a question of morality. It is a question of good taste. The one safe rule is to avoid being conspicuous, and emphasize only the best points

WHENEVER I make a new acquaintance, I know I am going to be asked two questions, "Mrs. Madison, do you really receive all those letters you answer in SMART SET? Or do you just make up the letters and answers?" And then, "My goodness, I don't see how you know what to tell all those people. So many different problems they have for you!"

My answers to those questions inevitably bring surprise to the curious one. "It's a full time job," I tell them, "month in and month out, answering all the very real letters I receive. I wouldn't have the time to 'fake' one." And then, there aren't really so many different problems. I know that each day's mail will bring so many letters on jealousy, so many on unrequited love, so many on discouragement with jobs, domestic life, or just life itself, and so on.

Occasionally, however, I do find one forlorn little letter that doesn't belong in any of the stock pigeonholes. Sometimes this letter presents a unique problem that requires much careful thought before I attempt to answer it. Again, it is merely a hark-back to years gone by, brings up a subject that we have either settled or lost interest in. Such a letter is this one from "Fanny," who writes me all the way from Preston, Nevada.

"I AM sixteen," Fanny tells me, "and I have been going out with boys for three years. A lot of people in our town think my mother should have kept me at home until I was fifteen but mother thinks it's foolish to deprive me of the friendship of nice boys. She talks a great deal about how broad-minded she is. Yet here is a strange thing. She absolutely refuses to let me use one speck of make-up. Not even powder. Although mother knows that all the nice girls in our town, girls younger than I, too, use not only powder but rouge and lipstick as well, she says that 'decent girls don't do it.' Now, Mrs. Madison, my mother knows perfectly well that decent girls do use make-up. Why is she so stubborn about letting me use it?"

I guess we all feel a bit sorry for Fanny, just as we feel sorry for those girls whose parents still believe that dancing is a vulgar form of amusement and that Sunday baseball games and picnics are sinful. Of course, we don't expect the older folks to enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of 1928 young America; their way of living and ideas of life belong to another generation, just as the things we do today will be old-fashioned twenty-five years from now. But most of them have wisely accepted short skirts and bobbed hair and slang. And I had supposed that nobody these days noticed whether a girl used rouge or not. Still, there's that letter from Fanny which I am going to answer so all of you may read it.

NOW, I really don't believe that Fanny's mother is stubborn, or that in her heart she believes all the things she has said to Fanny about make-up. Rather, I think the fault lies with little Fanny, her choice of cosmetics and the way she uses them.

There is one big vital principle back of make-up that is back of all the other things that parents make a fuss about: dancing, drinking, "petting," clothes and plucked eyebrows. That is the extremes to which young people go in anything and everything.

If it's the style to wear short skirts, you girls aren't satisfied till the dimples in your knees show. When bobbed hair first started to be the rage, it was clipped below the ears and curled; the effect was one of youthful softness. But did you let it rest there? You did not! Take any one of a dozen girls today and line them up with a dozen boys, backs toward you, and if it weren't for their clothes you couldn't tell male from female.

Then dancing came. A few of the [*Continued on page 103*]

My Most Precious *Beauty Secret*

by Estelle Taylor

One of the screen's most beautiful celebrities whose recent noteworthy successes include "Don Juan" and her latest starring vehicle, "The Whip Woman."

A FASCINATING revelation by one of the screen's most talented and beautiful actresses—a frank disclosure of the methods she uses for achieving loveliness—methods which you, too, in the privacy of your home, may use with surprising results.

Let Miss Taylor tell you of the short-cuts to beauty and skin loveliness she has found. Tricks of make-up that enable you to apply cosmetics with the skill of an artist—that enable you to emphasize the attractiveness of your features—and almost instantly seem to change the very contour of your face!

Yet this is but a part of a unique and priceless volume written by 20 of the most noted, most beautiful women of the screen—and a book which you may have for *practically* NOTHING.

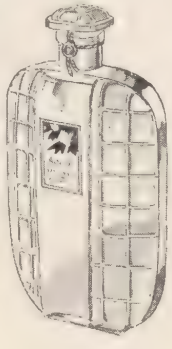
Here is advice you *know* is invaluable. One star talks to you on the care of the skin; another discusses perfumes, their mystery, personalities and effectiveness. Another explains the development and care of gloriously beautiful hair; still another discloses her marvelously effective massage methods, new ways to relax, to banish "nerves"; how to enhance the beauty of your eyes, hands, arms, etc.

If sold in the usual manner, this book, profusely illustrated, attractively bound, would cost a dollar or more. Cheramy, parfumeur, offers it to you together with a generous container of April Showers Talc, the finest, most fragrant, most refreshing of all talcs, for 25c (to cover the mere cost of mailing, etc.).

April Showers, as you know, gayest and most youthful of all fragrances, favorite of Paris, smartest of continental odeurs, is the perfume motif of a group of exquisite toiletries known by the same name. To know them is to adopt them as your own, which is frankly why the talc is sent to you.

But . . . mail the coupon *now*, for this attractive offer is limited. You must act quickly . . . write today.

CHERAMY, INC.
PARIS NEW YORK



April Showers Perfume—a glorious bouquet—the fragrance of a flower-filled springtime—$4, $2.50, $1.

April Showers Toilet Water, delicately though lastingly fragrant with exquisite April Showers — wonderfully refreshing. 4 oz., $2.

April Showers Face Powder —light or dark flesh, light or dark brunette, or white —75c.

April Showers Talcum Powder—soft, smooth, fine as a fragrant mist—refreshing, protecting—metal box 25c; glass bottle, 50c.

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only

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539 West 45th Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "Precious Beauty Secrets" by 20 famous film stars and large size container of April Showers Talc. I enclose 25c to cover postage, packing, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

This Funny World

AS SEEN BY ALECK SMART

Wanted, Experience!

Every sheik must have his flapper—
To make the old world roll;
But why must one flapper have twenty sheiks
And knock each one for a goal?

* * *

If You Doubt Us, Read

Love, romance, hair-breadth escapes, revolution and a dashing American in quest of a Spanish beauty go to make Rebel Romance a thrilling story. If you start it, you'll read it all so don't begin if you haven't time to finish it. Then there's Gypsy Mates. You can't go wrong on that story. It has the call of far places and a love story that's a wow. Anyway it caught Aleck. We'll lay you a bet you like Her Mother's Sweetheart. If you don't, why send us a postal card at our expense and we'll tip you off to another.

* * *

Maybe Dorothy's Right

Dorothy Dase, who lives out where the Fords rattle into existence, says that her idea of an old-fashioned girl is one who apologizes for swearing in the presence of others.

* * *

What Is Your Test of Love?

PRIZE CONTEST

How can a girl tell when it is the real thing? We overheard this in our favorite tea-room: Two young things were sitting next to us and one said, "I don't know if I've ever been in love or not." The other said, "When you're in love you'll know it all right. The first time some big caveman comes along and grabs you by the hair, drags you along the ground—AND YOU LIKE IT—then you're in love."

That seemed to us a pretty good way of putting it. But there may be other tests. Write and tell good old Aleck how you *knew* it was the real thing. Or if you haven't known the real thing yet, how you will know it when it comes along. Keep it to 25 words, and Aleck will pay $1 for each he publishes.

* * *

Try and Find Her

From too much love of petting,
From dance and show set free,
We dream, with brief regretting,
Of that old-fashioned she;
And pray for her returning
With incense softly burning
And in her eyes a yearning
That's meant for only we.

* * *

Maybe It's Worth It

One thing you can say about this gasoline age is that the smelody lingers on.

The Coonskin Kids

When a girl says, "You're so different," you know she has been experimenting.—Minn. Ski-U-Mah. The woman always pays, and gets credit for it; when the man pays, he pays cash.—Stanford Chaparral. The eternal triangle doesn't worry the young father half as much as the flannel one.—Northwestern Purple Parrot. The modern woman has been weighed and found wanting—everything under the sun.—Goblin. Nellie, the beautiful cloak model, says that married life isn't much different from single blessedness. She used to wait up half the night for her boy friend to go; now she waits up for him to come home.—Ghost. There's nary a slip 'twixt the dress and the undies.—V. M. I. Snipet.

She's never been engaged, boys, but you ought to see her pins!—Bucknell Belle Hop

* * *

It Can't Last Forever

Life is so full of a number of things
Like flappers and lip-stick and autos and rings
No wonder we're all as happy as kings.

Speedy

The flapper is like some of these near-great baseball pitchers. They're awful fast but they lack control.

* * *

Applesauce—or What?

Marian Makes It Snappy

I do enjoy your snappy page, Mr. Aleck Smart.—Marian R. Hart, Linport, N. Y.

* * *

Kiss—and Then We'll Tell

Are you married, Aleck Smart? If not, I'll kiss you before I throw you out. If you're married, just suit yourself.—Mary Lou.—Connersville, Ind.

* * *

What Is an Aleck Smart?

All my thanks go to Aleck Smart. But the question is, who is it?—Tony Rapant, Schenectady, N. Y.

* * *

Alas, Poor Aleck!

Margaret Dupernell of Detroit sends us this one and we don't know whether to blush or run:

A fellow they call Aleck Smart,
Whose wit has the speed of a dart,
With fun fills his page,
Though some in a rage
Say, "Aleck, now who called you smart?"

* * *

It's the "It" Does It

Nobody calls her pretty,
And she hasn't got a dime;
But the boys all flock around her—
For her "IT" is just sublime.

* * *

Here, You Poets

PRIZE CONTEST

A very rich man from Seattle
Said, "Women are dumber than cattle."
Then he fell for a Bunny
Who grabbed off his money

Now poets get busy. Give us that last line and be sure the last word of your line rhymes with cattle. For the best line SMART SET will pay $5 and $1 for each the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and the contest closes March 31, 1928.

* * *

Limerick Prize Winners

That "Madonna-like lady serene" in February made a big hit with you SMART SET limerick writers. Never did so many of you burst out into poetic fervor. That gave poor Aleck a hard job. However the $5 goes to Mrs F. Sanders, Oak Park, Ill., for the line, "Wish I'd socked him," said she, "in the bean." The $1 prize winners are, M. H. Schontz, Palmyra, N. J.; Mrs. Bernice Jackson, Ludlow, Kentucky; E. Harrison McFadden, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. C. Abell, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. J. C. Jones, Grannis, Ark. Wish we could give prizes to several hundred other clever folks but—that can't be done this month. Try again with the new limerick.

PIVER

ANNOUNCES

The Azurea Ensemble-

For the modern woman—sophisticated, exquisitely critical, trained in the art of creating a single perfect impression in each costume—the woman who will not permit the smallest jarring note in her accessories, her jewels, her perfumes—Piver announces the Azurea Ensemble. A single colour-scheme for her dressing table—blue and silver in four clever variations. A single odeur that expresses every complex mood.

HER PERFUME—Elusive, light, fresh! Sweet but not ingenue. With a bit of spice to pique the imagination. A hint of coquetry—not easily won . . . Azurea itself, in its blue and silver box. $4.50.

HER COLD CREME—A miracle of efficiency—just this minute launched in Paris. Carrying a very high percentage of perfume, so that she sinks to sleep wrapped in the same subtle Azurea fragrance. In an azure and silver container—$1.50.

HER VANISHING CRÈME—Equally new. So light it disappears absolutely, leaving a delicately scented but invisible film to which her perfumed powder clings, and clings, all day. Azure and silver, too, but the shape has been cleverly varied. $1.50.

HER POWDER—Adherent and almost invisible, as the mode demands. In five perfect shades to care for every complexion—including the sunbrowned skin, ultra chic at the moment...Subtly impregnated with the same Azurea perfume—$1.00.

HER NEW TWIN COMPACTE—In silver, with blue enamelled tracery around the edge, the shape of this twin compacte is distinctive, and it fits the hand as no compacte has ever done before. Rouge and Powder, in shades for every complexion, delicately scented with Azurea. And 2 mirrors... Price, $2.50.

L·T·PIVER·PARIS

«Oldest and largest among the great perfume houses of France»

46 EAST 16th STREET NEW YORK · *Fondée en 1774* · 46 ST ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL

Your Beauty In the Morning

LOOK at your skin first thing in the morning. See it, as it really is, without "makeup" or powder to hide the defects. Perhaps you may notice the soft, smooth skin you once knew is giving place to a dull, ordinary appearance with signs of wrinkles and flabbiness creeping in. Or, your complexion may be slowly acquiring that listless, parched look that tells of neglect or ill-advised attention.

Now is the time to realize that you must give serious thought to your appearance. We wish you could read the thousands of letters we receive from grateful women telling us how much Gouraud's Oriental Cream means to their skin and complexion. How the pure, soft alluring beauty it renders instantly has added years of youth to their appearance.

A Gouraud's Oriental Cream complexion remains unaltered throughout the day without rubbing off, streaking or spotting and still with an effect that is of far greater beauty than you could obtain through face powders. Start its use to day. It will beautify, preserve and protect your appearance over the years to come. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

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Unforbidden Fruit

[*Continued from page 37*]

a softer impact, and the weaving figure toppled with a sort of shocking deliberation and lay quiet.

The alderman stood, appalled and helpless, until the padded knob struck him under the jaw. He crumpled and lay as inert as his companion.

The piping tenor began to shriek in animal terror of death as its owner ran zigzagging back toward the road. He had no chance. Sylvia shrieked, too, in involuntary pity and dread for him. The swift black figure was after him! Was upon him, like a hawk skimming the ground for its prey! Had struck him down and ignoring the girl's pleas, beat him relentlessly into quietude! The figure was motionless.

She shrank from the victor as he returned to her, breathing hard. "Come," he ordered.

"YOU'VE killed them," she said. "You beast!"

It seemed as if her arm would be torn from the shoulder - socket with the violence of the jerk that pulled her from the tree trunk upon which she had leaned in an access of blind sickness. Half dragged, half running she traversed the field.

"Get into the car."

"I don't want—"

"Get into the car!"

She crawled in. He put on speed until they had rounded the first turn. "Don't move from where you are," he said. He jammed on the brakes, jumped out and ran back along the road. By the time he came back his expression had lost something of its tense, strained grimness.

"Two of them are all right," he condescended to report. "They are helping the other across the field. I hit that ape a little harder than I intended. He was dangerous until I broke his arm." After a moment he asked, "Are you sober now?"

"I wasn't drunk."

"It doesn't matter. Pay attention to what I am saying. If there should be any serious results this is our story: You were drugged in the house and carried into the wood-lot. You came to enough to scream and I heard you as I was walking along the road."

With a sudden change of manner he snapped, "Whose car were you in?"

Sylvia did not answer.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, but I shan't tell you."

"You'd better. Was it a college car?"

Obstinate silence.

"Well, I know anyway." Unexpectedly his low, dry chuckle followed. "I expect you'd have used that knife if they'd got you."

"I'd have done as you told me."

"I'll give you credit on one point; you didn't cry."

"I never cry."

"STERN, old, hard-hearted Puritan stuff, eh? You are Puritan, aren't you, by ancestry, I mean?"

"Yes."

"The name indicates it. So does that effect of physical reticence that you have. Long generations of self-denying, joy-repressing, abnegating New Englanders and all that sort of thing. Now the chilled blood is warming into revolt. That's why you do silly, childish things like this escapade."

"I did it because I wanted to, that's all."

"Admirable reason! You fairly coerce one's respect. Because you 'wanted to' you risk expulsion and involve me in a messy adventure that may cost me my job."

"I didn't ask you to come after me. Oh, I'm so sorry I said that."

"You ought to be. You also expressed the opinion that I was a beast, I believe."

"It was horrible, the way you beat that man down."

"Yes? Well, I wasn't slapping people on the wrist at that particular moment." He lapsed into silence for a while and when he spoke again it was quite impersonally. "This car I shall leave down town. It is a garage car and the men were out-of-town sports who may be content to let well enough alone. We should know by tomorrow whether they are going to keep quiet or make a scandal that will furnish a tabloid holiday. You'd better get out here."

"Good night," she said. "It would be silly to thank you."

He regarded her inscrutably. "A little," he agreed and left her.

An emotionally relieved trio of depressed desperadoes welcomed the lost one in, through an obliging ground-floor window. The occupant of the room, a Self Gov' official, but a sympathetic soul, was determinedly asleep.

"We were almost crazy," Starr said. "Giff found you then?"

"Yes."

"You needn't be so filthy monosyllabic about it."

"I'm tired out."

"No, really?" said Vee.

"Come up to Gwen's room. She's got some hot chocolate and a little stranger, quite worth meeting."

"I'm not coming up yet."

"Not coming up? What—"

"I'm going to wait."

Did You Miss the First Instalment of Unforbidden Fruit?

Warner Fabian, famous mystery man or woman, has scored a success even bigger than Flaming Youth. Unforbidden Fruit has created a sensation. For those who missed the first instalment of this great story, SMART SET, *in this issue, is reprinting the part that appeared last month. If you didn't read the instalment in March, turn now to page 12 and read it. The second instalment starts on page 34. This is your last chance to get the whole story.*

Don't Miss It

Kotex Reduces Prices

A few months ago, as a means of quickly relieving shelves of the old-style Kotex so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These 2 exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

TO meet the immediate and overwhelming response of women to the two exclusive new features of Kotex we have been obliged to double our manufacturing facilities.

This fact and the introduction in our plants of our new, patented machinery enables us to announce a reduction of 30% in the regular price at which Kotex will be sold to all drug and dry goods stores.

Were it not for the fact of our being assured of a doubled demand for the new Kotex it would have to be sold at higher rather than lower prices.

* * *

Rarely is a manufacturer able to offer better goods and lower prices at the same time.

Two years of exacting work in our laboratories by designers and chemists (in cooperation with women doctors) led to the perfection of the Improved Kotex.

With the presentation of the new style Kotex, exclusive in design, comes the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

1 ***A new, skilfully devised cut, with corners scientifically rounded*** . . . worn under the most clinging gowns, the Improved Kotex remains non-detectable.

2 ***Softer gauze, fluffier filler*** end the discomforts of chafing and binding.

& ***RETAINING ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.***

What the new features mean

By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely. Closest-fitting gowns retain slim, smooth lines. This brings a composure heretofore impossible.

Now, exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler *still softer*. Chafing and binding are eliminated.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas. They know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view.

Kotex features are exclusive

Added to these two exclusive new features, the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly.

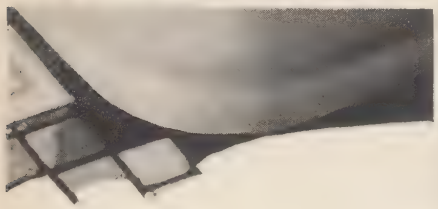
You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

BATHASWEET



Make your Bath a Beauty Treatment

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a softness which cannot be duplicated in any other way. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that the Bathasweet bath leaves no "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores. In this Bathasweet is unique among bath preparations.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. S.SD. 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

_____

_____

"Oh!" said Starr and in perfect comprehension she and the others retired.

Sylvia crouched at the window until she saw a slender, stern figure coming along the path which led past Trumbull to his house. She slipped out and stood before him. Patterson Gifford stopped. "Well?"

"I'm sorry."

Her contrition inspired no acknowledgment from him.

"Are you off me for life, Giff?" she whispered, greatly daring.

"Don't be a fool twice in the same evening."

Had he moved an imperceptible inch nearer to her, waiting? Were those strong, nervous hands that had struck so adequately, so brutally in her defence, yearning toward her? She could not be sure. But of this she was sure, that at a word, at a breath, she would have clung to him. In the penetrating glare of the headlights she had incongruously noted that his face was dusky with the day's strong, bluish growth of beard. With a desire that both astounded and exalted her, she wanted to rub her soft cheek against the harsh stubble of his tyrant's chin.

Puritan blood in revolt, indeed!

A babble of voices sounded on the stairs and Verity danced into Suite Twenty. "'Lo, you two owls," she called to Sylvia and Starr.

"What are you looking so het-up about?"

"Travers of the Collegiate Caravaners, is coming to rehearsal. Maybe if I make a hit with him, he'll take me barnstorming." She danced before them like a gnat in a sunbeam.

"You'll have to be on your toes."

"I think you've got a swell chance."

"They do small town stuff on the fall tour. They say it's the best training," Vee declared excitedly. "And who do you think is going along? Gallant Gale!"

"The conquering Sid? He's Nixie's newest."

"She can have him."

"Atta big-hearted kid!" said Sylvia derisively and Starr added, "Didn't know you knew the Gallant One, Freshman."

"I don't. And I don't want to if half they say about him is true. I'll bet he'd be poisonous to act with."

"What's inflamed your mind against the lad?" Sylvia asked.

"Oh, I dunno! They say he expects every girl he looks at to fall for him. I hate these beauty boys."

"Well, you haven't made the Caravaners yet," pointed out Starr.

"No, and I don't know that I'm so crazy to, if he goes along. They say he's putting up part of the money for the tour and he wants to play juveniles. That'd make me play opposite him and I know he'd paw. I hate being pawed."

"Our chee-ild is getting blasé!"

"NO, I'M not. But this experienced young-man-of-the-world stuff gives me a chill. Why don't they keep it for the night clubs? I'd rather have a girl to play opposite. They don't paw you . . . I've got a class. See you at dinner."

Sylvia, energetically splashing cold water on her face next morning heard herself addressed through a dispersed fog of tooth power in which loomed the features of Helen Quigg. "Sheen Nickshee?"

"Finish your teeth and then try it."

"Nixie has got a swain on the way."

"I suppose that's front-page news!"

"He's coming for the week-end and bringing a blind drag that Pink was to have fussed, but Pink is back on a history written and can't make the grade. I think Nixie wants you to take him on."

"I guess that makes me an Elk," was Sylvia's answer.

"I'd rather take a blind off'n Nixie than any girl in the house except Starr. I don't know how she snares the men but she certainly does."

"This week's show is rotten," admitted Sylvia. "Maybe I'll look Nixie's proposition over."

Nixie, Elsie Nichols, was the despair of rival prom-trotters. She was homely of face and quaintly proportioned, but her eyes, liquid brown beneath storm-black brows, were charged with witchcraft, and when she spoke, Circe sang and the lure of soft laughter hung in the air. She was not precisely of the inner circle of Trumbull, so despotically ruled from Suite Twenty, but she played around with them when she played with anyone. Mostly she was a lone wolf and men were her hobby.

It was characteristic of Nixie that she seldom went to other people. They came to her. Having come to her, they usually did what she wished. Sylvia, however, was going to her for ends of her own after she had consulted with Starr.

"Where's young Vee?"

"Gone to the Libe."

"STARR, it's time our chee-ild began to use the advantages that Nature gave her and to find out that men were made to be useful to the higher sex."

"Step down off the platform, Syl, and tell me all about it."

"Nixie's got a scheme to palm off a blind drag on me. I'm going to palm Verity off on her."

"What for?"

"Experience in a sound school. Nixie is elected tutor to the infant class. What do you think?"

"I guess it's all right."

"Then I'll go over and break it to her."

Elsie Nichols was sitting cross-legged amidst the confusion of her small and extremely messy room, mixing instantaneous chocolate, in lieu of the breakfast which she seldom attended.

"Throw Shiftless and Makebelieve," two of a quartette of rag dolls, "off the chair and sit down," was her greeting. "Just had a wire from Gee-Gee."

This was more interesting than Sylvia had anticipated. If Gallant Gale, that figure of almost mythical romance at Sperry, was in the game it might be well worth playing. Was it possible that Nixie had made him already?

"How is he?" Sylvia asked.

"Pickled, I should think," Nixie replied. "Judge for yourself."

The telegram, dated the previous day, read:

"My heart yearns for your voice full stop arriving town tomorrow A. M. if gas lasts halt bringing along friend of childhood days check also sample from old oaken bucket pause remember it is always springtime in the hearts of the innocent and be kind to all dumb animals including yours Gee-Gee."

"Imbecile!" muttered Sylvia. "Who's the other?"

"Name's Loyster. He's a friend of Pink's and Pink says that he's no marvel and doesn't rate much higher than a kind soul to bum free meals off when you're in New York. But he's tractable and has a lovely nose. Will you take him?"

"No: I won't, but—"

"Why couldn't you say so and save all this soul sweat?"

"Don't pull any of your peeves on me, Nixie," Sylvia said. "I can't, but I might find somebody who would."

"Who?" It was Nixie's turn to be suspicious.

"Verity Clarke. She's as pretty as a bird in a tree."

"No girl is pretty until she's found out that she's pretty, and your kid hasn't," said Nixie. "No style, either."

"We'll array her for the sacrifice."

Sore throat's easiest victims—reducing women!

Neglecting a cold or sore throat is dangerous business for anyone—doubly dangerous for reducing women weakened by strenuous exercises and "canary bird" diets.

For both colds and sore throats often lead to serious complications if not treated immediately.

Look upon throat irritation as a warning, and at the first sign of it gargle repeatedly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used full strength.

If rapid improvement is not apparent, consult your physician.

Time and time again, however, Listerine has checked colds and sore throats before they had a chance to become serious.

Certainly, this pleasant precaution is worth taking during winter and early spring weather when grippe, "flu," and pneumonia are a constant threat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

—*More than* 50 diseases—
have their beginning or development in the THROAT and nose. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

Another record!
Last month another record for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube! A first class dentifrice at a saving.

LISTERINE
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Virginia Lee Corbin, the beautiful star playing under the First National banner has eyes no one can forget. They're so utterly beautiful.

Are Your Eyes as Beautiful?

A quick flick ... and wonderful Winx weaves its magic spell. With a naturalness that is supremely individual, this modish liquid lash dressing bestows on the eyes divine loveliness. It makes them seem larger and more expressive, by framing them in a shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes.

Now arouse the beauty that slumbers in your eyes. Apply Winx, the original liquid lash dressing which is an indispensable part of the smart toilette.

Neither fragile nor transient, the loveliness Winx gives to the lashes remains undimmed. A tear ... a stray cinder ... a day in the surf, nothing can harm it or cause it to run. Winx is steadfast. Just apply it in the morning, and remove it before retiring.

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WINX

Lavishes Beauty without a hint of Artificiality

Also you can now obtain Cake Winx and Cream Winx, in light or dark shades wherever waterproof Winx is sold!

"Does she know anything? Any experience?"

"Not much. I want her to see your work." Nixie had that coming to her!

"I CAN tell her how to play safe of course, but she won't need it with this lad."

"He sounds awfuller and awfuller."

"Don't you believe it. He's perfectly presentable and just the thing for Thirteen." This being the room where there was dancing after dinner on Saturdays and where men could be danced with or shown off. "You're sure the kid isn't dumb?"

"Not a bit. Her trouble is that she doesn't know what it's all about. She's always lived by rule at home. Mustn't go to the movies without mother. Must be in at ten o'clock. Motor with a boy alone? No nice girl does it. All that sort of prehistoric tosh."

Nixie's eyes filled with amused apprehension. "Why, she'll be a raging lion! I know what these repressed kids are like when they get loose."

"She isn't loose. And she isn't going to be. Just show her a touch of life."

Nixie sighed. "Send her down."

Nixie was lolling on an unmade bed, though it was noon when Verity Clarke arrived. "The child," so Nixie thought as Verity came in, "was unusually pretty, and would serve her turn all right." Aloud she said. "Hello! Have some fudge."

Vee helped herself and perched on the edge of a chair in the corner. She had never been in Nixie's room before and looking about she made a startling discovery. Of the scores of men's photographs with which the walls were lined, practically all were upside down. Was this symbolic? Perhaps Nixie read her mind. She laughed softly.

"I've turned all those down, but I've never turned one up again."

There were a few which had not suffered the indignity.

"All waiting to join the Turnverein," observed Nixie. "Even Gallant Gale." Without being told, Vee knew which one was Gale. The sobriquet "Gallant" so fitted the face and expression.

"My man?" she asked and blushed.

"NO, MINE until further notice. You're going to be crazy about yours," she said. "He's a winner. Pink's throwing a catfit because she's out of it, and she'll have a worse one when she finds out who drew him."

"What'll I do with him?" asked the freshman.

"Just play him. Don't you know anything about anything?" Nixie added impatiently, catching the look of bewilderment on the still childish face.

"I've played around with men, a little."

"Very little, I'll bet. Neck?"

"N-n-no, I don't like it." Curiosity spurred her courage. "Do you?"

"Why if you go out with a boy friend and if you like him you naturally neck him a little. You've got to keep 'em interested or some other female will snitch 'em away. You don't sling the gin, I suppose."

"You mean drink? No."

"Don't begin now, in case your Harold has anything on the hip." Her big liquid eyes became shrewd, her manner confidentially impressive. "I'll give you a real tip. Bow off bootleg unless there's at least four in the party and one not drinking."

"Oh!" gasped Vee, as impressed as the narrator had intended.

"That's all," Nixie said. "Pass me that pad, will you? I've got to crank up for Mediaeval Art. The boys'll be around in a couple of hours."

Verity's succeeding classes got but perfunctory attention from her and back at Suite Twenty she was taken in hand by her two elders and properly decked for the date.

"What'll she wear?" asked Starr.

"My little green dress and your new black hat."

The two friends fussed and worked and dabbed at Vee and finally pronounced her ready, "Though I wouldn't give her anything better than a B minus on that hat," said Starr pessimistically.

"She's pretty enough to get away with anything," Sylvia said, "but I do not trust that Nixie cat. Think we ought to stick around?"

The two, having earlier detected the aroma of boiled cabbage in the air, had decided that dining out was in order. Starr said, "That's asking too much, but we might go down the front way and probably get a look at the lad."

Downstairs in the parlor they sighted Gallant Gale and his friend.

"WHAT think?" said Sylvia after a half minute analysis so profound and destructive that a masculine mind would have shrunk from it, astounded and appalled.

"He's good-looking enough."

"And knows it."

"Probably never been to a girl's college before."

"And'll think it most frightfully jolly."

"He looks the type that goes in for good, clean, wholesome fun," Starr said.

"Of course he'll want to eat in the college. That kind always does."

Starr paused, irresolute. "Surely Nixie'll stick by."

"When did you ever know her to stick by? She'll be off with Gee-Gee? He's this term's craze with her."

"Can the kid handle it alone?"

"Oh, let her go through with it. She's got to learn sometime."

The blind drag, Mr. Ralph Loyster of Dayton, Ohio, fulfilled the worst forebodings of the two analysts. So did Elsie Nichols, but she had her reasons, for Mr. Gale, casting an expert and conquering eye upon Verity Clarke, had promptly decided that this freshman was a little peach. When he learned that she was going to have a part in the forthcoming play, he announced that he would be found in the rooter's section. Verity glowed. Nixie's shrewd feline apprehensions were stirred, for her hold upon Gale was still insecure. Later perhaps she could afford to take chances but not yet! Before he knew how it all happened, Nixie had muttered to Verity something about meeting her and Mr. Loyster later, and had dragged Gale away. When last seen they were disappearing in the direction of the lake, the inference, for the wise, being that they would make a detour and come out to the main road, there to possess themselves of Gale's specially constructed car, enamelled in the colors of his college, leaving the other couple stranded.

It was Loyster's cue to suggest that he and Verity stroll down to the Inn for lunch, in lieu of which he sniffed the air, mirthfully stated that if there was anything he throve on it was a cabbage diet. "Were men allowed to eat at the college tables?" With sinking heart Verity had to admit that they were.

"Try to ruin my appetite by surrounding it with a coupla hundred pretty girls," challenged young Mr. Loyster.

Attracted or perhaps only startled by the strange tenor voice, two girls from her corridor obeyed that impulse to stop, look and listen. Vee began to grow nervous but she presented the boy friend. Immediately Mr. Loyster started in to knock 'em cold. His conversation became sprightly and provocative. He produced a running fire of wise-cracks. One of the two whispered to Vee.

"Where'd you glean the campus pet?"

CAMPUS pet! The deadly characterization fitted. Even while she would have liked to murder the whisperer, Vee recognized its justice.

Further along the path three seniors were tossing a fluffy ball. With a desperate certainty of fate Vee knew that the beastly thing would roll toward them and that her companion would plunge after it. She was even capable of imputting malignant design to the players when it happened. Like a joyous kitten, Mr. Loyster rushed after the ball, expertly scooped for it and opened up the shoulder seam of his too-snug coat. He picked out the prettiest of the seniors and shot the ball toward her. Then he placed himself in a professional posture, humping his shoulders and setting his hands on his knees. The coat seam opened up a little more, betraying a rather blatant design in stripes and foliage.

"Shirt by the scene painters' union," murmured one of Vee's aides.

The three seniors regarded him with faintly surprised eyes. They then resumed their game of catch.

"I see," Mr. Loyster observed. "You don't let us rough, coarse men into your maidenly exercises."

The seniors recalled a date and left.

"See you at supper," they said, at which the flickering flame of Verity's will-to-live sank a little lower.

"When do we eat?"

"You're sure you won't mind?" Vee asked. "The food is pretty bad sometimes."

"Lead me to it!"

The meal was a dull misery for his unhappy companion. All the girls in reach talked to the lone available member of the male sex, laughed just a little too exuberantly at his wilted jokes, and convinced his all-too-willing soul that he had made what was probably the social hit of the college year. As Vee led him forth, full-fed, she heard behind them the derisive comment:

"That little freshman is certainly spread-eagling her bird!"

With his penchant for "quaint college customs," Mr. Loyster had absorbed the exciting information that there would be an interclass basket-ball game that afternoon. By all the rules of fair play as between girl and girl, Nixie should have returned in time to relieve her partner, in case the blind drag was not measuring up to specifications. Not Nixie! She had her swain, and just because he had evinced interest in other quarters she had the more energetically set her heart upon his conquest. With bleak forebodings of what would happen, Verity took her escort to the game.

THE other two H. B. V.'s returned from their off-campus meal with the pious design of dropping in at the gym and lending social tone to the game by their presence for a half hour or so. They entered upon a scene of spiritual devastation. Time had been called between the quarters. The teams were sucking oranges and lemons, nursing bruises, listening to advice from their supporters, and posing athletically for the benefit of the fifteen or twenty men visitors who, for the most part, had sufficient good taste to keep in the background. A sudden hush afforded to Mr. Ralph Loyster his golden opportunity. Ignoring Verity he leaped upon a chair and raised his arms in the manner of a cheer leader.

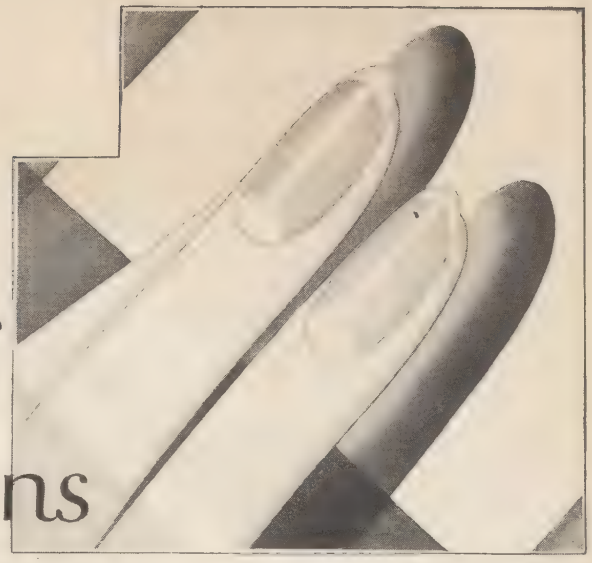
"Now! One and all! A long, soft coo for Old Sperry!"

"Nixie ought to be slain!" from Sylvia.

"The kid'll never be able to live him down," said Starr.

"The time has come for heroic measures."

Together they jammed through the crowd. Verity, scarlet and almost speechless, but still game, presented them. Sylvia drew



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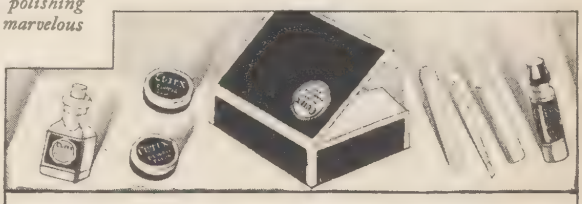

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the freshman aside while Starr entertained the youth.

"Where's Nixie?"

"I don't know."

"Hasn't she shown up at all?"

"No."

"She's left you to carry that alone?"

"Yes."

"The dirty little toad. Is he as awful as he looks?"

Verity's small, sniffling catch of the breath threatened a deluge. "Whatever'll I do with him?"

Five minutes later young Mr. Loyster learned several things that he had not known before. He learned that the charming freshman had been summoned to report to a committee for some past dereliction. He learned that his appearance had so favorably impressed these two beauties that they wanted to take him on a brief tour of the campus. The tour being very brief, he learned something invented by the two for the occasion, that a new rule closed the sacred precincts to males between five o'clock and supper. It being then 4:46, Mr. Loyster went forth still rejoicing in his popularity, and scheduled to return for the evening.

Verity was found prone upon her bed. "I'll never hear the end of it! Never!" she wailed.

"The end is not yet," said one of her companions.

"There's an account to be settled with Miss Elsie Nichols," said the other.

"I never want to see her again," declared the freshman with excusable violence.

"We do."

"And we propose to see to it that she shows up at Thirteen this evening. Loyster is having supper, and taking you there."

Verity uttered a muffled yell.

"He'll adore Thirteen. Cheer up! We'll be there."

"How do you know Nixie will come? She never does."

"We've had a little conversation with Miss Nichols."

"And offered her the presidency of the Bum Sports' Club if she doesn't come through."

"Also I've had a private talk with Mr. Sidney Gorsline Gale," added Starr.

"What about?"

"You may not know it, but you've developed a yearning yen for that lad."

"I haven't. I don't like him. He's got such loud eyes," complained poor Verity.

"You've got to play up."

"I'll giggle," threatened Verity.

"If you do," came the solemn warning, "you go forth forever from our company. This is feud stuff and darned serious."

"What do I have to do?"

"Heavy fussing."

"I don't know how."

"He'll show you."

Verity became sulky. "I won't like it a bit."

"You don't have to like it. You just have to do it."

Anticipating another exhibition by the priceless Loyster, invitations to Thirteen had even been extended to outsiders, but Trumbull House was disappointed. True, the dubious hero was there, but he was in charge of the two most competent manhandlers of their time. Something was in the air! No doubt of that! But nothing was known beyond the fact that Nixie had put over a "drip" on the inexperience of the little Clarke and that the other inmates of Suite Twenty had rallied to the rescue.

Disgruntled, but a little daunted by the intervention of Starr and Sylvia, Nixie brought her swain to Thirteen as late as she dared. Pausing cautiously at a window, they looked in upon a scene none too reassuring, with Mr. Ralph Loyster in the major rôle. Within the crowded limits of the room he dipped and glided, pranced, side-shuffled, and swooped. His collar had wilted. His shirt stood forth in weird heraldry from the rent seam. The girls were cutting in on him in endless succession with the murderous design of wearing him down. He was fair game for a form of hazing of which Verity was meant to be a co-victim. By the ethics of Sperry it served her right for bringing in such a trove.

Nixie considered. "I'll have to dance with him. It'll make things look better. Come along."

"I'd rather be here with you."

"Later," she whispered. She lifted her face and he bent to kiss her lips.

Sidney Gale was the biggest game in Nixie's long list of conquests. The son of a millionaire mine owner from the far West, he was the newspaper model of what a college sport should be. His car, his clothes, his late night parties in New York, his twenty-five thousand dollar a year allowance and above all his personal beauty and joyously unconscious swagger, were favorite topics of conversation.

AT a fraternity house party he had referred to Nixie as "that queer little toad from Sperry" in a voice of such alcoholic volume that she had heard and silently vowed that she would take her revenge by "making" him. She had asked him to come down to see her, and here he was, and Nixie was so crazy about him that, she told herself, it might even be real, this time!

Gale was game. He let himself be drawn into that "femalestrom" as Nixie dubbed it and instantly he was engulfed. Nixie cut in on Loyster but, ever watchful, she became aware of teamwork developing about her prince. The girls who were cutting in were all of the close corporation run by Suite Twenty. They were "passing" Gallant Gale as expert hockey players crisscross a puck down the ice, Mowbray to Merrick to Clarke, then Hartnett to Quigg to Peters back to Mowbray again, always edging over towards the side door. Nixie found her view shut off, and when she looked again, he was gone.

At the outer doorway Starr delivered Gallant Gale over to the waiting Verity with a look which said, in silent, savage eloquence. "One giggle and you die the death!" But Verity did not feel like giggling. With this paragon, this darling of the tabloids, this reputed wrecker of feminine hearts she felt the ease of indifference. They strolled out and into another hallway leading to the "engaged parlor" which they found empty. Gale opened fire.

"You sure have wrought some ruin in my tender heart, Child," he informed her.

"HAVE I?" Verity smiled up at him. There was no conscious lure in the smile and certainly no confusion. The experienced fusser speculated as to the best and readiest line of approach. He prided himself on being a quick worker.

"I'll admit it." His hand reached for and enfolded hers. She looked down at it interestedly, attentively. Queer kid!

"I didn't think I was going to find anything like you here."

"Did you 'find' me?" she asked.

He flushed and laughed with that ingenuous frankness which he had found almost invariably effective. "You're sore about Ralph Loyster," he interpreted. "That wasn't my fault. He tagged on. Ralph isn't so bad when you get used to him."

"You're supposed to be very alike aren't you?"

He stared. Was this real innocence or a string? Certainly the kid was a winner. She had the cool, close-folded beauty of a bud. A fellow could fall for her easily, but she wouldn't fall easily.

This, he judged, was an occasion for gradual approach, contrary to his usual headlong rush of wooing. He must feel out this opponent, like a skilled boxer, mark time, make talk.

"That's a slinky dress you've got on," he murmured.

"Do you like it?" Verity asked.

"What are these funny gadjets on the sleeve?" He ran his fingers along her wrist, closed them upon her arm, drew it gently up over his shoulder and bent smilingly to her. His first kiss was gentle.

"You're a sweet kid," he murmured and pressed his lips down upon hers.

NOW there are as many ways of being kissed as of kissing but Verity lacked the technic as well as the taste for this form of exercise. She spluttered. Starr or even Sylvia would have blushed for her!

"What's the matter?" laughed the other.

"I don't like being kissed."

"Rats! You're just not used to it. Let me teach you a few things. I'm from Great Neck, Long Island, where the great neckers come from. Come on! What's the harm?"

"I don't suppose there is any," she admitted, but she was stiff and unyielding as he drew her back into his arms.

"I could be crazy about you, easy," he murmured.

"Be careful! Somebody's coming."

"Darn!" said Mr. Gale.

Footsteps approached the door which Gale had closed in spite of his companion's protest that this was against the rules. A voice said with slow, angry emphasis:

"Oh! So sorry to interrupt you!"

"Who's the dark and dismal female?" asked Gale as the intruder withdrew leaving the door open.

"Olga Tremwick."

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes. No. Not specially."

"Don't commit yourself if you're not sure," he laughed. "She looks as if she might bite. What's her grouch?"

"I don't know. Maybe she was looking for me to run over some of our dialogue. She's in our play."

"I hear you're a star. I'm president of our Dramatic Club. Let's get up a dual meet. I'll bet we could pull some snappy love stuff together."

"This is my first part. I'll probably flop."

"Bid me down for the show, will you, dear?"

"Won't Nixie ask you?"

"CLAWS, eh?" But as he said it, he knew himself in error. There was no room for jealousy in the indifference of this cool, desirable slip of a girl.

She ignored the insinuation. "Why do they call you Gallant Gale?" she asked.

"Just a name the newspapers have pinned on me." He was well satisfied to let her know that he was a public character. "Listen, child. What are you doing tomorrow evening? I'm dated to go back. But if I could fix up a little conference with you?"

"Oh, no! I've got a rehearsal on."

"Well, what about tomorrow morning, then? A sunrise stroll, what?"

Desperate stuff, this, for Gale, who loved his morning sleep like a cat. Besides, he was trysted for eleven o'clock tonight with Nixie which certainly meant being out till two or three. Still he could always skip the early date if he was too sleepy and explain that the clerk forgot to call him.

It was on Verity's lips to answer "No." But what would her roommates say? They'd slaughter her for having missed such an opportunity. "All right. Where'll I meet you?"

"I'll be outside Trumbull at seven sharp. What about one for good night, sweetie?"

He could not discern any more encouraging warmth in that kiss than in the others, which made his spoiled soul only the more

eager. Oh, he'd be there! That was sure!

Great was the exultation in Suite Twenty when Verity brought back news of her dawn date.

"If we could only get Nixie up to see it!" said Starr.

But, as Sylvia remarked, Nixie would be more likely to turn out at eleven than seven. However, a hint could be dropped to Ida McKay, which would be the next best thing and a sure method of getting the thrilling news into circulation and back to Miss Elsie Nichols. To have a swain make furtive dates with another girl is black disgrace. The revenge of Suite Twenty for the shame put upon the youngest of their sisterhood would be complete. But would Gallant Gale show up?

"Our man doesn't set foot through the ropes till he's in the ring," announced Sylvia.

At seven-five, Gallant Gale was at the tryst, feeling very virtuous. Starr and Sylvia plucked the sleepy Vee out of bed.

"Lemme alone," she whispered.

"Get up! Your boy friend's waiting."

"Let him wait."

"But he won't. He'll get sore."

"Let him go back, then."

Verity freed herself, dove into bed, buried her sleepy face in the pillow. The two conspirators stared at each other. Gallant Gale, the hero of a hundred affairs, the darling of adoring worshippers, turned down! Ditched cold! And by a freshman!

Grand! Oh, grand!

The net result was that Gale departed, raging. Nixie, equally furious, upon learning what had occurred, was more than ever bent upon his subjugation at any price, and hated Verity. Verity, instead of being the laughing stock of Trumbull, was the heroine of the day.

Before a week was over Vee's expectations in regard to the barnstorming trip had crystallized. Henry Travers of the All-Collegiate Caravan Players had dropped in on rehearsal to help the coach. After reducing Verity almost to tears by the tart persecutions of his criticisms and corrections, he had asked her to try out for their ten day fall tour. Vee was wild with joy at her success.

Three quarts of a meritorious Sauterne had returned from Boston in Roxy Ann Merrill's suitcase, the after dinner gift of an elderly (i. e thirty-four) "uncle." White wine, in the Sperry code, is a festivity, not regarded as serious drinking. The clans were to gather at midnight, in Suite Twenty and hold high converse over the bottle.

At the appointed hour the room was well filled. Seven girls sat on the floor; the remainder of thirteen occupied the furniture. Paper cups held the vintage, and the talk, like most eventually cosmic discussions, began with local gossip. Recent escapades were detailed and reenjoyed. From a dim corner a voice recalled an episode no longer recent.

"That road-house fuss three weeks ago has certainly had the muffler put on it." Starr nudged Gwen Peters.

"Balaam was in it, all right."

"So was Giff."

"Don't believe it."

"Why? D'you think he's so pure?"

"No. He isn't pure, but he isn't merry."

"Think he's ever played around?" drawled someone with humorous intent. "With any of the girls, I mean."

"Doubt it. He sticks to the rules."

"Well, I wouldn't blame him, married to that weeping willow. She's certainly the human whimper."

"Ridiculous!" declared Sylvia. She felt inexplicably disgusted and angry that Patterson Gifford should be involved in this.

Instantly there was a clash of opinion, counter opinion, argument, drawing from Starr the caution: "For Heaven's sake, shush yourselves! Our dear Warden isn't deaf

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in both ears. You ought to know that."

"I wonder why it is," speculated Verity Clarke, "that when a bunch of us gets together for a gab fest, the conversation always gets around to some sort of scandal talk."

There was a rush of voices to tell her.

"Why not? Think it isn't nice?"

"What else is as interesting?"

"Throwing dirt's the only thing left to us."

"Did any of you ever think," Sara La Lond's definite and arresting voice cut through the jumble, "what a queer discrepancy it is that most of us are women in body four, five, six years, before we're supposed to be women in mind and know there isn't a Santa Claus?"

Someone delivered the damnatory verdict, "Victorian stuff."

"It still holds, though. And that's where our troubles come in."

"WELL, a girl's got a right to know." Gwen became oracular, with the emphasis of one who expounds a pet theory. "I believe every girl has a perfect right to know the truth."

"Oh, if you're going to put it on the high moral ground of one's right to know and all that."

"Who wants to put up for the Twenty-five Club with me?" Celia Forsythe inquired with a suggestion of bravado in the question.

"What's that? Something new?"

"Not very. Been going four years. Very exclusive."

"So darn exclusive that I never even heard of it in the four years I've been here," said Pink Delevan.

"It isn't here. New York."

"What are the requirements for membership?"

"You have to be a female, free, white, I guess, twenty-one, and a college graduate. The membership limit is twenty-five, and the central idea is that you must be in love—the real thing, you understand," Celia emphasized, "before you have completed your twenty-fifth year but must not be in love, not that way when you join. It's ignorance makes you eligible, you see."

Golden Ruehl cackled, "How many Sperry girls do you think could qualify?"

"Oh, piffle!" from Starr. "All of us could at present."

"Sure."

"Don't believe it."

"Eighty per cent."

"Ninety-five."

"Oh, Gee! Are we as heart free as all that?"

"Well, how many of this bunch right here?"

"We're not typical Sperry girls."

"Heaven forbid! But we're not the fast set, either."

"I'll admit I'm eligible to the Twenty-five," stated Celia with an air of great candor.

"We'd all admit that, whether it was true or not."

"Oh, I dunno!" This from the darkness, a penetrant whisper.

"Let's take a ballot." The brilliant idea emanated from Pink Delevan.

"It ought to be a secret one."

"Sure. So there'll be no reason for anyone lying."

"HERE'S the idea," announced Gwen Peters who had an organizing mind. "Every girl gets a slip of paper, and a pencil. She marks her slip and folds it."

"Marks it how?"

"If she is in love, she marks it with an X."

"And if she isn't? With an E, I suppose, for eager," suggested Roxy Ann.

"That'll do, all right."

Lights were turned up while preparations were completed, and turned down after the slips were distributed. There was a little giggling, self-consciousness asserting itself. But for the most part they were silent and rather serious, for there was a genuine interest in the experiment, beyond mere curiosity. Starr Mowbray acted as teller. She bore the empty candy box to the table and carefully sorted the small squares into two piles, all but one, which she put by itself. There was a graveyard stillness when she made her announcement.

"Out of fourteen here, thirteen have turned in slips. There are five X's and seven E's."

"What's the extra one?" Half a dozen joined in the query.

"Some one with a distorted sense of humor," said Starr dryly and emptied the symposium into the waste basket.

Instead of a riot of commentary and speculation, the crowd became quiet, thoughtful, almost depressed. All the wine was gone. Soon the party broke up.

"What was on that slip?" asked Sylvia as soon as the three Twenties were alone.

Starr fished them all out of the basket, and handed her roommate the curious one. It bore the symbol, "?." Sylvia stared at it.

"I wonder who put in that question mark," mused Sylvia, "and what on earth she meant by it."

"Josh," was Starr's impatient verdict.

Verity threw her first bombshell. "I put down the question mark."

The others stared, or rather glared at her. "You! For the sake of a sick fish! Why?"

"That's why. What I told you. I didn't know what else to put down."

"Is our chee-ild a blithering It? D'you mean to say you don't know whether you're in love or not?"

"Don't laugh, then and I'll tell you." Vee gave forth her narrative in little nervous, laughing jerks. "It was on the train. Coming back after vac. The sleeper was full. I doubled up with Myrtle, a townie of mine. We had lower six. It was darn cold and not enough bedding. I woke up in the middle of the night and went to get a drink. The train had stopped. When I got back it was moving out. Very slow and quiet. Everything still. I started to crawl in. There wasn't much of the berth left. I nudged Myrt to get over and said, "It'll be warmer if we sleep spoon-fashion. Turn over." The train began to get up speed and make a lot of noise. I wasn't sure she heard me. Anyway, then Myrt was turning over to speak. Only, it wasn't Myrt's voice. It was a man's."

"Oh, grand!" from Starr.

"GRAND! It was awful. I stood there simply petrified. He said, 'Don't get rattled. Keep quiet.' I could keep quiet, all but my teeth. They were chattering. I didn't dare try to answer. I'd have just squeaked like a mouse. He said, 'I know this is a mistake, and I wouldn't recognize you if I saw you tomorrow. So you don't have that to worry about.' Wasn't that dear of him? 'What's your berth number?' he said. I hissed 's-s-s-six' like a scared snake. 'Cheer up, kid,' he said. 'You'll be all right. This is seven. Just cross right over and tumble in.' He gave me a pat on the shoulder and I fled.

"Quite possibly," admitted Sylvia. "Then in the morning, I suppose—"

"Nothing. He must have got off before nine, when I went into the dining car."

"And no more, alas! My breaking heart?" quavered Starr.

"When I reached the dining car I nearly had a fit for fear I'd recognize him—"

"Or wouldn't," put in Sylvia.

"Well, yes, maybe."

"But how could you expect to?"

"That's just it. It couldn't be by listen-

ing for his voice, for that had been only a whisper in my ear. I looked for somebody that I thought ought to look like him, somebody very frank and manly and nice. Every man in the car must have thought I was trying to start something. The head waiter came up. He fussed around. I was on the verge of perishing, thought he had a message. He didn't say a word. When he went away I saw two spoons at my plate, tied together, spoon fashion. And that's all."

"MAYBE he was there and had you spotted all the time. What'll you do if he shows up some day?"

Verity, teetering in the doorway like a butterfly on a flowering stalk turned to them a face of mischief and mirth. "What can I do? I'm really compromised already, aren't I? So that's the reason I don't know whether I'm really in love or not. But," she dropped an elaborate curtsy and for exit gave them Nerissa's line, "'I'll have that cleric for my bedfellow' . . . Good night."

INTO what further adventures would Verity's barnstorming lead her? What did Fate have in store for Sylvia and Gifford? For Sara La Lond, the mysterious one? What other tastes of "Unforbidden Fruit" would college life grant to these eager, adventurous young occupants of Trumbull House? You'll share every thrilling new experience with them in May SMART SET.

Two Kinds of 50-50 Marriages

[*Continued from page 49*]

spection. They do not want the dirty linen of a mismarriage washed in the newspapers. They live in fear of the degradation of scandalous head-lines.

In all these flippant gestures toward marriage I am heartened by what, to me, is one of the most supremely happy marriages I have ever known. While on their honeymoon the wife was stricken with an ailment that condemned her to an invalid's chair for life.

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I have gone with them in their automobile for long rides and always his hand was clasping hers. I have seen him, several mornings at breakfast, wheel her to the table, brush her pale cheek with a half-embarrassed kiss and start to his office with a wrench in his heart at the thought of leaving her.

She once told me, "I have contributed very little to his life except anxiety, but when he is away from me I pray for him every minute. We have been happy because no human circumstance could possibly crush our devotion."

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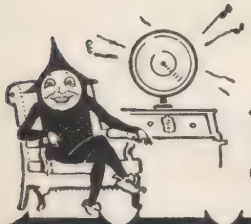

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Does It Pay To Be Good?

[*Continued from page 57*]

he one of the set you used to run around with?"

"Heavens, no! He's not that kind at all. He's one of those slippers-by-the-fire sort. He's going to make a marvelous husband!"

Lastly, the married woman. This is what she had to say about my theory.

"Girls don't think, that's where the trouble lies. What's more, they don't see any further than their noses. When we are young we do not realize the deeper urges that lead us on. We lack foresight. We lack judgment. We lack restraint. We are overwhelmed by the first rush of emotion that a man evokes. It doesn't matter who the man is, every young girl is in danger of falling at once. Feelings are awakened that she has never experienced before. They are pleasurable. In those years nothing seems more natural and downright honest than to give way to them."

"It's all very immediate then?" I inquired. "There is no thought or plan behind it?"

"None whatever," came the positive answer. "Before I was married I had a lot to do with young girls. For several years I was a social worker and I met all kinds. I believe I know."

"Do you think young girls always felt the same emotional desires they seem to now or do you think they are stronger nowadays?"

"NATURE has been the same from time immemorial," this married woman said. "Young girls always felt the same only they used to repress more."

"And that was better?"

"Most decidedly. A girl who cheapens herself is a fool. And every single one of them finds out the truth of that statement sooner or later, often too late!"

The three women whom I have quoted are selected informants, of course, but their replies are typical of others whom I also questioned.

Apparently there is nothing whatever in the theory that you young women are more honest than your predecessors.

Is it true, though, that you are more foolish?

Before we consider that phase of the problem I would like to ask whether the methods you adopt in expressing and gratifying your youthful impulses do not, in reality, defeat their own ends?

If you reduce the mystery of sex to the zero point does it not thereby lose most of its appeal?

Does not continued, sensuous love-making stale after a while?

Don't you find that it affects your whole outlook on life, dulls your enthusiasms, makes everything seem gray and uninviting and gives you a hopeless, pessimistic and even cynical "what's the use" feeling?

In my capacity as physician I have been told that it is, that not only does it lose its thrill but that it often becomes downright revolting.

"I wish men wouldn't forever want to paw me," one girl confided. "It sickens me at times."

Another said, "All the young men I've ever met go at this love game as though it were a duty they had to get over with as soon as possible. No finesse. No delicacy. It's all so horribly businesslike."

Not all you girls, you see, care for the current methods of courting. Many of you do not.

That, in itself, is a hopeful sign.

What have the young men themselves to say?

Listen to these opinions expressed by two gay young blades who make no pretense whatever at being moral, but who talked to me merely from the standpoint of their own selfish pleasure. One said:

"The girls are too easy and let the fellows get away with most anything. There ain't no kick in that!"

His language was far from elegant but it was expressive. I know, too, that it was honest and that he was talking from wide experience.

The other lad expressed identical ideas.

"I'd like to meet a girl who possesses what my mother calls modesty. Gee whiz! They don't leave much to the imagination. Riding in a street-car is like going to a burlesque show.

"If I met the right sort of girl I know I'd fall for her like a ton of bricks. But who'd want to take chances with these flappers?"

I am firmly convinced that this lad was exaggerating, but I don't think he knew he was. He was drawing deductions from the way he had seen you girls behave.

The American girl is probably the most charming girl that exists. You must know that. You must have been told that.

Then why not take the fullest possible advantage of the natural graces that you possess in such abundance?

I AM certain you will admit that all this sex obviousness is not what it is cracked up to be.

Have you never felt the stir of idealism, romance, beauty, and that deeper, lasting love which rouses the very soul and which Elizabeth Barrett Browning had in mind when, in her "Sonnets from the Portuguese," she wrote:

"I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my life.
If God choose, I shall but love thee better after death"?

I know you have felt such rousings within because every woman feels them, but you have belittled them. Perhaps you have been ashamed of them. You believe your friends don't talk or think that way and you don't want to be old-fashioned and silly.

Nevertheless hundreds of young men are as sick of this overdue petting as you are. Like the boys previously quoted they would get a real thrill out of modesty.

What's more, bear in mind what the married woman said about your being foolish.

When you grow older, you will be seeking values in life quite different from those you pursue in your teens.

When you are older you will have learned that to cloak your sex in mystery makes you more attractive and desirable than ever, that it enhances your entire personality a hundredfold.

No serious objection can be raised against the dress fashion which you have adopted provided that it does not go to extremes.

Bodily freedom, the banishing of stays, skirts that do not sweep the ground, all have a distinct hygienic worth. It makes older women youthful looking and when one looks youthful one acts youthfully.

But your codes and conduct! That is quite a different matter.

No one wants you to be prudish. No one would advocate emotional repression to the extent of a nervous breakdown.

Be conscious of your sex, yes! But don't cheapen it or dissipate it or continually activate it.

Feeling and action of that kind reacts like a boomerang in the end. Sooner or later you wake up to this fact, perhaps when you are already too disillusioned with life to try to make a fresh start toward worthwhile things.

You can be a good sport if you will without being reckless. You need not ask favors on the ground of sex. It is not necessary that you indulge in mawkish sentiment, but don't throw away thoughtlessly the fascination of your sex, its bewitching qualities, its captivation.

I am acquainted with a girl who made up her mind to adopt a face-about manner of behavior and it is interesting to hear her tell what happened.

"The first thing I decided to cut were the night clubs and scrambled eggs and coffee at four A. M.

"I also took up walking, making it a point to walk five miles every night before retiring. Within two weeks I got that prohibition stuff out of my system; I slept like a log; my complexion cleared, and I felt as peppy as when I went to boarding school.

"A FEW of the boys gave me the cold shoulder right at the start. My girl friends thought I had gone mad, but I have met people since, not one of whom I'd swap for a dozen of the old bunch.

"I find myself being interested in drama, for instance, where formerly I attended only musical comedies and revues. I was taken to the opera the other night for the first time and that opened my ears a lot. You are going to laugh, but I intend taking an extension course at the university this winter. I'm getting so good and refined I don't know myself but I'm having a better time just the same."

This girl is only twenty-one. I quote her not because I consider her a model that every young girl should follow. I am not given to recommending conduct that reads like the testimonial of a patent medicine.

I quote her because, what occurred in her particular case, illustrates an interesting point in psychology; the way you treat your body is reflected in your mind.

If you lose sleep night after night, smoke too many cigarettes, saturate yourself with bootleg liquor, allow yourself to become inebriated and otherwise insult the physical side of you, then you may be sure that the mental side of you will in like manner suffer from the effects of organic exhaustion.

That explains why hundreds of you girls act so disinterested, lifeless and callous.

That accounts for your apparent lack of tenderness, sympathy and genuine love.

You seem to have so little to give to others because your vitality is at a low ebb, your resistance is weakened and your nerves are frayed.

The healthy, vigorous woman shows the outstanding attributes of her sex, those qualities of kindness, gentleness, sympathy, understanding, charity and sacrifice that make her so sweet, so loving, so necessary to the welfare of society at large.

THESE are the women who make the best wives and mothers, who build the best homes and these are the women who are the happiest.

I do not wish to sermonize, far from it. I am not even asking you to consider the arguments I have brought forth from the viewpoint of morals; I simply ask you to think in behalf of expediency.

If I were to appeal to any part of your nature I would appeal to that materialism which is supposed to be the domineering motive of so many of you.

It doesn't pay to exhibit your feelings too freely, that's all.

It doesn't pay to display your charms too recklessly and to gratify your instinctive desires so thoughtlessly.

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My Wife and the Other Woman

[*Continued from page 63*]

attractive and more charming than Margaret.

I began to ask myself questions and to wonder why people couldn't understand the way I felt about Margaret. I had begun to look at Margaret as nearly perfect.

When I found that the world did not share my opinion, I wondered if I were making a mistake. Was this affection for Margaret as real as I had believed? Was she so much superior to my wife? Should I sacrifice my children and my home for her?

I began to picture to myself what my life would be, married to Margaret, instead of to Kate. I realized at once that Margaret, fifteen years younger than I, would expect the same sort of parties every night as those to which we went to then. Kate was older and did not have to be taken out all the time. She was content to stay at home and read or play cards with a few friends. Kate had come out and proved that she could play Margaret's game, but Margaret did not show me that she could play Kate's. She was not clever enough to suggest a quiet, restful evening once in a while. She wanted to be on the go all the time. It was wonderful, but not so wonderful for a man over forty.

MARGARET attracted me because she had a positive genius for knowing how to play. Like many married men at the age of forty, I had allowed myself to become absorbed in my business and in a new house we had bought three years before. Occupied with such things, I had forgotten how to play. My wife had done the same thing. We had begun to take ourselves too seriously. Margaret refused to take anything seriously. To her, life was just a game that one should play and since play was the very thing I needed most, this made a hit with me.

When we were together, the grayness of life disappeared. She amused me and I was happy when she was with me. I thought of the routine of my domestic life in which Kate had become a part of the machinery.

But Kate was too clever to let me go on thinking that. If she had sat at home and quarrelled with me, I suppose I would have found Margaret more wonderful, but I began to see Kate, not as a wife, but as a charming woman who could amuse people too. All she needed was the chance and I had not given it to her. I had expected serious things from her, the running of our home and the care of our children, but I had not asked her to play. I had forgotten that she could, just as I had forgotten that I could. The life we lived, did not afford her much opportunity for fun. Even when she saw that I was playing with another woman, she did not complain about not having a chance. She went out and took it, and proved that she could play, too.

Since my wife had deliberately placed me in the position of a bachelor, courting two women, it was to be expected that I would make the comparisons to which I have referred. I began to wonder more and more how Margaret would be able to fill Kate's place as a serious, tender woman. A wife. Most men past the first flush of youth, if they fall in love with another woman, forget all about the domestic side of things. They have usually had so much home life that they are tired of it. Their thoughts turn to a gayer existence, to travel, to living in places like Paris, or Monte Carlo. They forget that once you marry an "other woman" she becomes a wife, too, with all a wife's responsibilities and cares. I forgot it, until Kate made me think of it, by what she did.

In thinking of Margaret in the capacity of a wife, in wondering how she could fill such a position, I did not have to draw entirely on my imagination. Margaret was a divorced woman. She told me that she had been obliged to divorce her husband because he drank heavily, ran around with chorus girls and the like, but people generally said that her marriage went on the rocks because she wanted to be amused and have a gay time, morning, noon and night.

Then the most amazing thing happened. We were giving a little party at our house. Kate had invited six of our old friends who knew all that was going on. Margaret came because Kate never failed to ask her, and Dr. S—— and his wife, and another married couple, Mr. and Mrs. L——, somewhat younger than we were, and Tom B——, a successful architect, a widower, who was paying a great deal of attention to Kate at the time. We had had cocktails, and a delicious supper, Kate always managed her household affairs well, and we had gone into the living room, where a log fire was burning, and Kate had just finished playing and singing a couple of amusing songs at the piano.

Margaret seemed restless, as she often did when things were quiet, and suggested that we all get in our cars and drive to a new place that had opened, on the outskirts of town, to dance. They had a wonderful colored jazz band, she said, and it was too fine a night to sit around and do nothing.

Nobody seemed particularly anxious to move, at the moment, and I guess Kate had arranged it that way. Two or three rounds of cocktails, a rather hearty supper, a log fire, a warm and pleasant room, are apt to make most people contented, for a while at least, to sit still and do nothing. Talk, perhaps, or listen to some music. At least that was the way I felt, and the doctor and the others seemed to feel pretty much that way, too. I don't know what made Margaret so restless, except that dancing together in a public place we could talk to each other more intimately than we could sitting around my own fireside. Perhaps just being there at all made her uncomfortable.

At any rate, when she made the suggestion about going out to dance, Kate, to my surprise, turned around on the piano bench and agreed.

"I think it's an excellent idea," she said. "I've promised to teach Tom the Charleston. But before we go, there's something I want to say." She got up from the piano, smiling, and nobody had any idea what a bombshell she was about to drop into our midst.

"YOU all know perfectly well," she said, "that Margaret and Jim," she used my first name, "are in love with each other. Nobody could have failed to see that during the past three months, unless they had been blind. Just how much in love with each other I really don't know. Perhaps they do. It seems to me that the time has come for something to be settled. The situation is getting on my nerves. Before we leave here tonight, I think it only fair that Margaret and Jim should declare themselves. Should tell us what they mean to do. If Margaret thinks she can make Jim a better wife than I have, and if Jim agrees with her, the right thing for them both to do is leave here, together, and not come back. Ever. I am willing to let Jim have a divorce. I don't want to stand in the way of his happiness. There's no use whatever in trying to hold a man who really wants to go. I don't say I shan't be sorry."

Margaret started up, as though to go,

then she stopped, and stood staring at me. I got up, too, and stared at her. You understand, of course, that Margaret and I loved each other, in a way. Just how deeply, I don't think either of us knew. We had often talked of what we would do if I were free. But we had neither of us ever before come face to face with the raw reality of it.

I turned to Margaret, and I knew that my face was the color of ashes.

"Kate is right, dear," I said. "Things can't go on like this. Do you care for me enough to marry me, in case—"

She interrupted me, quickly, almost fiercely. But it was to Kate she spoke and not to me.

"IT'S very generous of you," she said bitterly, "to offer me your husband. You think I have been trying to break up your home. Well, I haven't. I care for Jim. Maybe, in my way, I care more for him than you do, but you are cut out to be a successful wife. I'm not. Jim would probably be very happy with me for a year or two. After that he'd begin to think about you and the children. I'm not a fool. I know you can't build real happiness on the unhappiness of other people.

"You are a very clever woman, Kate. More clever in some ways than I am. But for all that, it would break your heart to lose Jim, and I know it. Perhaps it doesn't make so much difference about mine. I haven't any children, for one thing.

"Good-by, Jim," she said. "This is the end so far as we are concerned. Tom," she went up to the young architect and put her hand on his arm, "let me show you the Charleston. I feel like dancing my head off tonight." Almost before I realized it she had gone out.

What my wife and I said to each other later, after the others had gone, I cannot write down for anybody to read. It was not a pleasant conversation. I knew in my heart that Margaret, in spite of the way she had taken things, would have been glad if I had put on my hat and coat and followed her out of the house. Perhaps she expected it. But I could not do it. Deeply as I cared for her, I could not do it. Like some brave and desperate gambler my wife had just staked her home, her happiness, the happiness of her children and everything she had on the turn of a card. No matter how I felt about it personally, at the moment, I knew that she must be allowed to win. Any other way would have been despicable. She deserved to win, if only because of the gallant fight she had made.

That is why I have said what I have about legal chains not holding a man. Sitting at home insisting on her rights may get a woman alimony, but it won't bring back a straying husband. Not in most cases, at least, though there may be exceptions. It all depends, I suppose, on what a woman wants. But unless a woman wanted her husband very much, she wouldn't take the trouble to fight for him the way my wife did. I take off my hat to her. And I have been trying ever since to show her that she did not make her fight in vain.

If you discovered that the beautiful creature you had married was a greedy little vamp, who had ruined more than one man's life since her marriage—would you warn the man who had been your boyhood chum against her? If you told him the truth and he threatened to kill you would you fight to save him from her? If you don't believe such a situation would test any man's loyalty read "The Devil's Gift" in May SMART SET

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Sometimes It Happens

[*Continued from page 66*]

I shuddered. "Horrible," I murmured. Then I suddenly felt depressed and gloomy again. "Perhaps there isn't anything in life or love," I said slowly.

"Yes there is," he answered looking up at me. "There is nothing in life worth having but love. Juliet, I have a confession to make. You are lovely for I have seen you, but I am not the magnificent creature I pretended I was. I am one of the ganders who can masquerade as a swan only under the kindly shade of night. I spoke to you of my nose. Juliet, I called it short. In reality my enemies call it a snub nose."

"YOU robbed me of an illusion," I protested. "Why? I could have gone away thinking you were the most marvelous man and now you spoil it all."

"It is my accursed romanticism," he said. "I find people and things so dull and prosaic that I try to escape from reality. Anyone who knows me will tell you so. I am my family's greatest disappointment. Juliet, a black sheep addresses you."

"I still don't see why you didn't keep up the fiction about your beauty and charm," I answered.

"That's easily understood. When I first saw you standing on the balcony I thought I might say a few words and then pass on, a lonely black sheep bleating a few words beneath your window, but I've decided you will have to see me in the sunlight."

"You've decided that!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. You see, Juliet, I have the curious pertinacity that weaklings and poets often possess. If I could only harness it to business how my parents would adore me."

"You could very well have stuck to your exaggerations," I told him, "because you won't see me. I'm leaving on the early train tomorrow."

"But why?" he demanded. I sensed that the news worried him.

"I've got to go back to work."

"You work? At what?"

"I'm studying singing."

"And I was afraid you were a rich and designing society girl whose mother was her manager. Art should wed Art. Things are going to turn out satisfactorily."

I yawned although I wasn't a scrap tired. "I must go to sleep now or I shall never be able to wake up in time."

"No, no," he protested. "You can't possibly waste this most important night of my life in sleep. Anybody can sleep. The night hath a thousand snores. Listen to them."

I gave a little scream for he seemed to run up the wall like a cat. Then I saw he had climbed to the next balcony.

"I'm not a burglar," he said. "This is my room and brings me nearer to you."

"Do guests usually climb to their rooms?" I asked.

"I do it to avoid these silly dances. I say I am aweary and would sleep and am seen making my way to bed. In reality I want to go out in a canoe and float along the silver moon lane."

"So you are very much rushed are you?"

"Not at all, but there are too few men here and anybody who can dance is grabbed. I'm selective in my grabbing, that's all."

I wondered how an artist could afford to stay in such an expensive place as this. I asked him.

"I work my way through," he explained. "As you won't have the chance to be at dinner you won't see the hand-colored menu cards which I do. Lovely things if I say it myself. Cheerful cherubs chasing winged lobsters and toying with fierce avocados."

"I don't believe a word you say," I laughed.

"Then our future happiness is assured. It is only when married people have to speak the truth that unhappiness is certain."

"Then you are engaged?" I asked.

"Yes. She has a coloratura voice of great promise and after a brief stay at the chic Mountain Notch Club is returning to Paris, London or New York to pursue her studies. Juliet, where are you studying? It is most important."

"You will see it in the *Etude*. I really must go in now. Look, it is getting light."

"You can't possibly sleep now," he said. "What is the use of an hour? Tell me one thing, Juliet, and tell me truly. Have you ever watched a sunrise on a mountain lake?"

"Often," I laughed.

"In a canoe?"

"Generally."

"But never with me. There's an experience which you need. You can never expect to bring out the full beauty of your voice until you have seen the radiance of a sunrise on a mountain lake in a canoe with me at the stern. Don't argue, Juliet. I know what's best. I am eight years your senior and extraordinarily wise. I shall take you to an island on which I have a studio. There I'll make coffee such as you have never drunk, and a marvellous breakfast."

"What a marvellous fancy you have," I said.

"It is one of my chief charms," he laughed. "After breakfast you can come back here and tell your mother you have decided to marry a wandering artist who flits from summer hotel to summer hotel making cartes du jour things of beauty. Or, if you don't do that, you will try and sleep and succeed only in getting tired. And ever afterward, Miss Montague, you will wish you had not been such a little coward as to refuse to come."

"I'm not a coward!" I said indignantly.

"I knew it," he said. "That hair, those eyes, they mean independence of 'character. If you have a heavy sweater put it on because out there on the lake there'll be a lot of wind."

"BUT I didn't say I would come." I weakened a little. "How could I get out without waking people up?"

"I'll open the front door. I have a pass key. How long will it take you? Five minutes?"

"Ten," I said, "unless I change my mind. We coloraturas are as temperamental as you artists. You won't mind, will you?"

A deeper note came into his voice. "Don't spoil the great day of my life," he pleaded. "Ah, Juliet, I wish you felt it too."

I wouldn't tell him how thrilled I was. I had never a thought about refusing. How curious it was, I thought as I dressed. Men had complained I was so hard to pin down for dates and here I was going on this crazy trip with a man I had never seen and whose name I didn't know. I had never felt such a burning curiosity to see a face as I had to see his as I crept down the stairway to the front door where I knew I should see him waiting.

He had described himself accurately and his nose wasn't a snub at all. His eyes were not the sort of hateful eyes that usually looked at me in these fashionable summer places where mother had taken me to get a rich husband. We looked at one another without speaking and I felt a sudden, new

sort of shyness. I, who was always so assured and cold, so men often complained, felt like a little bashful girl. He kissed both my hands and I heard him whisper, "Juliet."

He was unlike any man I had ever met. With all his bantering I knew I was safe with him. In his white canoe we floated out on the still lake. The sunrise was gorgeous. I had never before been on any water so early. I had left a little note on my bed so if mother found I had gone out she shouldn't worry.

WE SAID very little until we reached what he called his island. Perched on a rock was a little log cabin studio with a big open fireplace. He put some logs on and I sat before the blaze on a fur rug while he made breakfast. We laughed and chattered like two children.

"Among my other sterling qualities," he announced, "you may add cooking. I never make the same meal taste twice alike. I put things in that other cooks leave out. Much of the daring of my nature is expressed in my breakfast dishes. They won't hurt you because you are young and strong."

"This is perfectly delicious," I said, when he brought bacon and eggs and coffee. "You really can cook."

"I shall be a priceless husband."

I laughed a little. "You seem determined to marry somebody."

I could see he was nervous. In the beginning I had thought him more sure of himself, and more self-possessed than any man I had met. He spoke almost hesitatingly now.

"Rhona," he said, "I don't pretend to understand love or what love means. I have said some very silly things about it, silly, cynical things that get one the reputation of being clever. But I said them honestly because I had seen so much unhappiness that I believed love was the supreme delusion. How could I have been so blind? Rhona, I should always have been blind if I hadn't seen you a few hours ago."

I would not let him see that I, too, had just such an awakening. At the moment I wanted to believe in him I remembered how my mother had warned me that love is with some men a pursuit.

"Artists are noted for falling in and out of love," I told him.

"I'm afraid that would hardly excuse me. It is only by a stretch of the imagination I can call myself an artist." He looked gloomily at some sketches on the wall. "I'm not much good at it."

"Like my coloratura," I retorted, "Good enough for an amateur but fourth-rate for a professional."

"Then you don't intend to make singing a career?" he asked eagerly.

I shook my head. "I've got to work, but not at that. I can't think why you should look so pleased to find I've a fourth-rate voice."

"I was afraid a career might come between us."

"Do you always take such an interest in the futures of the girls you meet?"

"I'M ONLY concerned with yours." His face fell again. "Rhona, an awful thought occurs to me. Are you engaged?"

"And if I were?"

"My dear," he said huskily, "I think it would kill me."

"Then you can go on living," I said and tried to be perfectly at ease. In reality my heart was thumping so loudly it seemed as if he must hear it. I wanted him to kiss me but was afraid he would read my thoughts. I longed for him to hold me tightly in his arms and feared that he would sense that, too, and think I wasn't a nice girl.

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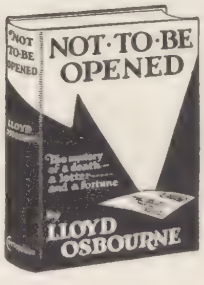

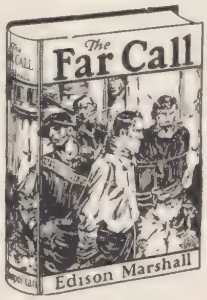

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"Darling," he whispered, "I love you."

I said nothing because my heart was too full. I remembered a poem I had once read about a "happiness that makes the heart afraid," and knew exactly what it meant. But he believed my silence meant that I could not love him. He tried to smile.

"My life, if you'll believe my father, has been spent in trying to do the wrong things. I see I've cast myself for the wrong rôle now. I'm not designed to be Romeo. In reality I am the clown who commits suicide, remarking as he does it, that the comedy is finished. May I give you another cup of my excellent coffee? At the last, when truth prevails, I may admit it is my sole accomplishment."

"THANKS so much," I said. "It is really very good although I'm too much worried to do it justice. You see I'm in love with an adorable man, frightfully clever and amusing, the sort you'd like."

His lips tightened. "I pray I'll never meet him."

"How unjust and prejudiced you are," I complained. "I suppose you don't like handsome men?"

"I loathe them," he cried.

"His nose," I raved on, "is short, and not his best feature, but it would be the chief pride of any other man."

He took my two hands in his and looked down at me. "Rhona, if it pleases you to make fun of me, for Heaven's sake tell me it's in jest and I can stand it."

"And if it's serious?" I answered.

"You darling," he cried, and put his arms about me.

As we drifted along the lake toward the Mountain Notch Club, Howard steered the canoe to a private landing. "It belongs to the famous ironmaster who owns square miles hereabout. I don't want to face the hotel crowd on the other float." He frowned a little. "My dear, I must confess that your future father-in-law is as unworthy of you as his son."

"Of course he wants you to marry a rich, society girl."

"What rich, society girl would marry a humble decorator of menus? I don't want to seem indelicate, but he has long desired to clasp a grandson in his arms. Think of letting him crush our child to death with his senile affection!" Howard stopped paddling. On the landing stage I saw a tall, gray-haired man staring at us through field-glasses.

"My sire himself," Howard announced. "My mother, who is dead, would have adored you. I'll apologize before he begins."

"Who is this young lady?" Howard's father demanded as I stepped ashore. He looked at me very coldly.

"Her name is Juliet of the famous family of Montague, or is it Capulet? I always forget. At least she has promised to marry me and as we've had breakfast you'll excuse us if I only tarry long enough to get your congratulations. You've always wanted me to marry so why not look delighted to find I've obeyed you at last?"

"Young lady," said Howard's father, "you've no doubt been influenced by the fact that I am a rich man."

"It is true," Howard said. "It is James Vanden of Pittsburgh, Pa., who glares at us so fiercely. He owns everything that the eye can see except us two. No more shall I decorate his menus freely. That look in his eye means I am disinherited." Howard turned to his father. "It's only fair to my fiancée to say that she had no idea I was your son."

"Then you will be sportsman enough to allow her to reconsider your plans. Your future will hardly be an attractive one from a monetary point of view."

Howard looked at me whimsically. "What he says is true. Whenever he is disagreeable the odds are he is right. Juliet, stop, look, listen. I am what insurance people call a bad risk."

"If you think I'm going to give you up," I said, "you don't know me."

"I didn't know it was such a merry jest as all that," he said, "but I've never felt so cheerful in my life. On to the church."

"Just a minute," I exclaimed. "Howard, I want a few minutes private conversation with your father."

Mr. James Vanden looked startled. "Quite unnecessary."

"Dad," Howard cried, "you heard what she said. I'm jealous of giving her to you for a few seconds, but if she has something to say to you, you are going to listen."

"If you want to bargain," he began, "I'll refer you to my lawyer."

"I was engaged to your son before I even knew his name and you can't buy me off. It happens that I know a good bit about you."

"Is this blackmail?" he demanded.

I laughed. "Absolutely no. What I know has no monetary value. I know, for example, that you told a lot of your Pittsburgh friends that there was to be a wedding up here this summer in which you were vitally interested. Well, that particular wedding won't take place, will it?"

He turned red with anger and confusion. I could see he was a very vain man. He spluttered but said nothing. I went on quite calmly.

"All your friends wondered what you meant. How are you going to explain to them, without being laughed at in your clubs and made fun of in the papers, that Mrs. Vernon refused you?"

"So she told," he muttered. "I did not think it of her."

"Oh, no, she didn't. I overheard. I'm Elizabeth Vernon's daughter." I explained the circumstances.

"YOUR mother is a very wonderful woman," he said at last. The look in his eye was not so cold. "And yet I do not see why you demanded this private conversation."

"To save Howard's father from ridicule," I said. "You see, Mr. Vanden, if you are nice to Howard and let us be married here everybody in Pittsburgh will think that is what you meant."

This time Mr. Vanden smiled. "I should have added that Elizabeth Vernon has a very clever daughter. Does Howard get to know?"

"On my word, no," I cried.

"Howard," he called. "Come here." His son came toward him looking from one to the other of us in amazement. "This young lady, who is far too good for you, has pleaded for you so eloquently that I give my consent only if you have a decent wedding and none of your wretched elopements."

"Miracle worker," Howard said, when we were alone. "How did you do it?"

"You'll never know," I laughed. And he never will.

IS it ever noble to be dishonest? Can a lie be beautiful? Can a soul to whom truth seems the greatest thing in the world find something still greater by turning aside from truth? Perhaps you'll say no, as one woman did, until you read Virginia Terhune Van de Water's story "The Quality of Mercy" in May SMART SET.

When to Use Make-up

[*Continued from page 82*]

hotels cleared a space in the main dining room, hired a nice stringed orchestra and advertised dancing on Saturday nights, and later, "Thé Dansants." There's no use wasting words here to tell you what the situation is today; you all know it.

Next you kids decided it was "dumb" to sit around the house when your boy friend came. And if the boy friend didn't see to it that his relation with you was one perpetual carnival, he was "slow," a "tight-wad," "a chair warmer." Honestly now, how many of you girls ever stay home of an evening when he comes around? And isn't it the truth that you're not satisfied to be up late Saturday nights when you can sleep the next morning; you've got to be on the go somewhere every night. Extremes, extremes, extremes!

Then there's your make-up. In the beginning, you were content to use it only in the evening when the bright lights brought out those tired circles under your eyes, or the brilliant shade of your evening dress made you pale and wan by comparison. Even then, you used it sparingly. And now, it's an actual fact that most of you girls go to work looking as though you were all made up for the first act.

Plastered! Oh, I know the popular meaning attached to that word. But it applies to you make-up fiends as well. Plastered! Nose, chin, cheeks, lips, eyelashes and eyebrows. Your best friends wouldn't recognize you without it.

SO there you are. The man who can't take a drink of booze without getting dead and disgustingly soused is a parallel to you. He brought about prohibition. And because of your insistence on going the limit and beyond, in everything you do, a lot of thoroughly harmless and delightful things come in for criticism and ostracism.

No, Fanny's mother is not stubborn. She's just afraid little Fanny will go the way of other girls and "plaster" her face with red and white and magenta and brown until she looks like the toughest little trollop that ever paraded main street. We all judge people by first appearances, and when we see a young girl who looks common and fast, we believe she is that until we know she is not.

And that's why Fanny's mother says such scathing things about cosmetics.

Now I'm going to tell you what I think about them, and when I'm through I don't believe that even Fanny's mother will honestly disagree with me.

It's not a question of morality. It is a question of good taste, just as the matter of clothes is one of good taste. But whether it's her clothes or her behavior in public or her make-up, the one safe rule for a girl to follow is to avoid being conspicuous.

If she's a schoolgirl, it is better to leave off the lipstick until after school hours. Any good make of face powder, brushed lightly over the nose and chin, just enough to take off the shine, and a touch of color on the cheeks will give the desired freshness and glow. Then, after school, if she's going to her sorority meeting, to the movies or shopping, I see no reason why she shouldn't use a lipstick, provided she doesn't smear it on so that her lips form a hard line. To be on the safe side, it's a good plan to rub the lips lightly with a cloth or the little finger to remove the superfluous coloring. Perfect beauty gives the effect of softness; too much make-up does exactly the opposite.

A Perfect Marcel Wave in 15 minutes — cost 2¢

Not a concoction from a bottle—not a sticky, messy lotion—not a "trick" brush—not a "magic" cap—not an antiquated "curling" device—not a "scientific" substitute for the old-fashioned kid curler. This amazing French invention is *positively guaranteed actually to marcel wave any head of hair in fifteen minutes at a cost of less than two cents.*

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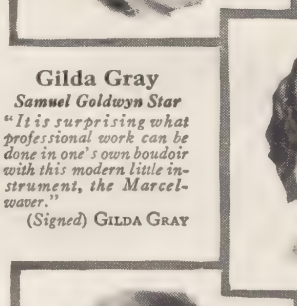
(*Signed*) BETTY BRONSON



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(*Signed*) GILDA GRAY

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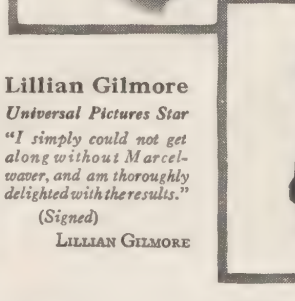
(*Signed*) PHYLLIS HAVER



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The mistake so many girls and women make is to use the same shade of make-up for early morning that they do for evening. The really thoughtful girl reserves a certain shade for cloudy days. In this way you avoid ever having to use heavy make-up.

For example, evening rouge has a slightly orange tint and goes a long way. But evening rouge in daylight looks ghastly. The same is true of powder and lip-stick.

Flesh-colored powder for blondes and "naturelle" for brunettes should be used during the day, and a lighter shade for each for evening. You must select the artificial coloring that as nearly as possible matches your own natural complexion. Some blondes have skin as dark as brunettes, but simply because they are blondes is no reason why they should buy white and flesh-colored powder.

IF you have thick, unshapely lips you should not call attention to them by "plastering" them with thick red paste.

The thing to do about this make-up business is to embellish only your best points. If you have pretty eyes, the careful use of mascaro on the lashes and eyebrows will certainly make them stand out. But if you put on too much, at the end of the day you will look as if someone had given you a black eye; the effect is sure to be grotesque.

If your lips are thin and form a hard line across your face, it will certainly improve your whole expression if you give them a "cupid's bow," provided you use the right shade of lip-stick.

What Fanny and you young girls should remember is this: Cosmetics were originated for the use of women who have lost the freshness and bloom of youth. In late years, they have been so perfected as to be an embellishment to natural beauty. But never was it intended that they should detract from a girl's looks. When you use so much rouge and lip-stick that it attracts attention to itself, you defeat the very purpose of them.

Of course, very few of us are natural "raving" beauties, which goes to say that most of us can use a bit of artificial coloring to good advantage. I once knew a dear old lady who used make-up until the day she died and she lived to be ninety-four. In her life she had entertained princes and paupers and her name now stands for all that is splendid, genteel and wholesome. The keynote of her life was good taste.

So let this little old lady of other days be a shining example to you. Study your type, features and coloring. Have a daylight and an evening make-up and use them sparingly at all times. Avoid the use of cheap cosmetics. Better to use too little than too much.

EXTREMES of any kind are unhealthy and always bring on unpleasant criticism. Eventually something must give way. If the pendulum swings one way, it must swing the other.

But Fanny isn't the only unhappy girl in the world by any means. There are lots worse things than quarrelling with one's mother about clothes and make-up and things like that. Suppose you'd just deliberately driven away from you the boy you loved more than life itself? Feel pretty low, wouldn't you? Well, that's exactly what has happened to a little girl up in Albany, N. Y. Her name is Phyllis and this is what she says:

"Dear Martha Madison:

"For ten months I have been going with a boy whom I shall call, 'Mason.' He has come to see me three and four nights a week but has never wanted to take me out. So one night I asked him if he wouldn't please take me to a dance. When he refused I put on my hat and coat and said I would go with my sister and her girl friend. He went as far as the bus with us and then went back to my house and told my mother that I had broken his heart. He even cried.

"The next day I wrote him and asked him to come over. When he came I told him I didn't love him; I didn't think I did. All he said was that if I ever wanted him back I could have him; he'd always wait for me.

"For three months I had all the dancing and jazzing around I wanted and then I got sick of it. I longed again for Mason. I wrote him two letters which he never answered. I even telephoned him and he said he'd come over, but he didn't. Now I know I love him more than life itself and I know he still loves me because he doesn't go out with other girls. His mother doesn't like me and I suppose she is keeping him away. But I must have him back, Mrs. Madison! What shall I do? Phyllis."

What shall you do, Phyllis? First of all, put yourself in Mason's place. Suppose the girl you adored told you that she'd rather go jazzing around with her girl friends than sit home of an evening with you, and this after she'd been letting you think for ten whole months that you were everything to her! And then, instead of feeling sorry when she knew it had hurt you to the quick, she wrote and asked you to come around, setting your heart thumping with false hope, and when you came she politely gave you "the air," as it were. And suppose you foolishly told her that all you wanted in life was to be a convenient doormat for her; that when she was ready to make use of you again, all she had to do was whistle and you'd come trotting back. And then, Phyllis, when you sort of half believed she'd send for you in a day or two, she waited three long months—and then whistled. What would you do? Exactly what Mason is doing. That's my guess.

YOU'VE heard the old saying, "once stung, twice shy?" That's what happened to Mason. He's not foolhardy enough to risk another heartache like this last one. He loves you. Yes, I really believe that, just as I believe that he's fighting a big battle with himself to hold out against you. And I only hope for both your sakes and your future happiness that he'll hold out a while longer.

What shall you do, Phyllis? Be patient and persistent, but above all, be honest. Be very sure that you're not experiencing a temporary boredom, that you are really sick of good times. A boy's heart and perhaps his future hang in the balance.

You may be a mother yourself some day, little girl, and then you'll understand why Mason's mother dislikes you.

Was there ever a girl, I wonder, who didn't think that by far, the nicest thing in the world is to be popular? Most girls, of course, are popular. They have boy friends galore, dates every night. But in every city and town and village, everywhere where boys and girls congregate, you'll find a handful of the other sort, the quiet, stay-at-home girl. Pretty? Yes. But she just hasn't got "it." "Blondie," whose letter follows, is just such a girl.

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"What on earth is the matter with me? I am seventeen, blonde, blue eyes, red lips, slender and a good dancer. I don't smoke and I'm not tough. They say I am a very good dancer. And yet I'm not popular. I try to be, goodness knows, but it seems I just haven't got 'it,' and I guess that's what boys demand in a girl nowadays.

"Please, Mrs. Madison, how can I be popular? Blondie."

There's a new song out, Blondie. I won-

der if you've heard it? Unfortunately, the title has slipped my mind, but it's about two girls. One of them is very popular; she's the life of every party she goes to. The other is an old-fashioned girl; she's usually the wallflower of the crowd. The song tells how, years later, the popular girl was still "partying," but was still looking for a husband, while the old-fashioned one found love, a husband, a home and real happiness.

Of course, even after you've heard the song and its message, I know you'll still wish you were popular. So here's the very best advice I can give you. Don't try so hard to be popular. Don't think so much about it and yourself. Instead, give a thought to the other fellow. Have a genuine interest in him, in what he's doing and what he likes. Get the idea out of your head that just because you're a blonde, and they say gentlemen prefer 'em, every male that comes within a ten foot radius of you must fall head over heels in love.

I know it seems highly improbable, and yet it's a fact, that a great many older people read these letters. Some of them even write to me. Of course most of these older people are mothers of you boys and girls who ask, "What shall I do?" Most of the time the old folks are in the wrong.

NOW in this next letter from "Devota" she refers to her sweetheart's mother. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to find in my mail some morning a letter from his mother, giving me a vivid description of Devota as a "horrid little flapper."

Here's Devota's side of the story:

"I am really very much in love, Mrs. Madison, with Billy. His mother wants him to see me only once a week because she says he is spending too much money on me. Now, as we have been seeing each other every night for the last eight months, you can see how impossible it would be to make it a once a week affair.

"As a matter of fact, when Billy comes to see me we usually stay home and play cards with my folks. Saturday and Sunday nights we go out but that is all. Billy doesn't make very much money and I don't want him to spend a lot on me.

"Billy's mother is always quarrelling with him about me and I am beginning to wonder if perhaps I hadn't better give him up for the sake of peace? My folks like Billy and say I shouldn't let her bother me but I feel awfully sorry for him. What do you think I should do? Devota."

The family is right, Devota. Besides, it's Billy's affair, not yours. I don't suppose you are the first girl he has had and he probably knows that no matter who the girl was, his mother would always resent the time and money he spent on her. Mothers are very strange and wonderful and sometimes obstinate creatures. And some of 'em are just plain "ornery." They can't be cured and they must be endured. I guess if your Billy can endure living with his mother and listening to her nagging, you can endure your part of it. He needs your love and your loyalty, little girl, far more than he needs the peace of which you speak. To break with him now would only mean a greater torment.

When you were little, did you ever see "The Bluebird?" And do you remember the story of Myttil and Tyltil who searched the world over for the bird of happiness and the trail led them back to their own little cottage? And there they found the bluebird singing just where he had always been! It was a pretty fantasy and children loved it because it was a story about children, and the music was so pretty.

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human nature is; how the next pasture always seems a bit more green; how the thing we do not yet have seems more desirable than that which we already have. How happiness lies within each of us and we don't have to journey afar to find it.

I WANT you all to read this letter from Alice because it may save you from a similar heartache. Perhaps you, too, think the old town and the old sweetheart a bit dull.

Alice says:

"Two years ago I left my home town and came to New York City because I wanted good times and a better job. I had been going with Ted since I was sixteen and we loved each other.

"We wrote to each other until eight months ago. All the time I kept going out with New York boys and attending theaters and parties, but when it came to kissing, I just couldn't forget Ted. They are so different from him; they think just because they take you out you've got to let them love you. It's made me hate all men but Ted and I realize now what a mistake I made in leaving him. He is so good and fine and honest.

"I suppose you're wondering why I don't just pack up and go back home. I want to, Mrs. Madison, but I'm afraid. Ted stopped writing to me and I'm afraid it's because he has someone else. What would you do? Alice."

I'd let my love override my fear, Alice, and I'd pour out on paper my true feelings. Then I'd pack my bag and take the next train home. Suppose he "has someone else?" She may be only a substitute for you; a fellow can't go on forever loving the memory of a girl, you know.

Of course you've wasted time and energy and love in finding out just what it was you wanted. On the other hand, if you had given up your New York experience, the longing for it would always have been there.

Look at it this way, Alice. If you can really and truly profit by this experience you'll be doing more than most people. If your Ted is half as nice as you say he is, I think you can make him see it this way, too.

At some time or another, we've all gone through hero worship, although most of us outgrow it by the time we've reached our twenties. But here is one girl who has carried along with her a hopeless "crush," and from what she tells me I suspect he is one of our most popular young movie stars.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," writes Betty of Chicago, "For a number of years I have been madly in love with a handsome young man. If I told you his name you'd recognize it immediately. I met him when I was working in a hotel.

"I had the good luck to do a favor for him after he had left the hotel and I received a postal from him to thank me and to say that he would see me again in a few weeks. I answered the card but I have never seen him since.

"Then I heard that he was appearing in person at one of the theaters, so I went to see him. I fell harder than ever! If I go out with other fellows I can't enjoy myself. Not a day passes but what I cry and cry. What can I do? I know I could never be happily married if I said 'yes' to anyone else. Betty."

It's really too bad, Betty, that you haven't had a chance to know this matinee idol. You've never seen this man except at his best, and likely as not, you've never seen him at all. Sure, he's a grand lover on the screen. But away from his leading lady and his director's megaphone, he might be an awful flop as a Romeo. In his own home he may be grouchy and selfish. And speaking of a home, Betty, how do you know but what he's married and perfectly satisfied to remain so?

Don't be misled, little girl. This idol of yours is in all likelihood a very commonplace person whose feet are made of the same clay as the rest of us. And you're only one of thousands of girls all over the United States who'd give anything to be his.

AS USUAL, it was hard to choose which letters I should answer at length this month, and which I should answer briefly. If you are disappointed to find the answer to your letter in the following notes, please remember that I will be only too happy to answer you more fully by personal letter. Just let me know.

DOROTHY: Tell your mother now and get it over with. You have married well and, under the circumstances, honorably.

LONESOME: I believe I have answered your question in my reply to "Blondie's" letter, above.

GERALDINE: You can't please the whole world; it's too full of crabs. Do what you believe in your heart to be right and let them talk.

HOPE: Don't hold out too long. If he doesn't give in, you must, or be miserable.

MARY: Don't do anything in haste now. Give yourself more time but remember that as long as the first man rules your heart you will never find happiness in marriage with another.

PEARL: You've got to humble yourself and tell the truth all the way around. My honest opinion is that you don't know whom you want.

FRANCES: Perhaps it's a case of "three's a crowd."

BROKEN-HEARTED LUCILLE: What your husband says and what the court may say are two different things.

NORMAN: Thanks for the Christmas card.

MARY: Don't give him up but stop being so serious. A book would be a nice gift.

FERNE: What's a little humiliation compared with having the man you love? You have the right to try and get him back. Do it.

MISS V. A.: I think he's a very unusual young man, that's what. And I think it's time you woke up to that fact.

HAROLD: Don't wear your heart on your sleeve. Be a bit more cagey and keep 'em guessing. They like it.

Please, those of you who are new readers, write me if I can help you in any way. Each month I publish in SMART SET those letters that I believe are most interesting and helpful. The rest I answer by personal letter and if you have read any of the above letters I believe you will see that I am honest and not "preachy." I'm your mother and your chum—yes, and sometimes your father—all in one. I'm not too young and not too old. And, best of all, I do understand. Try me.

"YOUR Martha Madison is the only person writing on problems of human relationship, who seems to be old enough to have good sense, yet young enough to have understanding," writes one SMART SET *reader. "Perhaps that's why thousands of letters come to Mrs. Madison each month. If you have a problem, whether you are young or old, write Martha Madison. It will help just to write; she will help you more by sympathetic common sense advice*

All I Ask Is Another Chance

[*Continued from page 70*]

I remember I didn't quite credit the statement. I suppose I felt there was something more alarming than a debt, even what Reg would have called a debt of honor. He said that if he didn't get two hundred dollars right away it would mean something dreadful.

I didn't question him. I just looked and said one word, "Prison?" He nodded.

"I wouldn't come to you, my dear, if I hadn't tried everybody else. I've been to all the crowd, but it was no good. Darling, I must have two hundred dollars. Will you help me?"

I had met him near our house. It was a dark night and the wind was blowing. There was something sinister in the sound of that wind. How could I help him? How could I raise two hundred dollars? I had pawned my jewelry. I had fifteen dollars left of my monthly allowance but what was that.

I looked at him bewildered.

He said that I could get the money if I liked. It wasn't very difficult. My mother had a lot of jewelry she did not wear. He did not want me to take anything; I was merely to borrow it. If I would borrow her emerald bracelet, he would raise money on it for the time being and get it back at the end of the month.

I BEGGED him to stop. Sometimes words are terrible things; they take shapes and frighten you. He reminded me how careless mother was. She kept most of her jewelry in an old-fashioned wooden box in her wardrobe that didn't even have a key to it. You see, our servants had been with us a long time and mother would as soon have suspected me as one of them.

"I can't do it. I can't," I cried.

He didn't urge me. He just said "All right, my dear, then it's good-by. If I don't have the money by tomorrow, I'm done."

I could not let him go like that. I told him I would meet him the next evening at the same place. I didn't mean to take the bracelet; I had some wild idea of borrowing money from one of my uncles.

That I found was impossible. I tried my best but no one would listen to me. I didn't sleep all that night and the next day was torture. I appealed to father and mother, pretending I wanted to help an old school fellow. Father was sympathetic and gave me twenty dollars but two hundred dollars was out of the question. Time was drawing on. If I didn't get the money that night Reg would go to prison.

And I loved him or I thought I did.

I shall never forget that afternoon. My mother had opened her jewel case. The bracelet was lying on the dressing-table. The emeralds seemed to look at me with wicked, winking eyes.

Mother left the room a minute and in a flash my hand had closed on it. It was an awful moment. I heard my mother cross the landing and I felt positively sick. I knew that I was going to keep it for Reg.

I met him that night and gave him the bracelet. I cried and clung to him and begged him for my sake to go straight. He kissed me, patted my shoulder and said he would never forget what I had done.

The next day I got a telegram saying that he had gone to South America.

I was left alone with the burden of the stolen bracelet.

The theft was never discovered. My mother never set much stock on her possessions. If the loss has been found out it would have shocked me into the realization of what I had done but as time went on my conscience slumbered. After all, my mother wouldn't miss the bracelet.

Oh, you know the miserable sort of excuse with which you salve your soul when it tells you what a mean thing you have done.

It was about this time I met John Hillier. He turned up quite unexpectedly at one of the local tennis parties. I was feeling very dull without Reg and John Hillier seemed to me one of the most delightful young men I had ever met. He was about twenty-five and very good-looking in a fair, clean sort of way. He was an engineer by profession and told me all sorts of exciting things about his profession.

He used to go down into coal mines after accidents, to discover the reasons for an explosion or the fall of rock. After I knew him I forgot about those terrible escapades with Reg, the foolish betting and false excitement I had indulged in, but I couldn't forget about the bracelet.

John fell in love with me right away and I cared for him but not in the same way I had for Reg. There was something less exciting in the feeling John aroused. I realized that I had never learned to enjoy the quiet steadfastness of the everyday things that mean loyalty, stability, love of home and love of husband.

John and I became engaged. My people were pleased and I was terribly happy. And then, just before our marriage, I had one of my fits of depression. I suddenly saw myself endlessly doing the same thing, waiting for John to come home from his office or waiting for a telegram to say he had been called down to a coal mine. It was all very foolish, I know, and I suppose if I had some other interest in life I wouldn't have thought of it. It seems to me now it would have been so tragically easy to have run straight. Why didn't I tell John the whole truth and ask him to help me break away from the old ties and the old associations.

I had a telephone call from Reg. It was awfully unexpected. I felt pleased that the scapegrace had come back. He said he simply must see me, that he had come back from South America because he had spent all his money. He suggested that I have dinner with him that evening. I knew John was coming to see me as usual that evening but I made some excuse and met Reg.

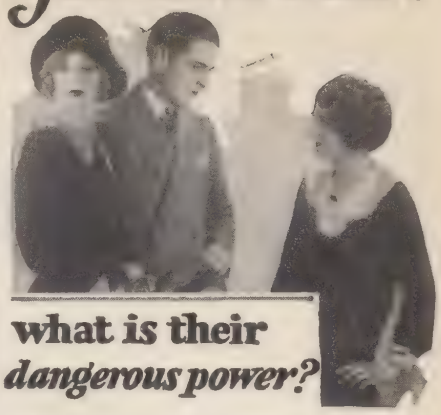
I FOUND the scrapegrace a little older, rather shabby, but still very charming. He told the same old story. He was in trouble again over money. The police were on his track and unless he could get three hundred dollars he would be brought up for trial. He said that he would never have returned only he could not make a go of things. He had come back a fortnight before but he had not troubled me because he had learned of my engagement. But he was becoming desperate. He had to have money.

He might as well have asked me for the moon as three hundred dollars. Without putting it into words I made him understand there was nothing doing in regard to mother's jewelry.

He said he never dreamed of such a thing, he had quite a different suggestion. He had an insurance of four hundred dollars on furniture in a house which he had inherited from his mother. He did not want the furniture, he wanted the money. A fire would set everything right. Would I help him!

I simply gasped at the suggestion. And then, after a lot more persuasion, he grew nasty. He told me, or, rather, he made me

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



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understand that if I didn't help him, he would tell John about the bracelet.

Of course, I ought to have laughed at him and told him to do his worst. I ought to have gone straight to John and confessed. That was easy to say but not easy to do. Could you tell the man you loved, the man you were going to marry in three weeks, that you had been a thief and had stolen your mother's bracelet. I couldn't. You see, I hadn't had much experience and I was so terrified that John would turn me down. It had always seemed so incredible that he should care for me and I was afraid he wouldn't stand by. I loved him more than I understood in spite of my fits of depression, but Reg put the screw on very tightly and at last I yielded.

It wasn't entirely from fear of John's knowing, though that was one of the causes. The others were different. It seemed to me that it would be such an extraordinarily exciting thing to do and it was Reg's own furniture. Didn't he have the right to set fire to it if he wished? I was sorry for Reg, too, in spite of his having been so despicable as to threaten me. I still cared for my worthless cousin.

I said I'd do it.

WHEN I got home I found John waiting for me. He didn't question me as to where I had been, and mother was too used to my vagaries to interfere. When I went to bed, I saw myself alone in an empty house, creeping down the stairs, while leaping tongues of flame came nearer and nearer to me.

It was a dark, still night when I set out as an incendiary. I borrowed the housemaid's raincoat, a large and shapeless garment which disguised my figure most effectively. I wore a battered felt hat pulled down over my eyes. I took a pint bottle of Eau de Cologne, a small bottle of petrol and a dozen flimsy handkerchiefs. It was a spring evening and by the time I reached my destination the darkness was closing in. The house was in a pleasant street. The people next door were in the garden and I had to wait until they went inside. I slipped through the garden gate and through the back door which I bolted.

The bedroom was full of feminine fripperies; Reg's mother had been the sort of a woman who likes to put furbelows in every inch of space. The blinds were drawn and I put up the shutters, for Reg had warned me that unless the fire had got well under way before it was discovered he might not get the money. I was possessed by a kind of frenzy. I soaked the curtains, the mats and the bedspread with Eau de Cologne. I arranged a little trail of petrol-soaked handkerchiefs from the foot of the bed to the door on which hung a lacy dressing-gown and I continued the trail across the landing to the linen closet.

I was almost choked with fear when at last the curtains caught fire. The flames ran quickly, like some live and leaping thing. The blind caught fire, then a piece of net fell on the floor and set the petrol handkerchiefs alight. The trail blazed merrily but I had not reckoned on the smoke. By the time the bed caught fire, the atmosphere was pretty thick and my eyes began to smart. I slipped on my coat, closed the door and went down the stairs. Already there was a smell of charred wood and blistered paint. I felt sure nobody saw me leave the house and I went out into the street, drunk with excitement.

I took a trolley most of the way back but finished the last lap in a taxi, the raincoat on my arm. I ran into John at out gate.

"Where have you been?" he said. "I've been waiting for you all the evening."

I didn't offer any explanation. I just smiled up at him and asked for a cigarette. As he lit it, he exclaimed:

"Why, Stella, you've burned your hand!"

I looked down at the blister on my third finger. It had been there, I suppose, for an hour but I had been too excited to notice it. I gave some vague sort of explanation and John accepted it, although the burn on my finger, the smell of smoke in my clothes, and the raincoat I was wearing must have aroused John's suspicions.

If only he had been a little suspicious. If only he had questioned me, surely I could have told him everything and together we could have fought down that unwholesome craving for excitement that has worked such havoc in my life.

Reg got his money and John and I were married.

As I sit here in my prison cell I live again that first, wonderful moment when John took me home. It was such a pretty flat and I loved every bit of it. My life was very full and my happiness was complete with the birth of the twins, small John and little Barbara.

WE WERE expecting to go to Paris for a holiday when he was sent on an important contract and I was left alone.

I was very bored one afternoon and I put on my best clothes and went to town to look at the shops. I decided to buy John a present and selected a very pretty little cigarette case in silver and tortoise shell. There were one or two customers in the shop and I had to wait. The assistant was very busy, attending to a woman who seemed to be haggling over a few cents.

I was smiling to myself when I noticed a young man lounging against the counter. He had a whimsical smile, intriguing eyes and was very well dressed. Quite close to him was a tray of rings which a large lady had been looking at. I saw him take up a ring and slip it in his waistcoat pocket. He seemed perfectly poised as if he had never known a touch of apprehension. He yawned and as he yawned he took another ring. I must have looked at him very hard for suddenly his eyes met mine. For an instant his face changed and a touch of alarm showed in his eyes. Then the spasm passed. He gazed at me and quite deliberately slipped another ring into his pocket. The next minute he turned to the assistant, said he was in a hurry and would come back later. He sauntered out and obeying a sudden impulse I went after him.

He turned around as I came into the street. I walked to the end of the street and then as I turned the corner he came up to me.

"Well," said he, "and what are you going to do?"

Something inside me seemed to urge me not to answer. It was a premonition of danger but I did not heed it. I looked up at him.

"Oh, how could you do it?" I said. "How could you run such a risk? What did it feel like, standing there?"

"Not very exciting," he answered. "That shopman is really rather stupid and the heiress he is waiting on can't see anything that isn't under her nose. I was rather afraid of you, though. Tell me, why didn't you shout and give the alarm?"

"It wasn't my business," I said. "Besides—"

I paused. Once more the warning came to me; once more I disregarded it.

"Danger has its fascination for me, too," I said.

We went and sat in the park and he told me his story. He said he couldn't get work and had been driven into this method of getting his living.

Was it the truth? Yes and no. More falsehood than truth I should say. I know now it is better to starve than be a crook.

The next evening Dennis phoned me to meet him for a chat. He mentioned a smart

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restaurant and I went. I sat in the lounge, waiting for him. He was to have met me at half-past nine. All the women were beautifully gowned and some of them had wonderful jewels. I got tired of watching them and decided to go. Just at ten o'clock, Dennis entered the lounge carrying his coat and hat. He sat down and very softly asked me to put my hand behind my back. He slipped into my palm a small packet wrapped in tissue paper.

"Angel," said he, "you'll help me. Wait here for a quarter of an hour and then take a taxi to the Lotus Club. I'll be there waiting for you and the packet. Make sure you are not followed.

I suppose I must have been mad but I actually did as I was asked and I hadn't even the excuse I had when I did it for Reg. I did it merely for the love of excitement. The craving for excitement grows like the craving for drugs. Don't you believe it when people tell you continual change is good for a woman. It isn't true.

Well, I took a taxi to the Lotus Club and I handed over the packet. I told myself that as I didn't know what was inside it I hadn't done anything wrong. I got back safely to the flat but I knew I had been followed.

That was the beginning of the end. Nothing happened as the result of that evening but a few days later—John was still away—Dennis called me again. We had dinner and he told me that he hoped to leave the country. He asked me to take care of a packet until he could communicate with me. I was excited that night and I took it.

When I got home I opened it and found a magnificent diamond ring. When I realized its value I lost my head. I put the ring in the soiled linen basket.

During the next few days I knew I was being watched.

One evening, the blow fell.

It twists my soul to remember John's white face and his despairing, yet trustful eyes. Just after his return the police came for me and the ring.

They never caught Dennis. You see, he had no permanent address. I denied all knowledge of the ring, even to John. Whatever happened I wasn't going to give anyone else away. I was brought to trial and because of my youth and my look of innocence, they would have put me on probation, but they raked up the story of my first meeting with Dennis. Under cross-examination I broke down and admitted that he had given me a package which I had taken to him at the Lotus Club. They sentenced me to three years imprisonment. Three long years, where day follows day in despairing sameness, a death in life.

Oh, if I could only live my life over again! If only I could wipe out the criminal folly that brought me here! If only I could forget the look of anguish in my husband's face when he learned the truth of what I had done!

And now that I am waiting for the prison doors to open I wonder what awaits me. Will God give me a second chance? Shall I be able to go home again to my husband and my babies?

I cannot write much more. My eyes are full of tears. I am crying for that foolish, heedless girl who made such havoc of her opportunities.

If John takes me back I shall experience the greatest, most wonderful thrill of all. I shall find happiness in his quiet embrace, happiness in the safety of my home. Somehow, I feel that John is waiting to take me to little John and Baby Barbara.

I feel this. And yet, what if it should not be so?

By the time you read this I shall be out of prison and I shall know.

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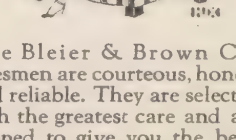

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What Gentlemen Don't Prefer

[*Continued from page 33*]

are concerned curves are much more alluring than angles.

But there is more to the loss of feminine curves than physical appeal. When a woman changes her figure she changes her disposition and her outlook on life. When she gives up her feminine curves, she gives up as well the feminine qualities gentlemen love in women. When a man thinks of woman, he visualizes a feminine woman, soft of speech, restful in nature and deep in understanding. His conception of woman is far removed from the sexless dynamo of nervous energy that is operating today under the name of woman.

GENTLEMEN who are wise look at girls, angular and boyish, and, noting the lack of feminine curves, continue on their search for feminine women. The gentleman who is wise knows the girl whose ambition is to be thin must necessarily become masculine in the attempt. He knows he will find her hard, with none of the softness that belongs to women. He knows that she is restless, instead of soothing and that she is under such nervous tension in her effort to be thin that she is unable to give him the companionship he wants.

Gentlemen, I believe, are acquiring an actual aversion to the girl who has dedicated her life to the loss of curves. He knows he will be compelled to go into ecstasies all the time about her flatness and her angles, for, they are a cause for jubilation to her and she will insist upon talking about them. I have never yet known a real man who was not bored to tears by a woman's recital of her diet and the fact that, during the last week, perhaps, she managed to take off three quarters of an ounce. So far as he is concerned, he would be much happier if she had retained the three quarters of an ounce and concentrated instead upon being an entertaining companion.

Gentlemen want what they have always wanted. They haven't changed a bit. It is the women who have changed. The qualities that fifty years ago made a woman indispensable to a man are still the qualities gentlemen seek in women. They are not to be blamed because they can no longer find girls to prefer. They can't have what does not exist. It is the girls who are at fault, the girls who dress and diet, talk and act, not to please men, but to please themselves and other women.

Is it any wonder that more and more gentlemen are going to the stage doors to find feminine companionship, and often their wives, leaving the debutantes alone with their boyish figures, and their mothers bewailing the fact that the best matrimonial "catches" are being gobbled up by chorus girls? Ask the gentlemen the reason why.

Is it any wonder that gentlemen are disappointed in their quest for girls to prefer? The girls today are more interested in themselves than in gentlemen. They are unwilling to submerge their own personalities for the sake of pleasing and charming men. They refuse to pamper a gentleman's ego; they want their own pampered. They are not consulting the preferences of gentlemen any more. They are consulting their own instead; they are doing and being what they want. That's the reason they are not preferred by gentlemen.

Gentlemen want women to be charming, gay and happy, to be soothing and restful and sympathetic, with subtle wit and a light, whimsical attitude toward life. Is it any wonder they have a horror of the woman who has dedicated her life to keeping thin and following the mode set by the preferences of other women? She has neither the time nor the energy to play with men, nor can she give them the undivided attention they claim is their due. She is preoccupied with her physical condition and has no thoughts to spare. Her temper is sharp and the slightest annoyance makes her irritable, for with the loss of her curves she has lost her reserve energy, as well as her sense of humor. Her whole life is centered about "I must be thin," instead of, "I must take care of John."

Men want repose in the company of women. They want to relax, talk about themselves and grow expansive under admiration. But today, when a woman isn't talking about her job or her diet, she is telling the story of her life. Frankness may be a virtue but it can be carried too far. American women are much too frank with men to be preferred. The first time a girl meets a man she spills the story of her life from infancy to the present moment. She leaves nothing to his imagination, nothing to give herself the allure of mystery, nothing with which to tantalize him. With her passion for frankness, the American woman is overlooking the value of subtlety, the subtlety of curves and of femininity.

Contrast the American woman with a Viennese. The Viennese is all that gentlemen prefer. In her is the charm, the gay comradeship, the light touch, the merry laughter, the joy of life, the allure of woman. Yet, look at the Viennese. She is, according to the prevailing standards of American women, inclined to be frumpy and somewhat dowdy. Her figure? Yes, there is no question about its being rather plump, almost fat. But it is a figure with curves, feminine curves, sex appeal.

THE Viennese eats, much and often. She frankly enjoys eating, just as she enjoys living. She may be overweight but what do gentlemen care about that? She is feminine in form and in temperament. She is gay. She is restful and she is soothing! She is all that gentlemen want. Women? What does it matter what they think about her? It is what the gentlemen prefer that matters.

For, to the Viennese girl gentlemen are most important. So she makes a study of what gentlemen prefer, and that she gives them. She brings gentlemen delicate wit, gay humor, elusive charm and the joy of life. She plays with them. She coddles them. She spoils them. She laughs with them and she cries with them. She adores them and she worships them. She lets them talk about themselves. She feeds their conceit and makes them feel important and powerful. They love it, and they love her. She may be dowdy in dress and have a superfluity of curves, but she is preferred by gentlemen.

Gentlemen don't really care what women wear. Where the theory originated that women dress to please men, I don't know, for men are not interested in a woman's dress. American women dress to please themselves and make other women envious. The most successful vamps I know are frumps when it comes to clothes.

They transmute their energy into charming men, not into keeping thin and remaining in the fashion decreed by women. What do they care about women? It is the gentlemen they aim to please.

But, unfortunately for the gentlemen, the real vamps are few. The average girl today is concentrating on pleasing herself. Other women may admire her clothes and envy her boyish figure but she is all that gentlemen don't prefer.

Reduce *where you want to* Reduce

Why This New Safe Method Takes Off Fat Wherever You Wish—*Without Danger or Discomfort*

Now Banish Double Chin—Thick Neck, Fat Arms, Legs, Ankles —Large Busts, Waists and Hips—Quickly, Safely. No Starvation Diets, No Punishing Exercises, No Dangerous Drugs. Results Positively Guaranteed or You Do Not Pay a Penny

Through a remarkable new scientific discovery, it is now possible to reduce exactly where you want to reduce—easily, quickly and safely. Double chins that make you look ten years older vanish in a few days' time. Large busts, thick waists, big hips, fat arms and legs that fashion frowns on respond readily to the new treatment.

Hosts of women whose appearance was ruined by excess fat on various parts of the body, many of whom had given up all hope of finding a sure and safe reduction method, have quickly regained youthful slenderness and litheness of line through the discovery of Viaderma.

Accidental Discovery of Famous Chemists

This discovery of Viaderma was purely accidental. An eminent New York doctor, specializing in skin diseases, asked a group of colloidal chemists who, for years, had enjoyed the highest professional standing with physicians and whose products were sold only to physicians, to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. (Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.)

After a number of experiments these chemists prepared a cream which would liberate oxygen freely when absorbed through the skin. And then came the amazing surprise!

They discovered that whenever the part being treated was fat, this excess weight quickly disappeared.

Exhaustive clinical tests were then made to reduce excess fat on every part of the body. Results were obtained with a uniformity that was amazing. So convincing have been these tests that these specialists unhesitatingly say that there is no question about the power of Viaderma to remove fat. And it is so safe and harmless that it has received the endorsement and approval of chemists and physicians of high standing.

What It Is

Viaderma is a colloidal, infiltrating cream containing double oxygen. It is golden brown in color, and when rubbed on any part of the body disappears at once, leaving a clean white foam. You don't have to guess—you see it vanish before your very eyes, proving how it is absorbed and penetrates right into the fat layers, where the oxygen (like the oxygen in the air you breathe) gradually melts away excess fat.

As Viaderma filters through the skin and into the fat layers it immediately begins to give off pure oxygen. This oxygen combines with and disposes of fat in exactly the same natural manner as in exercise. When you exercise you take fast, deep breaths, absorbing increased oxygen into your blood. This oxygen is the means whereby the fat is disintegrated. With Viaderma you accomplish the same and even more desirable results, for you limit the action to chin, neck, busts, hips, legs or wherever you wish.

What It Does

Read What Doctors Say

Dr. Emil Sauer, practising New England physician, and graduate of a prominent German university, says: "Viaderma will take off fat on any part of the body. This is brought about by the release of oxygen contained in the cream, which combines with fat, melting it down so that the resultant by-products are thrown off by the body through the natural organs of elimination. Most cases begin to respond to the treatment in four or five days. Stubborn cases show results in fifteen or sixteen days, with very rapid reduction thereafter. "Viaderma" is safe and absolutely harmless. Its principal ingredient has a slight tonic effect and cannot possibly produce any harmful results." A prominent Madison Avenue physician, who has long specialized in the use of colloids, says of the chief fat-reducing ingredient of Viaderma: "It gives up its loosely combined oxygen readily to the body tissues. From the action of this liberated oxygen to the fatty tissues, obesity can be successfully treated without danger to the subject."

What Women Say Who Have Used Viaderma

You have read what scientists and specialists say about Viaderma. You have seen how they endorse and approve it. These scientific opinions prove that it is sure, safe and harmless. But more convincing than anything else to most people who want to reduce is the actual experience of folks who have bought and used Viaderma. Day by day letters come to us from grateful men and women telling of remarkable results. There is space here to print only a few. Read what these people say. *For obvious reasons we do not give their names in print, but these signed letters are on file at our offices:—*

Note the Difference

See what a wonderful difference youthful slimness—clean, slender, lithe lines—makes in one's appearance! Why permit heavy, unsightly lumps and chunks of fat to add years to your looks, to bar you from wearing the latest beautiful things, to make you less attractive in a bathing suit or dance frock? Let Viaderma end your fat worries.

"It's Wonderful"

"I am glad indeed that I took the Viaderma treatment for reduction. To be fat is both distasteful and ungraceful and I most certainly was overweight. At the end of eighteen applications I had lost over three inches waist measurement and more than four inches around hips. I notice that after using Viaderma the flesh becomes firmer and of better texture. I am going to recommend Viaderma whenever I get a chance. It's wonderful.

Yours very truly,"

"Remarkable Reduction"

"I want you to know of how much benefit Viaderma has been to me. I have used it on my legs and the reduction has been remarkable—about three-quarters of an inch in six weeks' time. I shall certainly continue to use it and expect further results.

Yours very truly."

"Surprised at Results"

"The cream is quite remarkable and although I've only recently given it any kind of a fair test, I am surprised at the results. One inch off my neck and that's going some. I shall certainly recommend Viaderma whenever I can.

"Thanking you again I am

Cordially yours,"

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"After about six weeks' treatment with Viaderma, I feel that I must let you know how wonderfully it has helped me. I have reduced from one inch to two and one-half inches over arms and legs, and over two inches in the neck. During this period I lost 29 pounds and feel ever so much better in general health. Viaderma is truly the solution of safe and sane fat reduction.

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When Nature Says Marry

[*Continued from page 27*]

Juliet and feels that their romance was of the loftiest pathos and beauty. The very mother who sobs aloud at poor Juliet's woes, goes home to rebuke her eighteen-year-old daughter for imagining that she could really love anybody. Yet Juliet was only thirteen when she was secretly married to Romeo. Her parents, berating her for not being willing to marry the man they had chosen for her, warned her that she was already almost an old maid.

Millions of girls of thirteen have been tortured with a love as burning as Juliet's, but they did not have a Shakespeare to write out their thoughts for them. Millions of little girls today are in a woeful state of bewilderment.

Love has smitten them like a plague and their delirium is no more to be dispelled by contempt or punishment than the delirium of any other fever patient. They may recover. They may fall in love with someone else, going from one fever to another. But to ridicule them or to deny them sympathy is as heartless as to laugh at the sick.

NATURE knows nothing of the laws that men put on the books. She has her own. She says to this or that boy or girl, "You are ready to mate with the one that inspires you to love."

But human law says, "No! Wait! Wait! or you will be treated as criminals." In one state the law says, "Wait a year!" In another it says, "Wait six years or more!"

Then there are other considerations. Food and clothing and shelter must be provided. The young boy cannot earn enough money to keep up a home. His whole career probably will be ruined if he marries for ten or twelve years. If he plans to do as an increasing number of men are doing, he must look forward to years of preparation, to four years of college, three years of professional studies and a long wait after that before he is able to support himself, not to mention a family. For a boy to undertake marriage under such conditions is manifestly insane.

Nowadays girls have their own careers to make. They do not want to be dependent on their fathers or their husbands. They want to earn their own way, and be ready to take care of themselves in the case of the death of their husbands.

So today girls who would not have expected to be able to read or write two hundred years ago are going through colleges and professional training schools. Two hundred years are as nothing to nature, but they have changed the whole attitude of womankind toward life.

Selfish reasons of the best sort make a girl unwilling to think of matrimony in her teens. But ambition and pride and intelligence are not safeguards against an onset of love.

And when love comes, it hurts; it maddens. It is hunger, a thirst, a longing that demands help. It is as dangerous and as apt to grow uncontrollable as any other hunger or thirst.

We have, then, this heart rending riddle everywhere about us: a girl loves a boy, a boy loves her. They are madly in love. What shall they do? Nature says, "Mate!" Wisdom says, "Wait!"

So they wait. They put off all thought of hasty marriages. But their love does not wait. It gnaws and gives them hazardous counsel. It impels them to scorn caution, and often to cast away sanity, decency, honor. It drives them into the most frightful risks of disease, scandal and injury to body and soul that may ruin their lives.

Early marriages would be no salvation. They seem to lead nowadays toward the early divorce court.

All sorts of temporary expedients are being discussed: early information as to birth control, companionate marriages, easier divorces to correct early mistakes.

Old-fashioned people hold up their hands in loathing for all these new-fangled schemes. They may or may not be wise but they are honest efforts to increase happiness and decrease wickedness. Old-fashioned people, who have somehow survived their own tempestuous youth, are apt to forget how unhappy they were. The heart-break of twenty years ago is as easy to forget as last week's toothache, but the toothache of today and the heart-break of tonight throb and stab and drive one wild.

The prevention or soothing of immediate pain is the important thing, for pain hurts. Young lovers have not only the misery of present yearning to endure, but they are faced with the fear that it must go on for years and years without relief.

The wonder is not that so many go wrong, break down in health, kill themselves or run wild seeking diversion, but that so many comfort themselves with bravery, honor, self-sacrifice and patience under torture.

Numberless fathers and mothers rebuke the baffled longings of their sons and daughters with contempt or an easy tossing of cheap advice, "Don't be silly. It's only calf-love. You'll get over it. Wait till you're ten years older."

This is good old-fashioned advice, and it is as insolent as it is insulting.

We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to children. The law is constantly diminishing the authority of parents over the young. But the law is also constantly postponing the age at which the young may legally enter wedlock.

In many states one is guilty of abduction if he marries a girl before she has reached an age at which her grandmother probably had had two children.

IT IS perhaps wise and necessary to postpone the tremendous step of marriage until the young are equipped for self-support, but that is small comfort to the young. Marriage itself is in a state of intense confusion and, according to some pessimists, is going to pieces. It is not by any means a solution of the problem of love to marry the two sufferers.

That is too likely to be a mere transfer from one hell to another. We read now and then of very young women who have been married and divorced several times before they are old enough to have been led to the altar the first time.

But while we are seeking for solutions and cures, we can at least try to understand and not mock the victims. In the old days insane people were supposed to be possessed of devils and the public gathered about to make fun of them, to torment them with punishments and whips and abuse. That is no longer considered good form.

No more is it good form, good sense or benevolence to deride youth when the mania of love assails it. Parents and friends who laugh, who threaten, who punish or ridicule the young, are as brainless as they are cruel.

Any boy or girl aching with love deserves all the consolation, sympathy, tenderness and imaginative understanding in the world.

It may be wise to warn the young not to leap from the frying pan into the fire, but that does not make the frying pan a pleasant residence for them to have to live in.

Restless Wives

[Continued from page 39]

C—— was only amusing herself, he went away. He has not been back since, but rumors are heard of the dissolute life he is leading in foreign lands.

In her selfish search for adulation and thrills Mrs. C—— disrupted an idealistic love that would have resulted in a splendid marriage. She destroyed Henry's illusions of womanhood. She wrecked Helen's faith in men.

"It's difficult for the single girl, unless she has the speed of a meteor, to get a beau because the married women have them all. Evening after evening many pretty damsels sit at home while every desirable young man they know is out with some married woman.

I DO not blame the boys especially. Amusements are expensive. Most of them can not afford the price unless they are sons of rich men. They are young and like a good time. When some married woman invites them to dinner, to the theater, or to a night club they accept with alacrity. They wouldn't be human if they didn't grab every chance to hit the high spots without one cent charge except a pair of nimble heels and the facility for graceful love-making.

I do blame these married women. They are the poorest sports in the world. They take advantage of the unmarried girl's inexperience. They know how to attract men and to hold them. They are freer in their conversation and in their actions than maidenly modesty will permit. They are relentless in their pursuit. If any victim of their wiles tries to wiggle away they track him down. There's no escape for him as long as he provides a thrill.

A self-respecting girl waits to be courted. A married woman does the courting herself. She keeps the telephone busy. She offers diverting and expensive pastime. In the background there's always the poor dub of a husband to pay the bills.

I know a bachelor. He's not young; he's not good-looking; he's not rich, but he is amusing because he has a merry wit and a fertile brain.

"Don't think I'm bragging," he said to me. "Goodness knows I'm far from an Apollo! I haven't a penny and I'm not a Romeo, but not a day passes without half a dozen invitations from married women. I'll say for them they're clever. They know I'm more than a bit bored with the ceaseless merry-go-round so they always have an inducement to offer. It's either a good game of bridge, the presence of a celebrated beauty, or a première at the theater. I usually accept. Then there's always a limousine and I hate street cars."

In my society column I have referred to the modern liberated wife as "a married maiden." It's an incongruous term, to be sure, but apt in this instance, for she's a wife in fact but an unmarried belle in procedure. The oddest part of it all is that she does not deceive her husband about her social activities. He knows where she goes and with whom. He freely discusses her beaux with her. He'll approve of one. He'll warn her that another is a cad and a Lothario. He's amused at her conquests. He is also a bit flattered by them. No man wants a wife that no one else admires. If he is tired he will voluntarily suggest, "Why don't you get Harry or Wallace to take you?" Wifie usually does.

Such husbandly complacency may seem strange but it's fact. To the tired business man social gadding is a bore. It's the elixir of his wife's existence. He must have domestic peace at any price so he lets her go her own way. He trusts his wife implicitly. Because of his inborn masculine egotism he does not believe any woman belonging to him would stray from the straight and narrow. Some of them don't, as for the others it is more charitable to give them the benefit of the doubt.

There are husbands and wives who never go where jazz music is playing without two or more callow dancing kids with them. The wife loves to dance. The husband has either outgrown his dancing days or his feet hurt him. He is more than willing to pay the bills if his more flexible guests will dance wifie around again and again and again.

I know one couple in particular, Ernest and Lucy, delightful people with two cunning kiddies in the home nursery. They are congenial, too, and fond of each other. The one rift in their lute is that Lucy is young and pleasure loving while Ernest is middle-aged and mellow. He married her out of the schoolroom. He should have known better. Lucy was cheated out of her girlhood and is now making up for lost time. Ernest, rather than lose his tall, slim, beautiful Lucy decided, when he could not curb her through threat or persuasion, to make the best of it in the most sportsmanlike way possible.

There are always a number of half-baked youths around Ernest and Lucy. They even drop into the O—— domain for afternoon tea when Ernest is not around. With the exception of Captain Jordan, a marine officer on shore duty, they need not be taken seriously.

Captain Jordan is a god in his uniform but in mufti he is anything but. Most of the women in the social set are dazzled by his brass buttons. They wine him and dine him until his ego has developed to appalling proportions. Evidently his presence is all that is demanded, for as a diverting companion, he is a flop.

However, Lucy concentrates on Captain Jordan and Ernest accepts him serenely although the danger signals are ringing.

IT WAS a gala occasion at a gay café. Ernest was host to a merry group. Lucy, resplendent in a gown just off the boat from Paris, and Captain Jordan, likewise in full dress uniform, were sitting side by side, engrossed in each other. Captain Jordan was drinking wine. So was everyone else at the table. Ernest believes in the brimming bowl flowing freely, which accounts in part for Lucy's popularity with her masculine adherents. Suddenly Captain Jordan, as is his wont, put down his glass and wandered away.

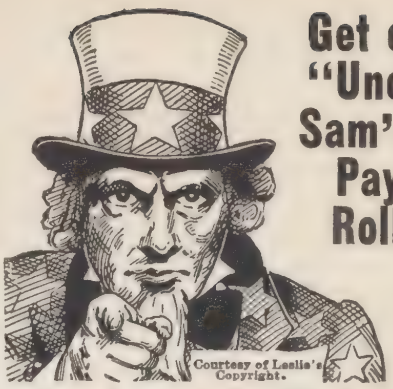
Ernest saw the expression of chagrin on Lucy's face. He saw the smiles of the women at nearby tables. He came to his wife's rescue like a knight of old.

"Your little playmate has gone and left you," he said to her jokingly. "Never mind, I'll get him back for you."

He suited the deed to the word and very soon he brought back the truant marine.

Frank O—— is a he-man. He's honorable in all his dealings. He has always held the respect of the community, but due to his wife's conduct and his acceptance of it, other men are beginning to shrug their shoulders and say, "If he had the back-bone of a fish, he'd make his wife behave."

I know in the social set several inseparable trios composed of the husband, the wife and the other man. They go everywhere together. The husband plays the rôle of marital chaperon while the wife and the other man carry on under his nose.



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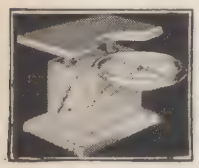

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There is one trio I know intimately. The woman and I went to school together. I frequently dined at her home until, although I'm far from a prude, I became so disgusted with her tactics I checked her and her two male satellites out of my life.

The trio has been intact so long they are spoken of as Peggy, Bert and Julius. Bert is the husband; Julius is the other man; Peggy is the bone of contention.

Sometimes as a smoke screen Peggy will invite some unattached girl to be the fourth in the party when they appear in public. On several occasions I was the fourth and I felt as unnecessary as an automobile tire on an aeroplane. I, as the extra girl, was rudely ignored while the two men showered attentions on Peggy.

BOTH of them are mad about her although what they see in her no other woman can fathom. She's colorless from her head to her feet. Sandy hair, faded eyes and a sallow skin. She's shallow of mind and heart and soul. She's feline. She purrs and scratches. Anything to get her way and play her own little game. Yet she holds these two men, both fairly decent chaps as men go, in thrall. She's wrecking the best in both of them.

Julius has a ten-year-old daughter. When his wife divorced him for neglect it was suspected that Peggy was the reason. Julius seldom sees his child although by nature he is a domestic man, and would probably seek a reconciliation with his wife, if Peggy would send him to the right about and attend to her own knitting.

One of the deplorable features of the situation is the effect on Bert, who was a self-reliant, straightforward fellow with a fine sense of honor when he married Peggy. Now men consider him a weakling and a fool. He meekly plays the catspaw for a vain, vicious woman, who does not play square. She refuses to make a definite choice. She's determined to keep them both, Bert as a gilt-edged security paying dividends in luxury and protection and Julius as fodder to her vanity.

I'm enough of a student of human nature to know that the unattainable is the most desirable and forbidden fruit has the most piquant tang. Perhaps that accounts for the overwhelming, all-absorbing devotion of a boy I know to the red-haired, green-eyed mother of a son just eight years his junior. The woman has a husband, too. An attractive, generous husband! His blindness to her flagrant affair with the boy makes people wonder if he's just plain dumb or whether he is hiding his knowledge of it to save his pride.

If I were that boy's mother I'd scratch the eyes out of the vicious creature who has my son in her clutches. His mother is heart-broken and spends many a sleepless night of worry, but she's helpless. She's too old-fashioned and unworldly to cope with the type of woman who is ruining her boy's life.

THE boy is twenty-eight, a trusting, sentimental youth with an engaging smile and the light of dreams in his eyes. The woman is forty but she's not fat nor is she particularly fair. She has, though, the power of fascination and a magnetic contralto voice. She frequently sings over the radio and gets an enormous kick out of the knowledge that when she warbles sentimental ballads into the air both the deluded husband and the misguided youth listen in and take her words of love as a personal tribute.

Six years ago she met the boy at a northern summer resort. It was a quiet place where her doting husband had sent her for a rest cure. She was bored. The hours lagged. The boy was spending his vacation at the same hotel. He was young and immature but he offered possible diversion so she beckoned him to her side. She employed every trick in the art of coquetry. The boy was inflammable tinder and he became her slave.

Since then they spend part of each day together. They bill and coo over luncheons for which she pays. They ride over picturesque country roads in the smart coupé, a wedding anniversary gift from her husband. When the gasoline runs low it is replenished at hubby's expense. She gives the boy gifts galore.

As a consequence she has made a spineless wastrel of him. She has smothered the innate manliness that urges the normal youth to pay his own way as best he can. Ambition in him is submerged by his all-absorbing devotion to her. He is already considered a business failure and his future is seriously handicapped. But what does she care as long as her vanity is fed.

No one could understand the boy's hold on her but quite by chance I found out. I have known her for years. One day I went into a tea-room for luncheon. They were there, the boy staring at her in his usual love-sick manner, she, basking in his adulation. She motioned to me and for a moment I stopped at their table.

"Isn't she the most wonderful girl in the world," he said to me. "Did you ever see such gorgeous red hair and look at those heavenly eyes."

POOR, foolish little boy! He calls her a girl and she aged forty! Imagine a mature woman drinking in such stuff!

But the lady is beginning to tire. The boy's slavish devotion is growing irksome and the ridicule of other women is getting under her skin. She does not dare dismiss him for fear he might kill himself as he has often threatened to do should she go out of his life. That perhaps is her punishment.

Her twenty-one-year-old son looks at her with contempt in his eyes. I often wonder how she will feel when she realizes fully the blow she has dealt to his respect for wifehood and motherhood.

Naturally I am on confidential terms with many of the younger belles. I have to be for through them I gather news for my column. I like most of them. They're refreshing, wholesome and deliciously young. Perhaps some of them are nasty little cats but even so, I'm sorry for the lot of them. It's a hard game they play although they're pampered and fêted and live on the fat of the land. If they're speedy they're talked about. If they're not speedy they're unpopular and if they're unpopular they're considered flat tires. A daughter, who is a flat tire in society, is more of a family disgrace than a son in jail. Their mortal enemy and deadliest rival is the married woman, who steals their privileges and their legitimate beaux.

One day Florence D—— walked into my office. I was keen for Florence. She was a dear. Modern but modest and on the level.

"I'm engaged to Donald Clarkson," Florence told me. "I want to give you the first news."

Donald Clarkson! I shuddered. I knew him by reputation and it was none too savory. He was notorious for his amours with married women. "The Married Women's Delight," he was called. I classed him with spongers, lounge lizards, hangers-on, home wreckers and such parasites.

I was horrified. A girl like Florence to give her unsullied young life into the keeping of a rake such as I supposed Donald Clarkson to be. Florence sensed my disapproval.

"Don's really fine," Florence hastened to assure me. Her heart was in her eyes. "People misjudge him. It isn't his fault

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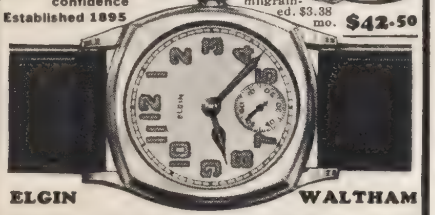

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the married women wouldn't let him alone. I want you to meet him."

I met Donald Clarkson. Florence brought him to see me. Curiosity was replaced by amazement. So this was the bane of all husbands' existences! This the unscrupulous beguiler of wives! I could not believe my eyes.

He was clean cut with an open, frank face and the physique of the athlete. He had an infectious laugh that warmed one.

A FEW days later Mr. Charles Moberly, a middle-aged financier, filed suit for divorce against his wife and named Donald Clarkson as corespondent.

I have reason to believe that Mrs. Moberly, who is rich in her own right, had put evidence in her husband's way in order to break off Donald's engagement to Florence.

Florence's parents took her to Europe for an indefinite period and would not allow her to communicate with Donald. I received a frantic letter from her.

"Please tell Donald I love him," she wrote, "and I will return some day."

I sent for Donald. He was pale and haggard. His eyes were dark pools of despair.

"It's my pay day," he said, "and I guess I deserve it. I don't blame her father. I've been pretty much of a rotter. I can see it now but when a fellow is young he has no sense of values."

Florence did not return. Her mother, an ambitious, domineering tartar, married her off to an Italian marchese. Donald, from a mistaken sense of honor, later married Mrs. Moberly. It is a hideous travesty of marriage. She usually has a group of brainless youths at her heels. Donald drinks like a fish and takes his fun where he finds it.

There are always groups of men of all ages around Betty Thompson. It doesn't matter to her whether they are married or single, homely or handsome, seventeen or seventy, just so they flatter her, dance with her and keep her amused. They drop into her home at all hours.

BETTY has two little girls aged fourteen and twelve. She has taught them to call her admirers by the familiar title of "uncle." Those kiddies have uncles as numerous as the children of the famous old woman who lived in the shoe. I wonder if Betty ever thinks of the effect of her free and easy conduct on those young minds.

Betty's boon companions were Kitty W—— and Mona H——. As birds of a feather they flocked together, ever planning some deviltry to beguile the stupid hours.

Possibly the three of them did not mean any harm. They were merely seeking the fun and the companionship their husbands denied them. Betty and her stalwart spouse had led separate lives for several years. Betty's parents are enormously wealthy. They are bitterly opposed to divorce and threaten to stop her allowance if she and Malcolm part. Kitty W——'s husband is a grouch. No one really blames her for stepping out when she has the opportunity. Mona H——'s life with her husband was no bed of roses.

On one memorable occasion Mona's husband was out of town and the three wild wives, in order that Mona might make the most of her golden opportunity, embarked upon an escapade that had direful results.

At four o'clock in the morning the three of them with their current escorts had an automobile accident on a country road. Headlines screamed the news in the morning papers. The pictures of the three matrons were printed together with the horrible details of drunkenness and disorder.

They had been to a notorious road-house. "Just for a lark," Betty Thompson told the reporters. Kenneth M——, bleary eyed

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and only semiconscious was at the wheel. Once again oil and alcohol had refused to mix. No one was seriously hurt, but their reputations were irreparably damaged.

Mona's husband divorced her without alimony. She is now selling dresses in a department store. Betty, outside of a lecture from her parents, paid no penalty. She holds the purse-strings and Malcolm dares not peep, but the story is a reflection on her little girls. Kitty's husband is grouchier than ever, but that doesn't bother her. She's accustomed to it. She continues to indulge freely in the giddy companionship of various men.

THERE were innocent victims of the escapade. It broke the heart of lovely Isabel Carden. She was in a hospital at the time. She and Ralph had been married five years. The advent of their first born was the fulfilment of long deferred hopes.

The knowledge that Ralph, whom she adored and who really adores her in return, had gone straight from her bedside to an all night orgy with a group of married jazz maniacs, caused a nervous breakdown. When she recovered she refused to live with her husband again. She saw him just once.

"Betty Thompson asked me to go," he told her. "She was one man short and wouldn't take no for an answer. Besides I didn't know what to do with myself."

"It's not a question of moral right and wrong," the young wife said sadly. "It's deeper than that. I believed you were beyond the reach of vicious, pleasure-mad creatures like Betty Thompson. I was mistaken. You belittled the most sacred things in life for a few hours revelry with her. You've destroyed my faith in you. The foundation of our home has been wrecked. It can never be rebuilt."

Isabel Carden divorced her husband. She devotes her life to her small son and deeds of charity. She lives a most secluded life. Other men would fain court her but she ignores them. It's an abnormal existence for a young and charming woman. No wonder there is sorrow in her eyes and lines of bitterness about her mouth!

Ralph Carden reminds me of a soul in agony. He is restless and unhappy, for he will never love any woman but Isabel. He seeks forgetfulness in dissipation. He is a shadow of his former upright self.

The case of the Cardens is just another item on the score to be charged against Betty Thompson and women like her.

I know a bachelor. He's quite a good friend of mine. I could be very fond of him if I allowed my heart to govern my head. I know only too well if I permitted myself to fall in love with him I'd be out of luck. He might fall in love with some woman but he'd never marry her. No, never! He has told me so himself over and over until it's so indelibly impressed on my mind I keep the association between us on a strictly platonic basis.

Warren is forty-five and experienced. There's nothing he does not know about life and women. He's the most likable, sincere man I know, but the most bitterly cynical on the subject of women.

Not long ago his name was connected with that of a fashionable widow. There were rumors of orange blossoms. I asked him about it.

"Marriage!" he scoffed. "Not for me. I suppose there are some good wives but I've known so many lying, cheating, double-crossing devils I'd suspect my own wife, if I had one, even though she were pure as the snow."

So you see one more really worth while bachelor, who would make me or some other woman a good husband, is forever lost to matrimony.

He may change his mind. Many men do when the right woman comes along, but I don't think Warren ever will be able to.

I could babble on forever about tragic climaxes to love stories in which married women play a part. I could tell endless tales of disillusionment, of the moral and spiritual deterioration of promising young men, of blasted hopes and lasting bitterness.

What I can not do is to suggest a way to exterminate the new species of married woman with a frenzy for masculine admiration at any hazard and at any cost.

She will not be exterminated, for she has come to stay. She is an inalienable part of present and future society. She must be accepted not as a frothy, inconsequential outgrowth of the freedom women have won in their battle for liberations from age-old prohibitions and inhibitions, but as a serious problem and a grave menace to young American manhood.

Knowing all I know about her, again I solemnly pronounce the warning, "Boys, beware of the married siren's wiles."

Her Mother's Sweetheart

[*Continued from page 69*]

Felicia cared. I had the sweet memory of her soft young arms about me and her lips on mine. There was almost an actual pain in having to take her into the dance, where others could share her with me. The only comfort was that as soon as she had spoken to her mother and pretended to dance a bit, we could slip away and be together again.

Felicia's mother was a peach. Her face showed that she had had her share of trouble but even that had not dimmed her beauty. One glance at her told where Felicia got her looks.

"MOTHER really is very young," Felicia explained when we were alone again. "I was born when she was nineteen. Father was killed in the Argonne. I don't remember what he looked like."

Something in the way she said that made me hesitate about asking the question that sprang to my lips. Afterwards, when I found out from others, I was glad I had kept quiet. Getting killed in action was about the one decent act of his life. He had deserted her mother before she was born and his family, out of shame, took care of the two although he never returned to them.

That was a wonderful night! How wonderful it is to be young, with the fragrance of all outdoors about you and the girl you love in your arms! I had done my share of the customary, unmeant love-making of youth and it made me appreciate the real thing that had come to me.

I left Felicia at her door and it was almost as if a part of me had been left behind.

I knew dad would be glad for me for we'd always been pals. We always talked things over, man to man, when there was something to be decided. My mother had died when I was born and that had drawn us closer together. I wouldn't have known how to act if dad had said to me, "You will, because I say you will!"

It was late when I opened the front door but he hadn't gone to bed. He had the radio tuned in on a jazz band from Chicago and was reading a hot new book.

"Greetings, old son," he said, and closed his book. "Whose heart have you been breaking tonight?"

I didn't answer in the same joking strain as ordinarily I would have. Instead, I pulled a chair up close to his. "Dad," I said, "something happened to me tonight." His eyes glinted with momentary fear for me. "No trouble. Quite the reverse. I've met the one girl and I want to marry her as soon as I can."

There was the slightest of pauses while the news went home, then dad's firm fingers touched my knee.

"Are you sure, old man?" he asked.

I nodded. "I know now why they call the other 'puppy love'," I told him. "'Member that line from 'Without Benefit of Clergy'? 'I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred. I have seen the moon and I saw no more fire-balloons.' There's no questioning the real thing, Dad."

Father stood up and put his hands on my shoulders. "You're mighty young," he said to me, "and yet you're a man grown. My own came to me when I wasn't any older." His hands took a firmer grip, and I could feel them tremble. "If you're sure, Glenn, the only thing I can say is 'God bless you both.' Who is she?"

"I knew you'd be like that, Dad," I told him. My own voice was none too steady. "It's Felicia Daniels. She just moved here with her mother." I stepped back from him in sudden alarm. "What is it, Dad?" I asked. His face had gone white and he sat down. "What is it? What's wrong with Felicia?"

He shook his head. "N-nothing," he answered and I knew he was sparring for time to think. "N-nothing at all, Glenn, old man."

I didn't know how to act or what to say. In all our lives before dad had never done anything like that. As plainly as if he had told me, I knew there was something disturbing to him about the girl I had told him I loved. But the big thing that hit me was that, for the first time, dad was keeping something from me.

I WAITED long enough to make sure he was not going to reconsider and tell me, but after a minute he returned to his book. Long afterwards when he came upstairs he did not go to sleep. I heard him pacing up and down his room for hours.

It was a puzzle to me and one that was not lessened when I took Felicia riding the next night. Scarcely were we clear of the shacks that rimmed the edge of our little town before she turned to me and said, "Glenn, what's the matter between you and mother?"

I stared at her as if one of us had gone crazy. "With me and your mother?" I said. "I've seen her only once in my life, Felicia. That was last night and you saw us together then. She seemed to welcome me then. Why?"

Felicia put into words my own feeling. "Because there's something under the surface that I can't puzzle out, Glenn, something that has upset mother terribly. She won't tell me what, but I'm absolutely certain it's connected somehow with you!"

I started impulsively to tell her how dad had acted, and then decided to think it over for the night before saying anything.

I kept refusing to recognize the one explanation that kept coming to me. It would connect dad with the sort of thing that was abhorrent.

And yet dad was by no means an old man, by no means bad-looking, and far from being unattractive to women. The newspapers were full of things like that happening every day. Was it possible that there was an affair between them that neither Felicia nor I was aware of?

Felicia herself said almost as much to me when next I saw her, before I told her anything of what I suspected.

"Look here, Glenn," she said, "do you

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suppose that your father could have done something to make mother object to my going with you? 'Cause I can tell you right now, Glenn, that if anything has come up it isn't her fault. I know my mother, Glenn, and she's square!"

"You talk as if dad isn't!" I told her. Nobody on earth, not even Felicia, could say anything to me about my dad and get away with it. "There's nobody on earth—" I broke off, as I left my anger increasing. Felicia, too, was bristling.

"Let's not quarrel, honey," I said. "After all, we're trying to find out what it is, not to take part in it ourselves."

I told her all I knew about dad, but the addition of our separate informations did not help. When I left her at her home we were as puzzled as ever.

Time did not solve our mystery. I could not bring myself to ask flatly. I was sensitive like dad. Besides, if he didn't want to tell me of his own accord he wouldn't.

Felicia reported even less luck with her mother. One thing that occurred to both of us was that the two of them had never even spoken to one another. I checked the little town over. It had to be done cautiously to avoid starting gossip, but there was no one who had introduced them, no one who had seen them together. And in a small town nothing can happen without becoming known.

From their attitudes I almost expected one or the other to forbid us to see each other again but, whatever their desires were, neither did. Felicia and I, through the weeks and months when we were seeing each other at least once every day, gradually came to realize that this intangible, unknown something had grown into a barrier between us. We could not go ahead until we knew.

LATE summer was coming on and still we knew no more. Felicia put it into words, late one afternoon, as we sat in the car while we watched the gorgeous reds and blues and purples of the sunset beyond the belt of woods that rimmed the creek. "Look here, Glenn," she said suddenly, "the one thing we're sure of, is that each of our parents has some mighty disturbing, secret reason for not wanting us to be serious with one another. That's true, isn't it?"

"That's a very mild statement of it, honey."

"And we've come to realize that we don't dare go ahead with this unknown objection hanging over us. We've got to find out," she said.

"But how, Felicia?"

"The first way that occurred to us, the way we've rejected because both of us felt delicate about it. The best way's the straightest way, Glenn. I know you don't want to do it. I don't either, but we'll have to. Each of us will ask right out."

I did not like the idea. I've tried to fight that sensitiveness of mine all my life, but the idea of going to dad to ask him something he did not want to tell me—I couldn't do it. I could have to anyone else on earth, but not to dad. I said so to Felicia.

"Besides," I said. "It won't do any good. They'll evade. They've done it all the time even though we have almost asked outright."

"They won't this time," said Felicia. "This is why. I love you, Glenn; you love me. If there's any reason why we shouldn't go on and get married, we ought to be told; if there isn't any reason, let's go on and do it.

"The first hunch I had was just to pretend we knew, but when you aren't telling the truth you can't convince anyone," she said. "Have your car parked in the driveway by the flower garden, ready. You go to your father; I'll go to mother. Tell them we've got the car ready and the license clerk is waiting at the county seat. Then ask, point blank.

"They might fiddle around, evade, as you say, at any other time, but not when we're ready to run off and get married!"

Our preparations were made quickly. The car was parked, ready, with my packed bag in it. The time to meet Felicia was less than an hour away. Dad and I sat alone in the darkness on our front porch.

I did not want to do it; I postponed it until I dared no longer. "Dad," I said, "Felicia and I are going to run away tonight and get married." I saw him flinch. "I'm telling you, so if you want to say anything to me in advance, you can."

DAD stiffened, and when at last his voice came it was harsh. "All right, old son," he said. "I can't say I'm not disappointed. You should know that if you want to marry her after you know everything you don't have to run off to do it!"

"If there is any reason," I told dad as steadily as I could, "tell me. Felicia and I aren't children. Tell me or take the consequences!"

Dad did not like that. I did not like to have to do it. I heard him catch his breath sharply, but when his voice came, it was under control.

"No reason, my boy," he said, "except that I can't help being afraid for you. Apples don't fall far from the bough, you know, and I can't help remembering what happened once."

I found that my hands were gripping the arm of my chair until they hurt; the air felt hot about me as the enforced calm of that voice went on:

"I told you once that real love came to me when I was no older than you are. That's why I know it can be real with you, too, Lad. I've never changed in mine either.

"You and Felicia, Glenn, are merely repeating history. For when her mother and I were just your ages, we too, were engaged."

He disregarded my involuntary cry of surprise and went on after a moment. "I didn't want you to be hurt, Lad, as I was hurt. You quoted Kipling to me, some time ago. Well, I gave 'honor and faith and sure intent.' She jilted me when I would have staked my soul on her honesty. I don't want you hurt like that, Lad."

I sat bolt upright with a jerk. "Why did she do it?" I asked.

"She never troubled to explain, Lad. Never put it into words. It was a subtle thing she did and a cruel one.

"There was a ring that her mother had given to her father when they became engaged. Oh, she took no chance of my misunderstanding!

"She told me all about the ring with full elaborations, as she lay in my arms, promising me with her eyes and her lips, if not with her words, to place it on my finger as her mother had upon her father's." His voice grew bitter and his words came short:

"The next time I saw her, she came to me on the arm of Frank Daniels. He had the ring on his finger."

He was silent. I could hear his low, tense breathing. Then I said, "What happened? What did she do?"

"Nothing much, Lad. I didn't see her for a long time. Soon after my engagement to your mother was announced she married Frank Daniels. They moved away. I've never spoken to her since."

I muttered some excuse and rose. It was time to meet Felicia, and as I glanced at my watch, I saw it was later than I had suspected. I hurried. Felicia was waiting.

"Honey," I said, "I'm sorry I didn't know it was so late, but I've found out; we don't have to run off, after all!"

Felicia's eyes met mine. "I found out, too, Glenn. I told mother, and she told me all about it." Her arms went out to me. "Glenn, boy, I didn't want you to have to hear it! I wish I could have kept it from you so you wouldn't have to have the shame of knowing it!"

I drew back to stare at her. "Shame?" I said. "I felt sorry for you for what you had to learn about your mother, but dad—my dad's never done anything I wouldn't be glad to do after him!"

It was Felicia's turn to draw back and her voice crackled. "You can't mean that! You wouldn't dare say that to me after what you learned tonight, or are you trying to tell me something about us, you and me? You wouldn't dare!"

There was anger in her voice and I could feel anger rising in me. "Wouldn't dare to what?" I demanded. "I dare do anything I choose!"

I did not believe that Felicia could look at me like that. "I see!" she said. "Like father, like son!"

I started to make a hot retort and then I saw her mother and my dad in the moonlight, one coming from the house, the other at the garden gate. "Felicia!" I whispered instead. "You told your mother I had the car parked here? I thought so! If I'm right—quick, through here!" I turned to the shadowy dark arbor and the gate beyond. Felicia hesitated, then came with me.

I'd forgotten. The gate was chained and it was too late to go another way. They would see us. I wanted them to meet if what I suspected was true.

They met at the car, almost in front of the dark arbor. She was close to him before she saw him. "Glenn!" she cried and one hand went to her cheek before she caught herself.

"I'm sorry to be intruding," she said coldly, "but I'm trying to find my daughter; I thought she would be here."

Dad bowed as coldly. "I'm afraid she's with Glenn," he said.

"Afraid? With Glenn? You are afraid? Of what?"

He bowed again and held himself in check with an effort. "I can't help loving my boy," he said, "and being jilted hurts!"

Her hand went again to her cheek. "I did not think that even you," she said in a low voice, "could say a thing like that, after what happened."

Dad's face was set. "Why pretend?" he asked her. "Naturally it hurt when I knew you had jilted me, but—"

"What is that?" Her fierce, amazed voice stopped him. "I jilted you, when, without a word of explanation to me your engagement was announced? After all that had passed between us? You—"

"You know better than that!" Dad's voice interrupted her. "You knew that I knew what that ring meant when it was put on a man's finger. And for you to come to show it to me on Frank Daniel's finger, when only the night before you had explained the meaning to me!"

His accusing, harsh voice died away. It was very still. Far off, in the woods, a hound bayed.

Her hands went out. She looked almost like a little girl, alone in the moonlight. "I did not know!" she half whispered. "I had dropped the ring and lost it. I did not know that Frank had it. I was bringing it to you, Glenn."

Her head lifted after a time. "I never knew that he had it on, Glenn," she said. "I never dreamed why you went away without a word. And after all these years!"

Insensibly she was nearing him; the two shadows in the moonlight had merged into one. I faced Felicia away toward the darkness.

"You said it!" I told her as my arms found her. "Like father, like son!"

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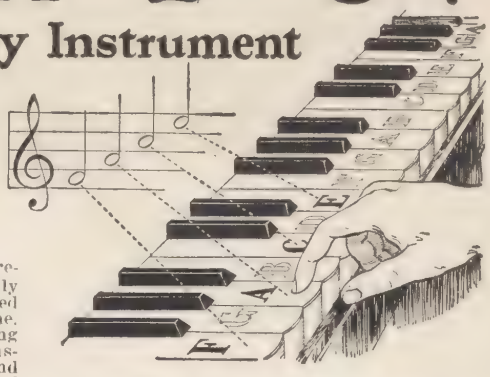

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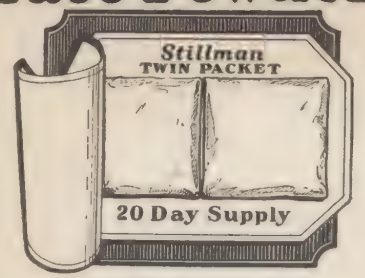

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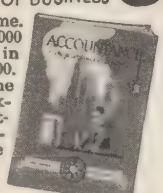

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A Gamble With Love

[*Continued from page 60*]

hot, glorious day she talked to me, devoted herself to me, the way that in my silliest moments, since I was a wee kid with my sack of papers across my shoulder, I had dreamed of her doing.

"You know," she said in a low tone, meant just for my ears in one of the moments when the others in the car were whooping over some remark of Ann Kellogg's, "you've always avoided me since we were children. I've wanted to—to be—friends with you and now that I'm through that wall of ice you built around yourself, I don't mean to let you go. This trip isn't the end of our friendship."

NOR was it. Her letter to me, warm, intimate, personal, accepting as permanent the familiar basis between us, must have been written within the hour after she arrived home. I had wanted to write to her before it came, but the stiff-necked pride of the poor had grimly restrained me. I read it over again for the third time and sat down to answer.

Within the week we were writing every day.

Within the week, too, there was another surprise for me. I was sitting in my room, trying to put on paper to Cicely something of what I felt without telling too much when there came a knock.

"Grease, and slide under!" I gave the immemorial reply, and looked up to see who my visitor was.

It was Rabbit.

I could only stare for a moment. "What in heaven's name are you doing here?" I demanded with heat as soon as I could find my voice. All I received was the inevitable grin.

"Boss, ain' I tol' you I's yo' nigger Rabbit? I's jus' come on t' be wid you."

"I don't want you!" I told him. "I don't need you—haven't got any use for you! Can't pay you any wages; don't want you!"

"Boss," Rabbit repeated to me earnestly, "white fo'ks always needs de ri't kin' o' nigger. An' you don' hatter pay me no wages. I'll fin' somep'n t' do."

"Do you mean," I asked him curiously, "that because I snatched you off that hot wire you're going to hook yourself onto me? For the love of Mike, forget it and go back to work, where you belong!"

"Boss," reiterated Rabbit, "I's yo' nigger. Where you goes, Rabbit goes."

It took just a week to demonstrate how thoroughly he meant it. He found a job in the college laundry and devoted himself to it. In his spare moments he looked after me. Try as I might, I could not get rid of him. He was an enthusiastic, even if original, valet. Never again did I have to gather up laundry or see that my shoes were properly shined. I even caught him one day sewing buttons on my underwear.

Rabbit's enlistment was not all that happened to me in those last few weeks of my college life. Cicely came up for May Week, and the series of dances held by the seniors after they were assured of gaining their diplomas. To me there came totally unexpected and unhoped for dances with Cicely snug in the curve of my arm, fragrant nights with Cicely close beside me as we sat out dances in somebody's roadster, the mild wind bringing to us the scent of flowers and faint and far away, the lingering melody of the colored string band. There were the golden and purple afternoons, after the "matinee dances," when Cicely and I wandered, in an unthinking haze of happiness, about the campus together, shoulder to shoulder, speaking low, now and then as dusk settled about us.

When she left for home it was understood that I should ask her mother for permission to marry her.

Mrs. Dearborn leaned back majestically and frowned at me as I stood before her, hat in hand. Cicely was waiting outside. I had insisted on interviewing her mother alone. The rumors that I had heard about this woman who had married into the proud old Dearborn family from behind a counter gave me something to think about. The progress of the interview made me glad Cicely was not there.

It was not a pleasant experience for me. Cicely's mother thought I was fortune-hunting, and she did not hesitate to say so, with embellishments that made me dig the nails into my palms and wish to heaven that she had been a man.

In nearly an hour we got nowhere. Abruptly she tried a new tack.

"Could you use a few thousand dollars?" she asked without prelude to explain what she was driving at.

I had to laugh. "Use it!" I know my eyes were glowing. "Mrs. Dearborn, I know where there is an ideal site for a small hydroelectric plant, within twenty miles of this spot! You know how inefficient the old power-plant here is. With just a few thousands to finance me I could put in a dam and turbines, sell power to the farmers, light the country for a hundred miles around!

"Why," in my enthusiasm I had almost forgotten where I was and what we had been talking about. "It's a chance to do something with the knowledge I've earned for myself! Seeing that site, knowing the chance it would give me, made me make an engineer of myself, sent me through college, when sometimes I didn't know if I would eat next week or not! I've been scared to show it to anyone with money—scared they'd grab it. And a chance to develop it—for myself—!" At sight of her face I subsided. "Yes," I ended quietly, "I know how I could use a few thousands."

THERE was a cynical smile in her eyes. "This is a queer situation," she observed flatly. "Generally it is the young man's father who has to buy freedom for him from some chorus girl. Well, Cicely has no father, and I suppose I'll have to take care of it.

"Young man, I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you'll give up Cicely!"

I had never believed that things like that happened in real life. The idea of this woman's believing that I would sell my love for Cicely! I knew after she proposed that we would never be able to make ourselves understood to each other. So I saved breath.

"No," I smiled. "No."

"What do you want, then?"

"Cicely."

"I . . . see . . .!" sarcastically. "Love's young dream . . . death without end . . . eh?"

"Something like that, Mrs. Dearborn," I said quietly.

"It isn't so! If Cicely should be separated from you for a year's time she'd forget she ever thought she cared for you!"

I shook my head. "I don't think that's true, Mrs. Dearborn. I'd be willing to gamble on Cicely."

"Would you?" she snapped me up so eagerly that I knew she was driving at something. "All right, then. I'll give you five thousand dollars not to see Cicely for a year,

not to communicate with her in any way! You said you'd gamble, now do it!"

I shook my head again. "No, Mrs. Dearborn. I'm not selling Cicely."

"How'll you marry her, then? It'll be ten years before you're earning enough in your profession."

"Not that long, Mrs. Dearborn. Besides," quietly, "I'm going to borrow enough to take a shot at that hydroelectric plant."

She smiled in triumph. "Where?" she shot at me. "Both the bank and the finance company have already turned you down!"

"How did you know that?" I started asking, then, "Oh, of course! I should have remembered that Colonel Dearborn owned a majority of the stock of both companies. No wonder they turned me down!"

"REMEMBER, too, young man, that banks and finance companies have organizations. With the information that has been sent out to the other companies you won't get that loan, rest assured of that!"

She leaned over to drive her point home. "And here's something else for you to think about. I'm offering to buy a separation that I can have without asking your permission! I'm going to take Cicely abroad, keep her there, until she learns that it's only her inexperience that makes her believe now she's interested in you!"

"Then why pay me for it," I asked bluntly, "if you can take Cicely abroad against my opposition?"

"I'm not a fool," said Mrs. Dearborn, and I was convinced that she was right. "Parental opposition never hinders a young girl's idiocy. It will be value received if you agree."

She eyed me keenly. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she said suddenly. "You say you won't sell your hold on Cicely. Agree to let her alone for a year, not to communicate with her, and tomorrow your application for a loan to the Finance Company will go through."

I leaned back to consider. My first impulse was to decline sharply. And yet, what she said was true. Cicely would not defy her if she insisted on a trip abroad. Why should she?

Obtaining that loan meant my chance in life, a chance to jump five years ahead. And if she were telling the truth about spiking my guns with all the other banks——

On impulse, I nodded. "Subject to Cicely's approval," I told her, "I'll do it!"

Mrs. Dearborn frowned. "Why does she have to be told?" she asked.

"Because I won't do it otherwise," I told her.

CICELY'S reception of the news was very much of a surprise to me. Never before had I seen her angry.

"You've sold a year of my life without consulting me!" she blazed at me. "I've money of my own; if you had let me know you wanted it, you could have had it!"

"You know I wouldn't do that," I told her. "Men have a name for those who do a thing like that! I'll earn my right to marry you, for myself!"

"Like getting five thousand dollars for not seeing me for a year?" Cicely cried.

"No! That loan I'm asking would have been approved if the majority stockholders hadn't vetoed it. All I'm buying is fair play."

"But you're buying it," Cicely persisted angrily, "with a year out of my life! You had a right, perhaps, to agree not to see me. But you had not the slightest right to agree that I shouldn't see you!"

"I'm sorry, Cicely," I told her. "I didn't think of it in that way. It just looked to me, honey, like a chance for us to get married, when otherwise it would take years and years. If my hopes go through, honey, we'll be fixed for life, years ahead of anything I could do otherwise. And," I reminded her, "I haven't agreed finally. I made it subject to your approval."

Somehow that made her even more angry. "I won't have you hiding behind my skirts!" she blazed at me. "That settles it! You'll go through with your agreement that you made 'subject to my approval!'

"Who knows," she went on wildly, "mother may be right, after all! I love you now enough to marry you tonight and take our chances together!

"But in that year of my life that you've sold, I'm going to do my best to forget you! I'm going to do just what mother wants me to, meet all the men I can, try my best to fall in love with one of them!"

I was silent. I knew that something I had done was wrong and yet I did not see quite what.

"A year, you said? All right, I'll see you, a year from tonight! We'll have dinner together, a sort of happy anniversary! And if there's anything I can do during that year to forget you, to make myself quit loving you, I'm going to do it! Good-by!"

That was our farewell.

I did not sleep much that night. Yet a night of wakefulness did not reveal to me anything I could do. I had made my bed, all I could do, heaven help me, was go through with it.

Before noon the business details were closed; the Finance Company had approved my loan and I had bought a right to go ahead with the power site. I did not have enough money to buy it outright, so we closed our trade in the form of an option, part down, and a payment each year for five years. If any payment were not made promptly, all my rights lapsed automatically. I did not like that entanglement, but it was all I could get.

THEN began my time of labor. Mules, tractors, cement. I began spending money like a drunken sailor. I was not to see Cicely again; there was therefore nothing to keep me in town. I headed out to the camp site, and speeded up the work.

In a week the shanties and cabins were finished and the boom of dynamite in the creek had begun to reecho. In a month the dam was beginning to take form. In three months we were pouring concrete yards above the foundations.

It was not easy. But from the paper I learned that Cicely and her mother were in southern France and the little picture of her somehow kept my tiny room in the work shack from being quite as lonely.

It was funny. The days were ever so long when I thought of Cicely and ever so short for the work that we had to do. Rabbit was a godsend; I worked the poor, willing devil nearly to death.

When I received the notice that the first semiannual payment of interest on my loan was due I could hardly believe that much time had elapsed. It made me check over the balance to my credit and that made me thoughtful. The construction work was costing a whole lot more than we had expected.

Through the winter, when ordinarily the men would have scattered to their homes, I held them, somehow, at work. If I could get the work far enough along, the hydroelectric plant would carry itself. With Mrs. Dearborn's influence dead against me I knew better than to try to secure additional aid.

They say fleeing rats mean a sinking ship. I felt a sinking feeling when the negro hands, recruited laboriously and with infinite pains, began to desert, singly and in batches. Somehow I kept wabbling along. But the hopelessness of it all was driven home to me when I came in from the dam one night and found the cook stove cold. Uncle Mose, the colored cook, had quit without an intimation to me.

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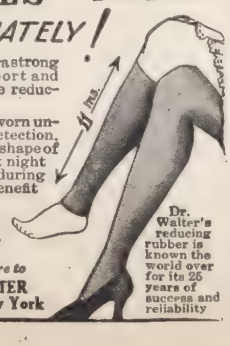

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I hated that. It hurt. I would have banked on old Uncle Mose; he had known me since I was a baby, had taught me how to make a figure four trap, and which side of the barn to nail coon hides. Wearily I went to the door.

"Rabbit—!" I called, and indicated the great heap of unwashed dishes, greasy, unpalatable looking. "You're the cook, now."

Rabbit gave one protesting look. "Gawd!" he complained dolefully. "Gawd!"

We had considered Uncle Mose about the world's worst cook but Rabbit's first meal wrested that title from him.

In the morning Rabbit had disappeared.

I KNEW then I was whipped. I had been trying to deceive myself for months, trying to forget the payments inevitably coming due. Trying only to make each day take care of itself. Rabbit's desertion was the last straw.

From the swamp gang, dwindled almost to nothing, I picked a cook at random. He proved just that sort.

My holding on was merely a question of hours. Men in the open must be fed, and fed well. The one absolutely certain way to lose men is to feed them poorly prepared food.

Late in the afternoon of the second day a boy on a motor-cycle sputtered up to the office and waited while I read the telegram he brought:

"Your negro says telegraph him seven dollars."

I knew who was meant. Rabbit. How he got that far away, what he wanted with seven dollars, I did not know. My first impulse was of resentment at his desertion; then I remembered that Rabbit had never asked for wages. That much was due him, I reckoned, and I turned it over to the messenger.

Somehow I kept things running a day or two more. I was hardly sleeping at nights, and nothing seemed quite normal to me. I was not prepared for visions, however, and I nearly dropped when late at sunset Rabbit strolled into camp, a new, resplendent Rabbit in another checkered suit and high-buttoned, canary-colored shoes, a self-important, confident Rabbit, followed closely by an overtowering, stout, colored female companion who struggled in vain with two heavy suitcases.

"Boss," announced Rabbit happily to me, "heah's yo' cook!"

I blinked. Rabbit had not deserted, after all. "Rabbit?" I asked, feeling dizzy. "On seven dollars? How did you do it?"

"Railroad ticket don' cost but fo' dollars 'n' ninety cents, suh. An' when I got into dat big town, suh, I jes' sort o' et 'roun' in de white fo'ks kitchens, suh, testin' out de cookin', suh. Dis' am de bes' cook in dat town, suh; I et wid 'em all!"

HE EYED my evident, awed disbelief and went on. "F'r de shoes 'n' clo's, suh, dey was some niggers foolish enough t' git into a crap game wid me. She bought huh own ticket, suh, she got money o' huh own."

"But Rabbit! How long had she been cooking for her folks? How did you persuade her to quit them and come with you?"

"How long, suh? Seven yeahs. And," happily, "it wasn't so hard to puhsuade huh, suh, to come an' cook f'r you.

"You see, suh," said Rabbit, "I jus' sort o' married huh."

Supper was served on time that night for the first time in a month: biscuits that fairly melted in one's mouth; homemade rolls that cried aloud for butter and teeth; cornbread that crunched in its crisp lightness; all the old dishes that men never tire of and new ones that tempted to a test of the belt's strength. There was eating to repletion by trenchermen who yielded the cleaned plate to no foeman and for the first time in months there was tobacco and singing after supper.

I, however, heard none of it. I was lying in my bunk alternately grabbing for blankets as I shivered with a chill, or prying up the window as the fever took hold of me and Rabbit was flying for the doctor.

That individual, they tell me, did not smile when he entered and I greeted him by telling him I knew he would never marry me, since I had failed. He was as gentle with me in my delirium as he was violent with those around me. "Darn it!" he swore at them, "this boy is going to die, I tell you! Where are your mosquito screens? Why didn't you use quinine; why didn't somebody send for me in time?"

I knew nothing of their efforts to keep me on this side of the Jordan. There were any number of fantastic visions that kept me company, a green monkey that came repeatedly and sat on the foot of my bunk. I walked in a black robe down a dusky, vaulted cavern, hunting for something that I did not quite want and recurring all through, Cicely floated above me, dimly. I know that I wept weakly when I told her that I didn't want to be a quitter; that I couldn't bear to lose her, too, now that I had failed.

Finally there came a day when the vision was of a whitewashed ceiling that miraculously stayed just that, and of a yellow face with long ears that bent over me, blubbering when I recognized the ensemble and called it "Rabbit." Even that was too much exertion and I sank back weakly to sleep.

Day by day I climbed back to strength. My waking hours were longer and at last I noticed.

"Rabbit?" I asked, "work has stopped, hasn't it? I don't hear the shovels or the teams."

RABBIT rolled back the white of an eye. "Law, Boss," he said. "Ain' been nobody workin' f'r a long time, suh. Ev'ybody's gone but us, suh."

That held me for days. I was content to lie back, hour after hour, alone with my thoughts.

They were not pleasant thoughts. My only excuse is that one is not quite normal when he is sick.

Then there came a day when a thought brought the strength of wild horses to me. "Rabbit!" I called with more strength than in months. "Rabbit!"

He came running, concern in his face. "Rabbit," I asked, "what's today? Is this," indicating the newspaper that he had just handed me, "the paper that came this morning? Today's the fifth, then?"

"Yassuh," answered Rabbit, indicating that he did not know, and then, sharply, "What you doin', suh, gittin' up? You ain' strong enough, suh—"

"I've got to be, Rabbit," I told him. "I've an appointment in town tonight that I made a year ago," and I smiled bitterly. "The lady, Rabbit, will be curious to know what I have accomplished."

I saw little of the Southern landscape as the flivver took me into town. We would arrive just about dark. I did not even know if Cicely had returned from Europe. What luck had she had, I wondered, with her struggle to fall in love with somebody else?

But Cicely had returned. She answered the bell herself, ready to go with me. I was thankful that it was so dark she could not see me.

Her first good look at me came when the waiter seated us at the table in the semi-private little alcove. At sight of my pale face, of the garments hanging loosely about my frame, the weakness, the blood suddenly left her cheeks. One little hand went to her lips:

"What, what has happened?"

She did not speak as I told her. I tried not to spare myself. Her face grew more and more dark. It lightened only when I told her how Rabbit had got me the cook.

Then the drawn look returned to her face as I told of the rats deserting the sinking ship, of the fiasco to which the fever had added the finishing touch.

"And—finis! That's all." I did my best to speak lightly. "Your mother was right and I was wrong. The pitiful part of it is, though, Cicely," my voice caught in spite of myself, "that it's all there ready to serve the country around if a man with real ability could take hold of it."

I tossed my hands up lightly. "That's all. My second payment falls due tomorrow. I'm using my last ten dollars for this meal. When I don't make that payment my rights expire automatically. And I," I set my teeth and made it light, "go out and hunt a job, clerking somewhere."

I HAD plenty of time to regain control over myself, and still Cicely had not spoken. At last I looked up. Cicely's big eyes were full of tears, and her sensitive lips were quivering. She shook her head.

"No, honey," her tone was low and her young face, too, was drawn. "You're wrong; it wasn't you.

"You aren't the one who failed—it was I! If I had done my part there wouldn't have been any failure. If you hadn't known that mother could bulldoze me into that trip abroad there would have been nothing that could have forced you. I should have been there with you to keep the cook for you, to tease and cajole the men into sticking. It was my part to make sure that you got the food and sleep and quinine you needed.

"And because that silly pride of yours said you wouldn't use the money Daddy left me to make me happy, I let you say it to me, and let you get away with it!"

Her voice broke. "You say you're a failure when you carried on, sick, discouraged, alone, with inadequate equipment and resources. I didn't promise not to keep up with your progress and the engineer I hired to make a report said you've done wonders!"

She caught her breath sharply. "But you're not whipped! You're not beaten at all! I won't have it!

"We'll show them that it can be done! When that payment falls due tomorrow, we'll pay it, you and I, full partners! And we're going back down there to that camp together, you and I, and we'll fight it through till we win right, this time!"

I came erect in my chair. I did not feel at all like a sick man now.

"Cicely!" I cried and there were tones ringing all through my voice. "You mean Cicely you still care? You'll marry me and go down there with me, shoulder to shoulder, partners . . . you and I . . . ?"

With her eyes like stars Cicely nodded. "Of course I do!" she told me, and lifted up her face:

"That's the right way to get a partner, isn't it? The way Rabbit got the cook."

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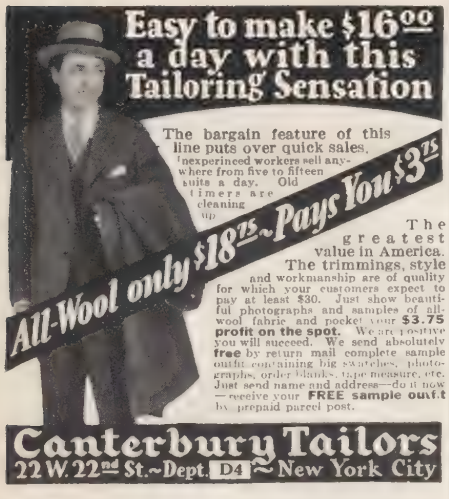
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Blonde Wanted

[*Continued from page 44*]

of my crestfallen mood and try some raillery. It was the only way I could come through. "You bet. Come on and ride me down on your truck. I'll send the chauffeur for my car. I'm curious about something. I want you to tell me how you came to decide you wanted a blonde," I said.

"Well, I guess it was this way," he said. "I've been strong for blondes ever since I first saw one of Henry Clive's blonde magazine cover girls. Fresh, pretty young faces! I guess those pictures got glued in my mind. Anyway, I've always been looking for a blonde girl like the one he draws."

"And you've never found one anywhere?"

"Well, not yet," he answered.

WE REACHED the house without another word. He parked his truck right in front of the veranda and I led him into the hall.

"Mr. Cosden wants you on the telephone, Miss Julie," announced Graves, the butler.

Ted Tiernan waited while I went into the telephone room and spoke with father. It was all I could do to collect myself enough to even say yes and no, to the things he said.

Was I home? Silly question! Was I still looking for that prince bird? Better get all that foolishness out of my head. Had I told Dav to come out? He was the kind of man to make believe was my prince. A lot of pink-tea men and fellows who acted like toe dancers had answered his ad for a man secretary. Weren't there any he-men in the world who knew shorthand? That Ted Tiernan would have made a whiz. The fool! Why didn't he show some brains and come down for the job?

At last father signed off. I told my prince-chap all that father had said about him but he didn't act at all interested.

"I'm afraid your father and I could never get along even if I were interested in his proposition," said the shirt-sleeved prince. "And now may I borrow your phone?"

I had failed to get a rise out of him. He hadn't even tried to fake an interest in me as most men would have done after the lead I had given him. I felt beaten.

When he came out of the telephone room smiling, an awful fear shook me. Had he been telephoning some blonde girl? Was that why he smiled?

He came toward me, his hand extended. "It was awfully sweet of you to let me come in and use your phone. Thank you very much, Miss Cosden," he said.

I groped for his hand blindly. "My name's Julie," I said. I hoped that he wouldn't go.

"Pretty name," he said. "Good-by, Julie."

"Won't you stay to lunch? There's plenty for both of us," I said.

He shook his head, "I'm sorry; I can't. I've got to run along," he said, "and anyhow I'm dieting. Never touch any lunch."

My mind suddenly focused on that hateful "Blonde Wanted" sign and it provoked me into saying, "I suppose you've got to go and look for that blonde."

"Maybe that's it."

"Then run along and I hope you find your old blonde," I said.

Then I left him abruptly and went up to my room. I flung myself across the bed and stuck my fingers in my ears so as not to hear his old truck rumbling out of the gates and down the road. But I heard it anyhow and its roar ground down into my heart. I had lost my wonderful prince-chap.

Helene came twice begging me to have some lunch but I didn't have any appetite. I wished I were dead or, at least, that I had never seen Ted Tiernan and his old "Blonde Wanted" sign. At three o'clock I decided to go back to Dancing Brook. It would hurt terribly to stand there on the rock where he had held my arm but I wanted to be hurt. I think love makes us want to either be awfully happy, or dreadfully unhappy. So I wandered back there to dream how wonderful life could have been if only my prince-chap had fallen in love with me instead of going away.

Standing on the big flat rock with the water's silver spray sparkling about me, I closed my eyes and remembered until the pain of my make-believe drenched my eyes with tears. I stumbled over the rocks wetting my feet but did not care.

Ted Tiernan's vision still haunted me as I climbed back into the roadster. I knew that I must find something to do, some place to go. I couldn't mope around all afternoon.

"I've just got to forget him," I said. "I'll run over to Ellen Hammersly's house. Maybe Ellen can help me put Ted out of my mind."

But I knew I wasn't going to Ellen's just to try and forget my prince-chap. I was hoping that I might see Ted Tiernan somewhere on the way. He had driven off in Ellen's direction.

I wondered what I'd do if I saw him driving along. Would I stop him? Would I talk to him? And if I did would I be able to kid him about looking for his blonde? A girl couldn't afford to let a man see how crazy she was about him. I was still wondering about these things as my roadster came to the top of a long hill.

A truck was parked ahead on the other side of the road. Trucks meant only one thing to me, my prince-chap! Was it Ted's truck? My hands trembled against the steering wheel.

"IF IT is I'd better keep going," I thought, but in spite of this I slowed down. The next moment I was in a panic at the realization that it was Ted's truck. He was sitting in the front seat eating a sandwich after he had rushed away, refusing my offer of lunch, saying he never ate lunch!

"You better step on it, Julie Cosden," I told myself but a force stronger than my panic possessed me with the desire to see him again. I stopped my car opposite his truck and blew the horn. He straightened up and waved what was left of his sandwich at me.

"Caught in the act," he laughed.

"Well, it's your own fault that you missed a wonderful lunch. I ate it all myself," I added. Although my heart was breaking he wasn't going to know I hadn't touched a bit of food on his account.

"The spring air gave me an appetite. Honest, I never eat lunch," he said.

My eyes rested on the hated "Blonde Wanted" sign, which made me rage inwardly but all I could do was try to kid him about it. "Not having much luck, eh? I see you're still looking for a blonde."

"Yeah, still looking," he said and I could have pulled his hair.

"Guess they're pretty scarce up this way."

"Yes, they are scarce," I said, "and so are nice brunettes. So long."

I started for Ellen's again, wishing I hadn't stopped. Darn him and his old blondes! He was just ruining the first day of spring for me.

Ellen had two other girls at the house so we sat down to bridge. I muffed all my plays because my mind wasn't on bridge. It was on Ted Tiernan. I wondered if he was parked back there on the road. Or still riding around looking for a blonde?

"Julie Cosden, what's eating you? You just bid five hearts, now you say diamonds,"

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Ellen complained, shocked at my mistakes.

"I really mean hearts. Oh gee, Ellen, I don't even mean five hearts. It's three clubs."

The girls laughed.

And after an hour of trying to play I gave up. It was almost five o'clock and father's train was due soon.

"I've got to meet father tonight," I said at the end of the second rubber.

"For your father's sake I hope you don't meet Truckman Tiernan on the way," Ellen said.

"Nothing doing! I'm through with any man who rides around the country with a 'Blonde Wanted' sign," I said but that was only another bluff. I was hoping I'd meet him on the way to the station.

The afternoon's sun was already slanting down behind the purpling hills and all of my anger at Ted Tiernan for having passed me up melted into wistful yearning as I drove through the sunset hour.

"Oh, if only I were a blonde and he loved me, how beautiful life would be!" I thought and the tears came to my eyes.

DOZENS of automobiles were parked at the Katonah station waiting for the five o'clock home-comers. I saw father's limousine in the usual place and my heart turned a somersault at sight of the big truck parked next to it. What did it mean? The train was whistling down the tracks and I saw Ted Tiernan on the platform.

I parked my roadster behind the other cars and I hurried toward Ted's truck. A great hope was swelling in my heart but I was afraid it would end in disappointment.

Father was one of the first off the train and Ted Tiernan went up to him. The crowd swirled about them but a moment later I saw father pushing through it toward the ticket office and Ted heading for his truck.

I hurried back to the roadster without letting either of them see me. I gave my car the gas and headed for High Acres by a back road. I had just time to skip into the library before Ted's truck rumbled through the gates. I waited, trying to calm myself for father's call which came almost immediately after he entered. He came in alone in exceptionally good spirits.

"Hello, Julie," he said. "I got my secretary. Ted Tiernan changed his mind and took the job. We're going to Canada tonight on the midnight. You're going too. You're in too dangerous and romantic a mood to leave here all alone."

"Father!" I cried.

"No argument, Julie. You're going. Go on up and start packing while I make a telephone call," father said and left me.

As I ran up the stairs a tall young giant suddenly blocked my way and caught me in his arms.

"Let me go. How dare you?" But I kept my voice down to a whisper. "You don't want me. I'm a brunette."

"Ssh!" he said. "That blonde sign was on the truck when I bought it last night. I didn't see it until you pointed it out to me this morning. Then I decided the best way to get a brunette was to let her believe I wanted a blonde."

"Oh! You big beautiful idiot," I whispered. "You're the best little advertiser in the world."

"I didn't think I'd have had a chance with you if you knew I loved you from the first."

"You wouldn't have had a Chinaman's chance," I said, "but, stop talking, silly, so I can kiss you. Father'll be along any minute. And remember you may be my prince-chap but you'll be only his secretary."

"His future son-in-law you mean," said Ted. "And it does pay to advertise."

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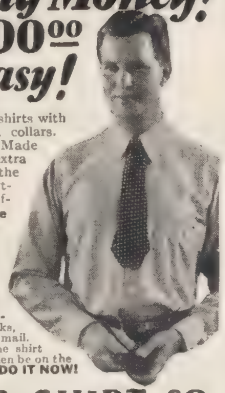

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Gypsy Mates

[*Continued from page 31*]

many miles today. I reached here penniless. I didn't know what to do. It's a fearfully great city. Everybody rushes by. No one cares. I can't beg and I'm too tired to work."

When I opened the door of my apartment, which is really just a large front room with a fireplace, a bath and a kitchenette, she gave a cry of delight.

"How lovely," she said, and sank into a deep chair before the fireplace. I knelt down and built a fire. I put in newspapers, kindling and charcoal. In a few minutes there was a blaze, and she sat, leaning forward, her chin on her hand, gazing into the flames. She was so beautiful sitting there that I gazed at her breathlessly.

"What are you thinking?" I asked.

"I'm not thinking," she said. "I'm just feeling. I'm just happy."

"I'll make you happier," I said as I leaped up and attacked my cupboard. In a few minutes we clinked glasses and shared a cocktail. Then I got out some cold chicken, some bread and butter, and made some hot coffee. I placed a little table before her and she ate.

And at that moment the telephone rang. I lurched toward it angrily. What stupid friend wanted me at this hour?

"That you, Harry?"

"Yes, Grace," I said. "What's up?"

"Oh, I felt I had to speak to you. Just a good night, you know. Do you love me, Harry?"

"Of course," I said.

"Oh, but say it."

"I do love you, Grace. You know that."

"Thank you, dear. I just wanted you to say that. Good night, Harry."

I HUNG up the receiver, feeling curiously chagrined. Yet I knew it was ridiculous. Of course I loved Grace. How thoughtful of her to call me up! And then I saw the look on the face of my visitor.

"Are you married?" she asked.

"Why?"

"Oh, you seemed so different from that!" she said.

I laughed. "Only engaged."

She stared at me a few moments while I squirmed. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Oh, a wanderer," I said. "Commercial, of course, but still a wanderer, a tramp. I've been on the seven seas, and always footloose, but I'm weary of it all, I'm going to settle down. I'm going to have a home and a family."

She kept staring at me, incredulous as a child. "And she," she asked, "is she the wandering sort? Or must you stay at home with her?"

I laughed again. "She's a good woman," I said.

She returned to her eating while I marched up and down, greatly perturbed.

"You haven't even told me your name, and what you are," I said at last.

"My name?" she said and paused to light a cigarette. "It's Cairna Brent. And what I am? Anything. I grew up in the poor districts of six cities. My mother died; my father couldn't make out, and we children worked. I'm a business girl. I've done clerical work and typewriting. And every so often I leave the jazz, the dancing, the parties, the men and set off for places where I can see the sky and feel the wind and know the earth. I love to go and go."

"Oh, I seem to know you," I said, "and yet you are the deepest mystery to me. Why do your eyes say more than your tongue? And why do I love to watch you as much as I love to listen to music?"

She did not reply to that. Instead she said abruptly, "She won't wander with you?"

I felt shocked again. "Of course not. I am longing to settle down, to have a home, to stop being an outcast."

She laughed softly. "You? A gipsy like you? Oh, if I were she, I'd follow a man like you all over the world. The greater the dangers we lived together the better I'd like it. I'd starve with him, sleep under the stars with him, suffer and laugh with him. I'd be his woman."

THERE was something so elemental about this, so direct and deep, so eternally woman, that I could almost have knelt at her feet and said, "You are more wonderful than I dreamed a woman could be!"

But the thought was taken from my head. "And what is your name?" she asked.

"Harry Ardsley," I said.

"I'm fearfully tired, Mr. Ardsley," she admitted.

I pulled the cover off the couch, and set the pillow in its place.

"You'll find everything you want and need," I said. "I'm going over to a hotel. See you tomorrow some time."

"But I'm putting you out," she said.

"No," I said, "I love this. Good night, Miss Brent."

With that I left her, but I could not put her out of my mind. Instead of sleeping that night I kept thinking about her.

I put her out of my mind. I thought of Grace, darling Grace.

Finally I slept. The next day when I awoke I resolved that I would not allow Cairna to disturb me. I must be very businesslike with her.

Cairna saw the change in me when I returned to the apartment and kept watching me as I used the telephone. I phoned first to Grace and told her I would see her for dinner. Then I phoned to a friend and asked him to give Cairna a job. He promised. I gave Cairna the address. Then I drew out fifty dollars and offered it to her.

"What for?" she asked.

"Clothes."

"Oh, no," she said. "I shall go to work in these."

I put the money away. Her great eyes were following me.

"Call me up at six," I said, "and tell me what sort of room you've found, and how the job goes."

It was a hard day for me. I felt harsh, unhappy, unnatural. My temper got the best of me several times. It was as if I were trying to kill something in myself.

Back in my apartment at five-thirty, I paced up and down nervously, looking at my watch. I was acting like a boy. I was stopping now and then to look at that armchair, to see her again holding a chicken bone and saying to me, "Am I like a little pig?" How musical her voice had been! Her great eyes watching me. She had said if she were Grace she would follow me to the ends of the earth. I knew she would. Midnight or morning or afternoon, let but the summons sound, and she would be at my side, ready and eager, though death lay around the corner. She would lay down her life for the man she loved. A miraculous woman! The kind that have pioneered since the dawn of time, the kind that have pushed men forward to their great victories: the helpmate, the pal, the mother, a man's woman.

The phone rang. Her clear musical voice lifted. "It's on West Tenth Street. You hear me? Yes, that's the number. It's

nice, but small. The job is good. I like it. Yes, I had three meals today. I got a little advance. How are you? Yes. Shall I see you again, Mr. Ardsley?"

"I have your address," I said, "and I know where you work. I'll let you know."

"Oh," she said. "Good-by."

I started across the Square to the Fairhopes. What was I so disturbed about? Time and again I had gone mad about women. Then the madness lifted. A whistle on the river, a wind from the sea, and I was off. No, it was not that way with Grace. There was something solid, something to count upon. I was always glad to see her; she always made me welcome. She soothed me. I could sit back and smoke and talk. She loved to hear me talk.

I COMPOSED myself and reached the Fairhopes. Grace met me at the door, beautifully dressed, and greeted me with a kiss. She looked up into my eyes.

"Are you glad," she whispered, "we're engaged?"

"Of course I'm glad," I said and felt relieved. I could let go again. I didn't need to be all keyed up, all bewitched.

We had a delightful dinner, talking and planning and then I took Grace to the theater. The show was a good one and held my attention. At a little after eleven I left Grace in her apartment.

On some obscure impulse I seized her hands and looked into her eyes.

"Grace," I said, "for heaven's sake tell me. How much do you love me?"

"Enough," she said, "to marry you."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"You frighten me," she said. "There's something in you I don't like."

"Well, it's part of me, Grace. Look before you leap."

"Oh, don't," she whispered, "or it will all be impossible."

"Nonsense!" I dropped her hands and laughed. "Overwork, I guess. You darling, I didn't mean a word of it."

She looked happy again. "I know you didn't, Harry. Kiss me and make me feel comfortable."

I went out into the street. Comfortable! Make her comfortable! Not make her scale the moonlight, nor make her dance madly on the housetops, but make her comfortable. I sniffed the air. The sea was in it, clean and salty. There came to me a picture of a woman looking up through snow from a park bench and telling me she had hiked here from Chicago. Someone of my own world, my own kind! How beautiful, how wonderful! Comfort? She scorned my fifty dollars!

I turned to Tenth street. I took great strides until I came to the number Cairna had given me and rang the bell. The landlady answered.

"Oh yes," she said. "Miss Brent is two flights up, the hall room in front, but I fear the young lady has gone to bed."

"That's all right," I said and ascended. I knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" said her clear voice.

"It's Harry Ardsley," I cried.

In a moment the door opened; the room was dark; she sat on the edge of her bed, her overcoat about her, her hair wild over her face. She looked overjoyed, she feasted her eyes upon me.

"Cairna," I said, "I had to find out if you were all right."

"Of course, I'm all right. You're not."

"No, I'm not," I said. "You've raised the deuce with me. Let me tell you, Cairna, so I don't do any double dealing. I've been through this dozens of times. I'm led off my track by a face or a voice. I blow up the whole works, and then it's all over. I hate myself for it, but so I am. Pull out, while the going's good."

She laughed softly. "If it were anyone but you, I'd say you're frightfully conceited, but it's you, and I'm not afraid, Mr. Ardsley."

"Say Harry," I said.

"I'm not afraid, Harry Ardsley," she said. "Lead the way, I'll go with you. If it blows up, I'll say it was a day, the best in my life."

I was bowled over. Such candor hadn't come my way before. "All right, Cairna," I said, "tomorrow night we go and have dinner together. One tiny spree before I marry and settle down. I'll call for you at six. Is it a go?"

"It's a go," she answered.

I rose then and bolted. For I had caught her large eyes upon me adoringly. No, I swore to myself, I must not let this overcome me. It would be wild and mad to take her out the next evening. I surely was under a spell. Perhaps, I reasoned, as a man reasons before getting drunk, if I do this I will clear it out of my system and get rid of it. I'll have a fling with Cairna to be done with her.

Perhaps I was selfish and egotistic in my thoughts. Who knows? Men in certain moods will do certain things. I was running, I suppose, true to type.

What a day was that next one! I was of two minds, and the two minds worked against each other. Everything free in me, everthing young and unwearied, shook with delight over the coming evening. Everything else was troubled with conscience, with a knowledge that I was endangering my sure happiness for something that was but a momentary pleasure, an imitation orgy, the draining of a cup of wine. Why was I built that way, so unstable? Why not be like other men? Millions were contented with the true rich things of life, the eternal things: home, wife and children.

I called up Grace and told her I couldn't see her till the following night. "Was it all right?"

"YES," she said coldly, "I'll go out with Peter Lawler. He's been wanting to take me for a long time."

"All right," I said. "See you tomorrow."

"Harry," she said suddenly, and I thought there was a suspicious note in her voice, "are you sure it's business?"

Could I say it wasn't? "Mainly," I said.

"I don't like this in the least," her voice was quite cold.

"Sorry, dear," I said. "I'll explain tomorrow. Good-by."

She hung up. I swore. Partly at myself, but I did not care. I had to get rid of Cairna first. So long as she remained in my life I would be too restless, too spellbound. I would be unable to make Grace happy. Thus I argued as every man does who tries to justify something he really thinks unjustifiable.

By the time it was six, I had a sense of the whole world rocking on its foundations. I was doing something reckless, staking my happiness and also Grace's on an evening's enchantment with a woman who was merely one more woman and who could mean nothing to me. Anything might happen now. I made my way to Tenth street, up the two flights of stairs and knocked. She was all ready, lovelier it seemed to me than ever. The moment I saw her, I gave way to the spell. I laughed inwardly and felt foolishly happy.

"You are glad tonight," she said as we left, "that we're together."

"I'm too darn glad."

She took my arm, and we hurried down through the clear evening, over the packed snow. The lamps sparkled. People everywhere were hurrying. We crossed the Square and made into the darker streets of little Italy. The walk was fairly long before we turned a dingy corner and found Sapristi's, four steps down in the basement. It is a bit of old New York, a former bar-

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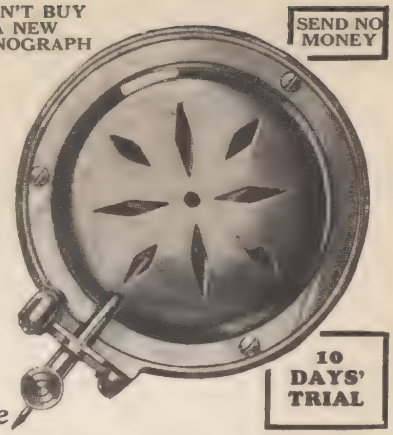

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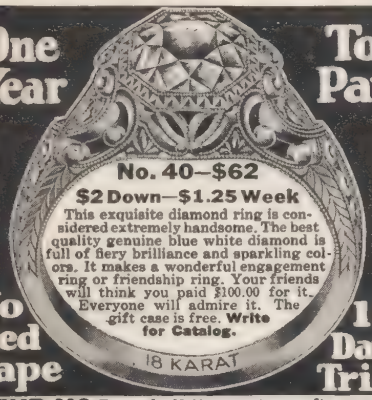

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room with some of the bar still standing, sawdust on the floor, tables for forty people, a nickel-in-the-slot piano, and Joe, the smiling proprietor, and cocktails, whiskey, gin and wine.

We found a corner table, took off our coats, sat down and relaxed. Then we had cocktails.

"I like this place," said Cairna.

"Yes," I said, "it's still unspoiled. Uptown hasn't fully discovered it yet and overrun it. A few come. Look about you."

THE sight was nothing new to Cairna. At two tables sat groups of rather rough-tough looking men and at another sat three young women, all brilliantly dressed, with hard pretty faces. Just then Joe came up and took the order. After he left Cairna stared at me.

"What are you thinking?" I asked.

She told me abruptly. "I'm jealous."

"Of her?" I asked.

"Yes, of her. I can't help it." The tears were coursing down her face. "I'm in love with you."

My heart gave a violent jump. "Too soon," I said, "don't. Let's not be tragic."

She wiped her eyes. "Forgive me," she murmured. "It's only so. And you know, now."

Her smile had a bitter twist in it, as she raised her glass and nodded to me. She drank.

"Don't, Harry," she said, "ever believe I'll say it again, or bother you. And don't be afraid of what will happen to me. I'm a good sport and it'll be all right."

I didn't have time to answer. A rather stocky man, with a smooth face, but eyes that were hard and cruel and lips thick and sensual, came in by the front door. He made straight for the table where the three young women sat. He kissed them in turns, and it was plain to see that all three were "his women". Then he sat down and glanced our way casually. First he noticed that I was looking at him; then he looked at Cairna. He rose slowly. He came toward us.

"Cairna," I whispered, "who is this man?"

Her voice was colorless. "Mr. Harry Ardsley, Mr. Arlo Gates."

"Well, Mr. Ardsley," he said insolently, "What's this young woman to you?"

I do not know even now what he intended, whether to claim her, to worry her, or to pick a fight, but I saw red. I lifted my cocktail glass and shot the contents into his face. In another moment we were both up and at each other. He was powerful; he knew how to fight, but I slugged away with a demoniac fury. I could feel the place reel about me, people rising from their tables, strangers coming in the front entrance, the waiters trying to get near us. We fought too hard. Over went a table. I felt I had the edge on him, until I saw the flash of a knife. Then suddenly the fight was over. For Joe had knocked the knife away and the two waiters had Arlo pinned down.

As I stood there, glowering, I heard a woman's voice.

"Who is this girl you fight for?"

I was calm, and yet absolutely stunned. Yes, it was Grace, standing there with Peter. What a fool I was! This was the very place I had introduced to Peter and which he valued above all other places for a strange and unique dinner.

I found myself hurrying toward the door. Peter gave a sickly smile. All eyes were on us. Grace, white with fury, seemed unaware of anything but me.

"I knew when you called me up, your guilty voice. I won't have a man I can't trust. Never come near me again."

"Grace," I began, "let me explain—"

She nodded to Peter and he opened the door. She turned from me, but I managed to say, "I'll drop in later," as she whisked herself out of the place.

A general murmuring began and Cairna rose quietly while three men still restrained Arlo Gates who was swearing roundly. I helped her on with her coat, paid the proprietor, and we stepped out.

All the way home we said nothing. I was too stunned. I had fought a life and death fight because of what? An insult? Hardly. It was for a woman. It was deep and elemental. My very soul had rushed out to the encounter.

I was cooling off. If it was as bad as this, I must have done with it. I had played the madman. I had done something reckless and dastardly and it was just that I should be caught in the act. I must make amends to Grace, make her see that it was the last outburst of dying fire. We entered Cairna's house, and climbed to her room. She lit the gas. I faced her. Already I saw death in that face, and I knew that her love for me was what she had said it was. "Oh, if I were she, I'd follow a man like you all over the world, the greater the dangers we lived together the better. I'd starve with him, sleep under the stars with him, suffer and laugh with him. I'd be his woman."

But no, I mustn't think of it. If one has something cruel to do, the sooner the better.

"It's good-by," I said.

"I know," she answered.

I TOOK a step away and paused. The night had become still, and in the distance to the west there rose a strange long blast and then another and another. A ship, a whistle! My nostrils distended, I saw the far horizon; I felt my blood. I knew myself. The gypsy, the wanderer, the sailor sniffing the sea again, the war-horse smelling the battle from afar off. Then I knew, just as I knew why I had been so disturbed, why I had been so reckless, why I had fought so demoniacally. I loved Cairna Brent as I had never loved before.

I turned. I took her in my arms.

"Cairna," I said, "I'm going over to tell Fairhope to keep his job, tomorrow we'll find a ship and go."

"You must do this?" she whispered.

"I must," I said.

She insisted on walking over to the house with me and waited out on the street, just like her, while I went up to see Grace and her father. Grace refused to see me, and her father, who was troubled and grave assured me in a way I was forced to believe, that Grace had really broken the engagement.

"I feared this," he said. "I really should have known. Nor am I blaming you, Harry. In fact, it's really better we found out before there was any real trouble—marriage, children and all that. As for Grace, I fear she's cured of you."

That was the gist of it. My conscience twinged and ached until I reached the street. There was Cairna, and we romped up the avenue, hand in hand. She was young, and I was young again too.

HAVE you ever chosen to sit in the seat of the scorner? Have you ever tried to take vengeance out of the hands of God and bend it to your own ends? Have you ever tried to humble the pride of a beautiful, wealthy, aristocratic girl and found yourself defeated and humbled instead? In my story "The Girl Who Didn't Care," which you will find in May SMART SET, *I'll tell you how all these things happened to me*

My Stolen Flight

[*Continued from page 76*]

hangar and the tail of the plane in semi-darkness. While the crowd pushed around the other side I slipped back into the shadows.

For a few moments I tried to reason the thing out sanely but nothing seemed to come straight. My heart told me that life without Ted would not be worth living. If the plane went down we could at least die together. My mind told me that my extra weight in the tail of the plane might be the difference between life and death for Ted. And even if I did succeed in being the first transatlantic stowaway Ted might turn against me for having risked his plane and the lives of the other men. I was almost frantic with indecision. Then I caught a glimpse of Vera Morley's smiling face among the crowd. No longer was I undecided. Anger seared me and I knew that unless I risked everything I might lose the dearest thing in life.

Behind me was a sawbuck. When I was certain no one was looking I pulled it forward and reached for the little door. It opened to my touch and I climbed up on the sawbuck and plunged in head first. Inside it was pitch dark but I remembered that along the bottom there was a narrow runway like a board placed over the beams of an unfinished attic.

I pulled the little door shut and fastened it from the inside. I could hear people rushing back and forth shouting orders, testing, tapping. Someone tried the controls and I heard the rudder and elevator wires ping along the outside fabric. Once someone tried the little door and I held my breath until I nearly strangled.

SUDDENLY the voices outside became quieter as though the crowd had moved away. Then came a series of brisk orders and I felt the huge ship moving forward and knew that it was being pushed out to the runway.

Suddenly the two giant motors caught, and the ship quivered and shook from nose to tail. As they opened them up the roar became terrific and I had to clench my hand over my mouth to keep back screams of fright.

I felt the great ship begin to lumber along, clumsily from side to side. A far-away roar came to my ears like the shouts of thousands of people in the distance.

I tried to gauge the speed as the ship bumped along with her heavy load and to picture Ted's face as he used his skill to get the plane off the ground before we came to the end of the runway.

I buried my face in my hands and prayed as I had never prayed before. Then I felt the ship nose up and bump back to earth only to rise a little higher. The next time I could feel her leave the ground and wabble along uncertainly for a few feet and then come down on her landing wheels with a terrific thump that fairly knocked the breath out of me. The next time she went up I could feel that she was holding her own. Then came a terrific blast of the motors and gradually I felt the nose go up and I knew that we were climbing.

It was then that I realized what I had done.

I glanced at the little radium-faced watch on my wrist and saw that it was nine-thirty. Dad had probably begun to worry about me. A half sob escaped my lips at the thought and I settled myself out lengthwise on my stomach and hoped that I could sleep. I knew that I wouldn't dare let them see me yet or they might turn back.

All through those first few hours my mind was a whirlwind of jumbled thoughts. Up

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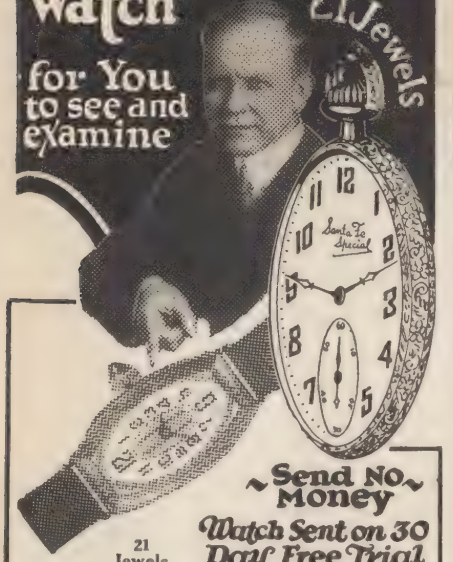

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until then I hadn't stopped to count the cost. But as I began to think I became afraid that in doing what I had done I might defeat my own purpose, if I didn't lose my life. Suppose Ted turned against me? For a brief moment I considered opening the little door and dropping out into the night. Then I resolved that I would win or lose with the same splendid courage Ted possessed.

I clutched the metal skeleton to keep myself from slipping and fell asleep. I awakened with a chill. When I tried to move my arm I found it so numb I couldn't raise it. I ached in every part of my body and my teeth were chattering from the cold.

When I managed a glance at my watch I estimated that we must be close to Newfoundland and were perhaps flying over the southern tip of it at that moment.

TED had gone over his course with me so many times on his charts that I knew it all by heart.

I began counting off the minutes to help pass the time. It was daylight by that time and I knew that if for any reason one of the crew came beyond the radio compartment I could be seen plainly.

I was not frightened that we might be forced down for I had complete confidence in Ted.

By fighting the cold I managed to stay in the tail until noon of the day after we left. I felt no hunger, there were too many other things to keep my mind off that. When I finally decided to make my presence known I couldn't get to my feet. I had to make my way along on my hands and knees toward the swaying curtain ahead.

When I reached the radio compartment it took all of my courage to push back the curtain because I feared Ted's anger. Suppose my weight in the plane should make the difference between success and failure?

I found the radio compartment empty. By pulling myself up on my knees and looking forward over the gas tanks in the cabin I could see Ted and Bill Hooper leaning over the instrument board and charts. Ray Meeker was on his knees behind them tinkering with the arrangement for pumping the extra gasoline into the tanks.

He got to his feet and started back through the cabin. It wouldn't have done any good for me to call for they couldn't have heard me. I just waited until Ray saw me.

He raised his eyes and I tried to smile. His was so startled, he dropped the tool he had and passed his hand over his face as though to brush away the sight of something he couldn't believe. As I stood up he continued to stare.

Then he began to move backward until he put out a hand and touched Bill Hooper on the shoulder. Bill swung about and Ray pointed a hand at me while he watched Bill's face as though he didn't expect Bill to see what he believed was a phantom. He looked relieved when Bill's eyes began to pop and he knew that I was real.

THEY came back and touched me as though I were a strange creature that had dropped from another world and then the three went over to Ted.

I waited for Ted to turn around! I wanted to scream in his ear to make him understand that I had come because life held nothing without him. I felt Bill Hooper's hand pressing my arm and his eyes told me that I must keep my nerve. In those few seconds I determined that if Ted turned against me I would slip back into the tail and drop out of the tiny door into space.

When Ted looked in at me his face went deathly white and for a moment he swayed forward in his little wicker chair. His eyes went to the faces of the other two men and then he put out a hand and touched my arm probably to make sure that I was real.

Suddenly I felt the plane slip to one side and Ted swung back to his controls until she became steady again. When he turned to us again he indicated that he wanted Bill to take the stick. He slipped out of the pilot's seat and I tried to shriek words in his ear but he shook his head and I realized that we were all deaf from the roar of the motors.

He took me by the hand, led me to a wicker chair in the cabin and wrote on a piece of paper.

"Where in the name of heaven did you come from?"

"Stowed away in the tail," I wrote. Of course he knew that all the time but just the same his eyes went wide with incomprehension and not a little anger. I saw the accusing light in his eyes, and I began to sway dizzily.

The next thing I knew Ted was pouring coffee down my throat. After that he forced me to eat a sandwich. It was the first food I had had since the day before but I refused to eat a second one because I knew that it must be almost their last.

I could feel new strength coming into my body after my second cup of coffee and I looked up into Ted's anxious eyes waiting for a storm of disapproval, but it didn't come. Instead he threw back his head and burst into laughter. Then he wrote on his pad: "Handy Jane, you're in a devil of a mess."

With that he led me forward so that I could see through the sides of the glass-enclosed cabin. We were rushing through a solid sea of fog, so thick I could not see the tips of the wings! It was just as though we were being pulled along on the tail of a hurricane.

WE WERE being whisked through the air at more than a hundred miles an hour, and I could only see ahead about thirty feet. I motioned to Ted and he gave me his pad and pencil.

"Where are we?" I wrote.

"About four hundred and fifty miles off Newfoundland. Rain and fog all the way since we left Nova Scotia. Motors both running sweet. Strong tail wind part of the way. With you here I think we'll make it, Handy Jane," he answered.

My heart sang with joy at that, although I saw that both Bill Hooper and Ray Meeker didn't feel the same way about it. Meeker looked as though he would gladly cut my throat as he passed me going back to the radio.

I wrote another little note to Ted telling him how I had got in and how I had ridden for that horrible eighteen hundred miles. He smiled and passed the note to Bill as he went back into the pilot's seat.

I rode there beside him although he acted as though he didn't know I was alive. I frequently dozed off and once when I awoke, I saw Ted glancing away smiling. As the day passed and darkness closed in about us the fog became thicker and the rain came slashing against the windows like streams of white fire.

Suddenly I saw Ted's face go tense and drawn and he wrote a single word on his pad and pushed it toward Bill. I leaned forward and he tried to hide it from me but not before I had seen the one word, "Sleet."

I knew only too well that if we couldn't get out of the sleet, it would level off the curvature of the wings and we would go plunging into the sea like a dead gull.

I felt the nose go up as Ted began to climb and watched the altimeter as we went upward from two thousand feet to three and four and five. Over a mile above the surface of the water we got out of the heavy fog and most of the rain, and there we stayed, roaring on and on through darkness.

At nine o'clock Bill estimated that we were

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about six hundred miles off the coast of Ireland. Without a mishap we would be over Le Bourget field in Paris by nine the next morning.

I remember very little of the rest of that night, except the beating rain and the roar of the motors. Ted's white face strained over the instruments, from magnetic compass and level to the altimeter, from the tackometer to oil pressure gauge, and then back to Bill's charts.

Once during the night Ted scribbled a note to Bill and I saw Bill shake his head and write something in return. They motioned to Ray Meeker and he came forward. For a moment he seemed doubtful about the thing they proposed and then he looked at me with his eyes full of hatred.

They tore up four pieces of paper and Ted wrote on another slip, "We have only three rubber suits and are going to draw for them."

At first I shook my head and refused. I wrote that I would not take one of them. He answered:

"We may be forced down at any minute, sleet getting worse. I'm in command. Draw."

I DREW and I got a suit. Ray Meeker was the unlucky one and I saw his face go white. What difference did it make, I thought. A person couldn't live out there for more than a few hours. The plane would go down like a lump of lead and I decided that when the time came I would go with it. Unless Ted had a gun to force Ray Meeker away from it he would have a suit. And why shouldn't he? I had no right to take his chance for life.

I touched Ted's hand for a moment and his hand left the stick to grip my fingers.

At three in the morning Bill wrote that he thought we were off the tip of Ireland headed for the English channel. But there wasn't any way of being certain. It had been impossible to take our position accurately from the stars because of the fog that had not abated for a single instant.

When daylight came again we were still hemmed in by that solid mass of white. Once Ted flew so low that we were in danger of dragging our aerial antenna in the water. We caught a glimpse of choppy waves below us and we all took heart because it looked as though Bill's estimate was right.

Still flying low we saw land for a brief instant through a rift in the fog and we knew we were over northern France. Bill wrote that we would soon be clear of the fog, but after another hour had passed we were still wrapped in fog so thick we could only see half-way to the tips of the wings.

Hour after hour we circled while the gasoline gauge dropped lower and lower.

When we had barely enough gas to stay up for another hour they decided that they must land and chance a crash. Ray pulled in the wireless antenna and Ted turned the nose of the plane down until we were a bare three hundred feet above the ground. Still we could see nothing below us but fog. He nosed up again and then down within two hundred feet of the ground. I expected at any minute to crash into the side of a hill or to be caught in the tops of the trees.

At three hundred feet, we darted into a hole barely a hundred feet wide and below us lay a flat field of brown and green. As we swept downward Ted cut off the motors, banked half-way around and touched the ground as lightly as a feather. Ahead loomed a wooden fence. As we plunged toward it I braced myself for the crash, but Ted pulled the rudder hard and we swept around to the left and came to a halt in a ditch. My head went against the instrument board.

When I sat up Ted was leaning back in his wicker chair, his eyes closed, his face a deadly white. I touched his hand and his

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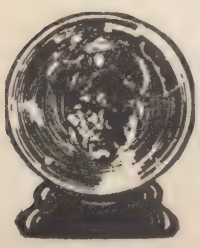

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cheeks with my lips. His eyes opened and he smiled.

Bill and Ray Meeker were climbing out of the little door at the side of the cabin when Ted took me in his arms. We had stayed there quietly for a moment. He raised his head and looked into my eyes. I tried to say something and could not hear my own voice.

Then Ted leaned forward and wrote on his pad, "Why did you do it, Handy Jane?"

I felt my face going crimson under his scrutiny, as I remembered the picture I had torn out of the paper and I thrust it under his eyes. He stared at it for a moment, then threw back his head and laughed.

I questioned him with my eyes and he wrote on his pad, "Bunk! I wanted to ask you to marry me before I left but I didn't think it was fair when there was a chance I might not come back," he dropped the pencil and shouted, "Married this afternoon?" and he touched me on the end of the nose and then pointed to himself.

We both laughed at that and I guess Ted's eyes were as blurred as mine when he took me in his arms.

Ted and Ray and Bill kept me under cover. The United States diplomatic service did their stuff to perfection as far as I was concerned. Of course a few people saw me that first morning and the story spread about France, but everyone laughed at it. It never got into the papers.

The New York police were never able to understand why Dad took them off the case of my strange disappearance without any explanation except that I was all right.

Ted says we wouldn't have half the things we have now if I hadn't been there to pull him across the Atlantic. His eyes always twinkle in that way I love when he goes on to say that no gentleman should ever let a lady drown!

Rebel Romance

[*Continued from page 25*]

"Is this true?" he demanded curtly. "You are to marry General Mora?"

"Yes," I answered.

He clicked his heels together and saluted. "I apologize for my unfortunate manners a few moments ago," he said dryly. "I should like to make a suggestion. In time of war things are always uncertain. I suggest that you marry General Mora tonight."

I was about to cry out when I caught Felix Mora's warning eye. I bit my lip and kept silent.

"You agree with me, Mora?" Ryder asked and turned to the General, as if already taking my consent for granted.

"Of course."

"Then leave everything to me. I'll have a priest here inside of an hour." He marched to the door and gave an order. A soldier came in.

"Show the Senorita to her room."

I went down the hallway, entered my own room, shut the door in my attendant's face, and nervously gathered together a few things I treasured. I was desperate, ready to do anything. It was only too clear that Ryder realized I did not, in my heart, intend to marry Felix Mora. He had devised this means of forcing me to show my hand.

THERE was only one thing for me to do, escape. I could hide. There were farmers near by whom I knew. They would help me.

I had my things tied tightly together when I opened the door. To my chagrin I found the soldier was still there. I started past him, but he barred my way.

"How dare you?" I demanded. He only shook his head and motioned me back to the room. I tried to brush past him again, but he caught my arm, and pushed me back. Then I knew Captain Ryder was taking no chances and that I was a prisoner indeed!

The windows were all barred, and there was no other doorway. I had little hope of bribing or tricking my guard. So I sat there while the darkness gathered swiftly.

And with the darkness after my long day of fear and worry, my spirits began to sink. What could I do except wait and hope for a miracle? Was it possible, was it really possible that I might have to marry Felix Mora to save myself?

He had meant to be kind, I knew, and he loved me perhaps. But somehow he was not the man I had dreamed of, he was not the man I had imagined as my husband.

I thought of my brother and my father and of how alone I was, and though I tried to be brave as befitted a Vallez, I was only miserable and frightened.

Now and then I would get up and walk around my room. Five times at least I opened my door, hoping foolishly to find my sentry vanished, or his vigilance relaxed. Each time he blocked the way with his carbine in his hands.

It was only by thinking of my father that I kept myself from breaking down.

It was late and I was very hungry and tired, though I was too nervous to have slept, had the chance been given me. There was a sound of voices in the corridor. My door opened, and I was beckoned out by my sentry.

He motioned me to follow him, and I marched at his side, with my chin in the air, determined to show no sign of weakness.

So we came to the door of the library, and I stepped inside. The lamps shed a soft glow of light in the high room. Captain Ryder was sitting there, looking anything but pleased, and Felix Mora himself seemed disturbed.

"How dare you keep me prisoner like this?" I burst out.

"You don't understand, Senorita," Ryder declared. "I was merely keeping you guarded. My men are very violent, particularly when they are in liquor."

"I have sad news for you," he said. "The General has just received an important dispatch that will take him from us immediately."

My heart gave a leap. I looked towards Felix Mora who was biting his lip.

"Fortunately, Senorita," Ryder went on, "a priest is on his way here and you can be married before he starts."

I think my face fell. I only know that Ryder suddenly gave a great laugh. "This will be a wedding I shall never forget," he exclaimed. "Never have I seen before such happiness. It makes me feel very old and very lonely."

Oh, how I hated him! I could not trust myself to speak. And once more I wondered that he, a captain, could be so insolent and overbearing with his superior, perhaps the future ruler of the country. What hold on Felix Mora did he have?

There was a noise outside and Ryder looked up.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "This must be our friend, the priest."

But only a tired-looking soldier burst into the room.

"Excellency, he escaped from us," the soldier said. "He ran into the woods; we could

not find him again although we looked hard."

Ryder leaped to his feet. "You fools! Go and find him now!"

The man was shaking. "Do not kill me," he said. "It was not I who lost him. We drew lots to choose who was to tell you, and it fell on me."

"Get out!" Ryder said.

He glanced towards Mora and their eyes met in a stare of which I could not read the meaning.

"This business of kidnapping priests is more difficult than I expected," Ryder muttered. Suddenly he seemed to reach a decision and banged his fist down. "This mission of yours, General, is a matter of forty-eight hours. Follow it, and I will see that the Senorita is properly protected. When you return, we will have a priest waiting."

AGAIN there was that duel of glances. I read suspicion and distrust, but I thought I read also a kind of pledge. At any rate Mora nodded agreement.

"I've no choice," he muttered.

He got up and walked to me. He lifted my fingers to his lips once more. "I shall return in two days," he said softly. "Meanwhile, if you will stay here—"

"I shall do my best to persuade her," Ryder said. "I will wait here until you return." He snapped out an order to my sentry who stood in the doorway and I followed him into the corridor.

It was black now except for the glow of the lantern he carried. He motioned me to return as if speech of any sort were unnecessary. I looked at his face with its negroid lips and its mixture of native Indian and Spanish, and I knew the hopelessness of appealing to him.

But as we moved down the hallway, a reckless impulse seized me. I knew it was useless trying to run. He would catch me in an instant, but very suddenly I kicked the lantern from his fingers. It crashed against the wall and the light went out. Then I sped down the hallway of which I knew every inch, while he cursed and blundered his way behind me.

I found the door to the lower apartments, slipped through, and ran towards the servants' wing. In far less time than it takes to tell, I had crossed the passageway, and sped out through the entrance at the rear of the house.

The stars were overhead, the night air was sweet and cool upon my face. I was free!

I heard the shouts and sounds of pursuit. I ran at the best speed I could summon across the patio. I climbed the wall, dropped to the other side, and crouched behind some bushes. A guard passed so close by that I could have stretched out a hand and touched him, but he did not see me, and in another instant he had gone past.

I rose to my feet and hurried out to the road behind the mill. I followed this until I came to a path I knew. Half running, half walking, I pushed on until at last I came out on the road to the sea.

Ah, that road, how I remembered it! As a child it had held all of adventure and romance to me. Down it some day were to come riding gallant knights and adventurers, nobles of Castile, who would fight for my favor. How different was the reality! For adventurers had come down it at last, but not the plumed adventurers I had imagined.

Now by that very road I saw my chance for escape. I knew the plantation was behind me, but I was a woman. I could not hope to hold it. My father would surely forgive me! It was the only road to escape and to liberty. I had friends in the big cities on the seacoast who would shelter me and help me. A hundred miles away the breakers thundered on the shore. A hundred miles before me! But I would bridge them somehow to get to the safety they offered.

It was dark and the vines and creepers held their shelter above and around me, so that not even the starlight could pierce through. I stumbled on, fearing the sounds of a pursuit, but there was only a deep silence and the sound of my own footfalls on the road to the sea, the road to safety.

A mile in the tropics can be very long, but at last after I had left five miles behind me I recognized the house of Juan Gonzales, owner of the nearest colonia. I beat on the door with my fists, and presently I saw Juan's stout, talkative wife peering at me with a lamp in her hand.

"Go away," she said. "We feed no gypsies at this hour and no soldiers either."

"I am neither soldier nor gypsy, Rosita," I assured her. "I am Laurita Vallez."

"Ave Maria!" she exclaimed in astonishment. The next moment she had drawn me inside. She put me into her best chair in her best room, and there presently she brought me a cup of goat's milk and a plate of chorizos. While I ate, I tried to tell her my story.

She interrupted me with frequent ejaculations, rolling her eyes, and calling on the saints. Juan was away, fighting to preserve things as they were, just as Felix Mora was fighting to change them. My story found a more than sympathetic listener. Rosita's brawny arm looked formidable enough to repel a regiment but she preferred to use her wits none the less.

"You shall sleep soundly for what there is left of tonight. And tomorrow you will stay here all day long. When dark falls, I will saddle the pony and put a big casket of food on his back and pray for you as you depart. What else will be necessary?"

She insisted that I sleep in her best bed, and I was touched by her kindness. Some day when the fighting was over, and I returned to the plantation I would see that Juan and his wife lacked nothing!

HOW soundly I slept! It was almost ten the next morning before I even opened my eyes, and when I did, there was Rosita with a bowl of coffee, a plate of crusty bread, and a tin of Danish butter.

But when I had eaten, she would not let me out of the rear room.

"The woods are full of soldiers. I think they may be hunting for you," she said. "I am not afraid of soldiers. I am not afraid of any men, even those who think they are fierce because they have mustaches and carry muskets. But it is just as well not to get into unpleasant arguments!"

So I stayed in hiding that long, long day, thinking over what had happened, and trying to plan for the future. I would come back to the plantation when this man's war was over, yes I would come back because my father would want that. But I no longer felt so confident, after what had happened.

It was the middle of the afternoon when the soldiers came. I heard them come pounding up to the door. I heard Rosita's angry voice, and could imagine her blocking the entrance with her brawny arms folded across her breast.

"Thieving rats, what do you want here?" she said. "Whatever it is you will not get it!"

A man laughed and I heard a splash of water followed by the swishing of a broom. There was an exclamation of discomfiture and a shout of laughter.

"Oyez, Mother," the voice of the corporal broke out, "we do not wish to trouble you. Tell us only have you seen a girl, the girl that owns the plantation of Piedrecitas, come through here."

"I wish that I had so I could deceive you. I wish that I had sheltered her that I might drive you from the door. Now get on with you. You are fat from sitting all day in the posada and your fingers are black from

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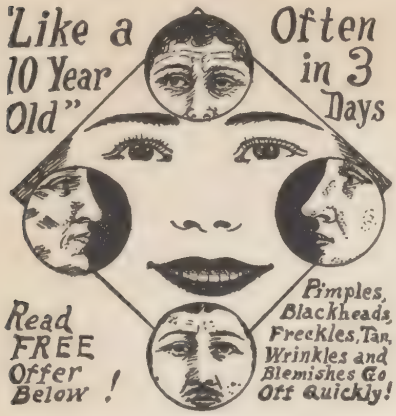
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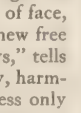

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the pesos you have stolen from good people!"

There was another laugh, and then I heard a man say:

"Let the old witch be! We cannot be wasting all day with her."

I heard them departing and Rosita waddled triumphantly into the room where I had been crouching.

We talked, or rather Rosita talked and I listened. She told me all about her Juan and his defects.

BUT if she bullied Juan, she was good to me. The pony was saddled as she had promised, and a bag was crammed with food, when darkness fell. Then she gave me her blessing, and I started down the road. My hand was on a pistol she had given me, and I found a certain comfort in that, even though I knew in my heart I could never use it.

I was not tired, for I had slept half the day. I was on the road to the sea. I would be in the coast city soon enough, among friends. The plantation and the soldiers were farther behind me every moment. But I kept thinking of Captain Ryder who had kissed me, threatened me and humiliated me. I would some day make him suffer for that. Oh, I promised myself I would!

The sun was hot overhead, when I drew rein, ate my cold breakfast, and spread a poncho on the ground to get a little sleep.

It was strangely peaceful and hushed. I was in a natural glade, screened from the roadway by the underbrush. For some moments I lay without moving, thinking of all that had happened.

Meanwhile I had only one plan, to reach the coast. I decided that it would be about three days', or rather three nights', journey, for I would not risk travelling except after dark.

The light still held, but soon it would vanish, and I knew I must begin making preparations for the next step in my journey. I ate a simple meal and tended to my pony. I was tightening the saddle girths when a sudden medley of sounds broke the deep silence: horses going at a gallop, a confused shouting, the report of a carbine.

Down the roadway came a troop of soldiers. I peered through the bushes as they passed, and saw the horses craning their necks, the men with rifles unslung, and eyes fixed grimly before them, riding like the wind.

Then another sound caught my attention. Just back of me the vines and creepers parted, and a man, hatless and coatless with an ugly cut on his forehead came stumbling into the glade. I rubbed my eyes as if at an apparition. For I was staring into the face of Captain Dan Ryder!

"They almost got me," he whispered. "What luck to find you here!"

"What's happened?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The bottom of our campaign was knocked out. A force of loyalists came down on the plantation the night you disappeared. They made mince-meat of my men, I can tell you. I've had more miraculous escapes than any one man is entitled to in a single lifetime."

I stared at this man who was my enemy, remembering how I had promised to punish him if ever the opportunity came to me. I tried hard to be angry at him now, to be scornful, to recall his insults to me. Yet somehow I could think only of the fact that he was very brave and that he was wounded.

He smiled at my question, as I pointed to his forehead.

"A machete grazed me," he explained. "It isn't pretty to look at it, but it's nothing. A little cold water, a little rest, a pull of brandy, that's all I need right now."

His eyes had a strange humor in them. He chuckled. "I knew you weren't going to get away from me," he murmured. "I wanted you too much."

"Have you forgotten I am to marry your general?" I inquired.

His grin deepened. "Come, that was all very well to pretend back there. You'd have never gone through with it. I was simply calling your bluff."

I tried to meet his eyes indignantly, but I failed wretchedly. My gaze wavered and fell. I could not deny the truth. Of what use would my denial be with a man like this, a man who saw everything, who was afraid of nothing!

He rose slowly. "See here, this is a poor time to tell you, but I might as well let you know; I really love you."

His voice was quiet and gentle. His eye met and held mine. He was no longer the violent soldier.

At last I found words. "But Senor, I do not even know you. This is almost impossible. Do not say things like that to me again."

"But I mean it," he said. "It's a thing I can't help. Do you think I ever felt like this before? Why, I could let you cut me to pieces for the way I treated you when I was drunk. I came out of that with a clear head and I'm different. Only I'm going to have you just the same. Nothing can stop me!"

HIS tone had grown more determined. He looked as grim as ever, and my fears swept back on me. In an instant I had followed my impulse. I pulled out Rosita's pistol and pointed it at him.

"But I can stop you, Senor Captain!" I said. "This time I will shoot."

He laughed as if in delight. His hand shot out like lightning and caught my wrist. The pistol exploded in air and fell from my fingers.

"There's no use trying to fight against me," he said. "I tell you I'm going to have you."

"But I hate you."

"Then I'll make you love me."

"Oh, I'll make you suffer for this," I cried. "My will is as strong as yours. You will be sorry for all you have done!"

He laughed in his reckless, wild way. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken in you!" he said.

It must have been our desperate intensity that kept us from hearing anything but our own voices until it was almost too late. All I know is, I heard a crashing sound in the undergrowth and Captain Ryder said:

"It looks as if you were about to win already! That shot told them where to find us."

Then I realized that the troopers who pursued him had returned. I pushed my way out of the glade and at the sight of me they halted their horses.

The officer in charge leaned towards me. "Have you seen a man on foot, a rebel?" he burst out.

"Yes! Quick! I will show you where to find him. Then you can put him in prison and keep him there."

The officer gave a delighted laugh. "It is not to prison we will send him but to eternity. Where is he?"

In that desperate moment I knew that in my heart I did not really hate Captain Ryder at all. I did want to see him hurt.

But the officer was staring at me tensely. A strange dizziness came over me and my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth.

WHAT should I tell them? The life of this handsome, impudent Captain was in my hands! Should I turn him over to be shot? Or should I send the soldiers in the wrong direction and leave myself helpless in Captain Ryder's power? I'll tell you in May SMART SET *which way I chose*

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Uneasy Love

[*Continued from page 55*]

it had been and thought that he might have been more grateful!

The clerk pushed a big book towards me on the counter, and said, "Register, please."

I had scrawled "Roberta M—" before it occurred to me that it wouldn't be wise to sign my own name. I dared not scratch out what I had written, with that watchful, half-smiling stare fixed on me. Instead of finishing the last name, I substituted "Minto" for Mayo, and added "Brooklyn" as an address.

During the night it occurred to me that if Breakneck engaged a detective to track me, I might be traced through the chauffeur of last night's taxi. Exactly how such things were done, I didn't know, but they were done. I saw it might be possible for me to be pursued to the Hotel Monte Carlo, so I determined to do all I could to break the clue there. At eight o'clock I was out of the house, bag in hand. I walked down to Forty-second Street and took a crowded cross town trolley.

"THIS ought to beat even Breakneck!" I told myself as I jumped out and mingled with the throng making for the Grand Central.

At nine-thirty precisely I called Hugh from one of the public booths.

"Hello, darling child!" he said. "I've been thinking of you and dreaming of you all night. You're speaking from your friends' flat, of course? I've called up Pelham already, and it's all right about a nice room for you. What time shall I come to fetch you for lunch? The sooner the better for me!"

"No, I'm not at my friends' flat," I explained. "They were going away this morning, although I didn't know it, and they're lending the apartment for a few days to—to a girl I don't know. So I let them bring me and my bag to the Grand Central and that's where I am now. We'd better go straight to Pelham."

I was in a different world, in that little gray house under the elm trees at Pelham!

I felt safe and sheltered, with Miss Brady, who had been Hugh's nurse till he was five or six, and near his slightly prim but sweetly kind gray-haired cousin, Miss Caroline Nelson. Breakneck Lawrence might try to comb the world for me. He would never find me in such a place as this!

But I had to think of money and clothes. I couldn't trust Julie to keep my secret from Breakneck, if I wrote to her. She'd think it for my future good to give me away to him. And though I had vaguely imagined myself borrowing from Hugh and paying him back scrupulously after we were married from whatever allowance he gave me for my own expenses, I couldn't bring myself to do such a thing.

In packing my bag I had not had time to look over my jewelry and separate the few things I had inherited, from the many more given me by Breakneck Lawrence, and for that reason, I hadn't been able to leave his gifts in the flat with my letter of farewell. I had promised to send the jewels back later, but I realized now that, meanwhile, my one way out of a difficult pass was to pawn all my valuables.

"AND that's what I must do," I decided, "unless Hugh decides that we're to be married at once. Then, perhaps, I can get along."

I was almost angry with him for not rushing me off to the nearest clergyman. Why didn't he, if he loved and wanted me as much as he said? I soon found out that it was because of an old uncle who had brought him up after his parents died.

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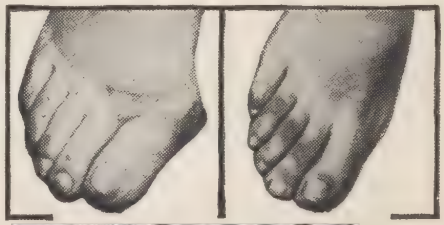

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It was Miss Nelson who told me the story.

"I suppose Hugh has talked to you about his uncle and godfather, for whom he was named, old Hughson Hardinge, his father's brother?" she asked. She did not know how short my acquaintance with Hugh was, nor how little time we had had to talk about ourselves!

"No," I answered, "the only relative he has mentioned, so far, was you."

That pleased her! "I thought he might have explained to you that the wedding will have to wait on his promise to his Uncle Hughson, who is quite an old man. He was years older than Hugh's father, and he's in such delicate health that he lives the whole year round in California. Hugh's father died involved in some terrible financial losses and the boy wouldn't have had a cent for his education if it hadn't been for his uncle. Uncle Hughson did everything for him. They write to each other constantly. The friendship is beautiful between an old man and a young one! His uncle is so proud of Hugh's success!

"I guess the first thing Hugh did after getting engaged to you was to send a long telegram to Los Angeles. As soon as he gets a reply, you'll find him asking you to name the day!"

HUGH had had a splendid new job offered him and had come back from France with the intention of taking it at once. A big reservoir and a great dam were to be constructed in Westchester County, about fifty miles from New York, and Hugh had become so famous, Miss Nelson explained, that he had been called back to take charge of the work. He himself had told me all about that, except the part about his fame, as he motored me from the Grand Central Station to Pelham.

There had been no time to speak of the uncle in California! But perhaps Hugh might not have chosen to speak about him in any case.

I simply had to take it for granted that he was impatient, and then, on the second evening of my stay at Pelham, when I was almost sick with wondering whether I should take the jewels into New York, to some pawn shop, he showed me a telegram.

"Read that, darling," he said, "and then I'll tell you a story."

"Starting at once," the telegram said. "Santa Fé Limited Thursday from Los Angeles. Will wire again from Chicago whether strong enough to go on from there without day's delay for rest. Can't stand the noise of New York. Am telegraphing the Grahams at Casa del Mare. Why not have wedding there as soon as possible? Great idea. Hope you carry it through. My best wishes and love, H. H."

THE story Hugh told me when I had read the telegram through, was the same as that Miss Nelson had told me but I let him think it was new to me. I was afraid he might be vexed with her. You see, I understood him very little, and was anxious not to displease him, but I did venture a question when he finished.

"What does your uncle mean about the Grahams, and our wedding at the Casa?"

Then, before he had time to answer, something in my brain linked together the names of Graham and Casa.

"Casa del Mare!" Yes, that was quite a celebrated house on Long Island. I had read about it. The house belonged to the Grahams, a well known old family. It was near Oyster Bay. It was also near Virginia Gold's place. Oh, it was too bad to be true that there should be a question of my going there! I could not go. I dared not risk meeting Virginia Gold and being recognized by her. She was in Breakneck Lawrence's set. She might speak of me to him. He mustn't find me.

No, I couldn't go to the Casa del Mare. And yet if Hugh wanted me to go, what excuse could I make for refusing?

Well, Hugh did want me to go to the "Casa." Everybody wanted me to go. And I found no excuse for hanging back, after Hugh's aunt, Mrs. Graham, with her adorable daughter, Molly, a girl about my own age, came to call on me at Pelham and invited me to stay with them.

Mrs. Graham was the only sister of old Hughson Hardinge, and of Hugh's dead father. That was why Uncle Hughson wanted to stay at Casa del Mare and why he wished his nephew's wedding to take place there. Besides, Mr. Graham, who had retired from a strenuous career in Wall Street, and was something of an invalid these days, had been a friend of Uncle Hughson's for many years.

It seemed that Hugh had been saying good-by to his relatives at Casa del Mare the night he met me in the rain.

Fate had got me! I felt that I was being swept along like a leaf on a swift, rushing river. I no longer resisted, but hoped and prayed that I might be married to Hugh, and far away, before Breakneck Lawrence heard of me at Casa del Mare.

I went to New York and to a jeweler who had mended trinkets for me now and then. He recommended me to a pawnbroker. I braced myself for the ordeal, and came out of it in the end with eight hundred dollars and half a dozen numbered tickets. With this money in my purse I walked to the nearest big department store which could supply me with everything I needed.

The next day when Hugh came to drive me to the Grahams' I wore a new sports frock and hat to match, which I had bought in New York. They were almond green and I knew they were becoming.

"I didn't think you could look more beautiful than you looked that rainy night, sitting in this same seat, wrapped in my rug," Hugh said. "But perhaps you are just a shade more divine today. That's because you're happy, I hope! Poor little girl, you weren't very happy that night! I shall never forget the look on your face when I'd picked you up, in your pretty rose-and-silver frock, with your golden hair shining with rain, and you said you must get to New York. What did you do with that dress, dear child? I'd love to have it, as a souvenir of that wonderful night."

"Oh, the gown was only fit to be thrown away," I said.

"I FELT pretty sure some brute of a chap had worried you by making fierce love to you that night," Hugh went on. "You need never tell me what happened unless you want to. I hope I didn't show curiosity that night, but I wouldn't be human if I hadn't felt it."

"You didn't show it," I said. "You never do show your feelings unless you wish to! You are rather like a Red Indian for that. I can hardly ever guess what you are thinking about."

"You'll understand me some day," Hugh answered, and I thought his blue eyes, between the black lines of heavy lashes, looked more inscrutable than ever. What did he mean? Had he some special, cryptic thought that I ought to read?

I was so interested in studying this question, that I did not notice the road into which we turned. Suddenly, however, I woke up, and realized that in a few minutes we should be passing Breakneck Lawrence's place.

I could have fainted when Hugh said, "Did you ever happen to meet a man named Breckenridge Lawrence? I believe he's a great pal of Garrison Raynes, so you might have come across him at the studio. A peculiar, rather interesting personality, amateur boxer and athlete. His friends call him

'Breakneck'. This is his country place."

Against my will I glanced towards the open gates. A dark blue car was rushing down the long drive from the house to the road. There was an unmistakable figure at the wheel.

"Don't let's be beaten!" I cried. "Let's give that car a race!"

"All right," Hugh said and stepped on the gas.

Our car responded with a spurt of speed which gave me hope, but two minutes later we came to a crossroad, just ahead. A huge motor van was charging along it. If Hugh drew up and waited, we were lost! Breakneck would catch us.

"Get across, ahead of him, oh, do, dearest!" I gasped. "There's time!"

TO PLEASE me, perhaps to please himself also, Hugh took the chance! We flashed in front of the van with ten inches between us and collision.

"Splendid!" I cried, when I got my breath.

I dared not glance back at first but when I did it was relief beyond words that Breakneck's auto was not in sight.

If only he hadn't seen me with Hugh Hardinge, he would have had little chance of learning where I was until I was safely married. Hugh said no more about him.

I kept up my courage and tried, under the kindly eyes of the Grahams, to play the part of a carefree, happy girl.

By and by my forced gaiety became real. It seemed that no harm could touch me here! I was making them all laugh by repeating, with a little mimicry, some of nice old Mrs. Brady's unconscious witticisms, when the butler appeared with an envelope on a small silver tray. "A telegram for you, sir," he said to Hugh.

Something told me that there was trouble inside that envelope which Hugh hastily broke open.

"Must be from Uncle Hugh," he said. "No one else knows I'm here today." He read the message. "Good lord, the dear old boy is ill! He's collapsed, and can't travel!" Hugh exclaimed. Then he turned to me. "I must go to him, darling," he said. "I'll have to start on the first train for Chicago."

That something which had warned me of trouble, seemed to laugh in my ear, "I told you so! Fate's got you. No use struggling."

Yet I did struggle. "I'm so, so sorry!" I cried, not explaining that I was sorrier for myself than for Uncle Hugh. "Couldn't you take me with you to Chicago?" I begged.

THERE rose a chorus of protest from the Grahams, especially from Hugh's aunt. "No, no my dear," she said, "I'm not very conventional, though I do belong to the past generation. But it wouldn't do for you to travel to Chicago alone with Hugh, and perhaps have your wedding delayed indefinitely when you got there. I'd go and chaperon you, if you and Hugh were bent on it, but my own husband isn't well just now."

"I'm afraid she's right, darling," Hugh agreed. "I'd love to take you. It would be glorious. But if my uncle is very ill, it would be a sad time for you. And if he's not, why in almost no time I'll have him here, ready to see our program carried out."

There was no more for me to say. Fate had me in her clutches!

I did go as far as the Grand Central.

While he attended to getting his ticket I went to the newsstand to buy him some magazines and evening papers. My mind wasn't on the news, however, and I didn't even glance at the headlines.

There was a little time to spare at the end, however, and Hugh brought me into his drawing-room, for our last moments together. He threw the papers and magazines on to a seat, and it was then that my eyes chanced to fall on a row of big letters

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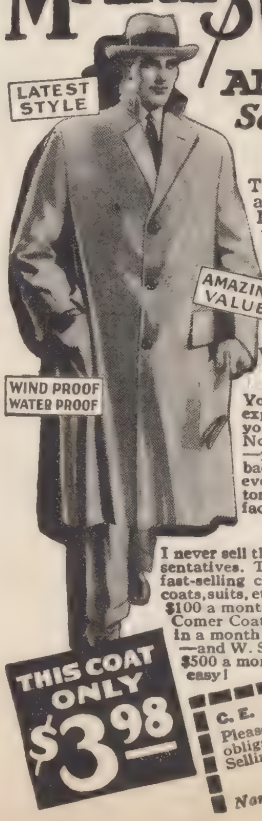

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at the top of a column on the front page.

"Breakneck Lawrence Badly Hurt In Motor Crash."

Mechanically I cried out.

"What is it, sweetest?" Hugh asked in sharp anxiety that would have pleased me at another time. Already he had me in his arms, but for the first time his touch didn't thrill me. I was cold and rigid.

I had no voice to answer his question so I pointed at the paper.

"Great Scott!" Hugh exclaimed. "I wonder if that motor truck we just missed, caught him?"

He let me go and snatched the paper.

"By George, yes. That's what happened. Quick work, getting it into the papers already," Hugh said. "The poor chap crashed into the truck as he tried to cross the road. Both his legs were broken, and they're afraid his spine is injured. But good lord, child, don't look as if you were going to faint! The man's not dead. And anyhow, you—"

"I know. He's nothing to me," I said. "But he's human. And suppose it were you, instead. Oh, Hugh, the truck might have hit us. How should I be feeling now if you were in Mr. Lawrence's place? I made you take that risk. I didn't stop to realize. I was excited. But I should have died if you—"

"My poor babe, you would probably have died with me," said Hugh. "But look here! It didn't happen to us you know. It happened to this unfortunate Breakneck Lawrence. I'm as sorry as I can be for anyone I scarcely know. It's hard luck, but you and I can't do him any good by fainting, so brace up, child. We'll have to say good-by now. In a few days at most I hope to be back. And maybe in a week, you'll be my wife. Kiss me, and I'll take you out on to the platform. You know where to find the Grahams' car, don't you?"

I had got my self-control back. It was almost as if Hugh had purposely helped me to do so! We kissed each other as we had never kissed before, and Hugh held me closely for a few seconds. This was our first real separation since the night Hugh came just in time to save me from being Breakneck's "Midnight Sweetheart" forever.

Next morning the newspapers announced that Breakneck Lawrence was still living. He had never lost consciousness and had coolly directed his rescuers, as to how to extricate him from the wreckage of his car. The doctors were not certain yet, that the spinal damage was hopeless, but they feared it. Possibly an operation would be performed as soon as the patient was able to stand it. The greatest specialist in the United States, perhaps in the world, was already in attendance at "The Glooms."

Nearly a week passed, and each day I received a letter and a telegram, sometimes two, from Hugh. His uncle was much better, and would soon be well enough to travel. Then home, and the wedding! At last, the day for the journey was settled upon and it was Mrs. Graham's idea to have the wedding as soon as possible after the two Hughs arrived. "I've had a feeling that my brother won't be very long in this world," she said. "And I don't want him to miss the great event he has been thinking of and planning for ever since Hugh grew up."

I was excited about meeting Uncle Hughson, and seeing my own, wonderful Hugh again. The day came when they were due at the Grand Central, and Mrs. Graham proposed that she and I should meet them, in the big Rolls Royce where there would be plenty of room for all four of us to return together without crowding.

I had put on one of my prettiest new frocks, and was standing on the loggia waiting for Mrs. Graham to come out, when a footman brought me a letter.

It seemed that all the blood in my body had rushed to my head, for I recognized Breakneck Lawrence's writing on the envelope. It was shaky but unmistakably his.

Mrs. Graham hadn't yet come out. Molly was away for the day. I had the loggia to myself, and though there was nothing more hateful to me than reading a message from Breakneck, I knew that now was the moment to do it.

"I owe this state I am in, to you," I read. "I saw you with Hardinge and followed you. I didn't count the risk in what I did for I never have counted risks. This is the consequence. I bear you no malice, but you owe me something. You must come to me before you marry another man. You need have no fear of anything I may say or do. I may be a dying man. Surely you will pay this debt to me.

"There are many reasons why it would be unwise of you to thwart my wish. And do not hope to deceive me. You can do nothing without my knowledge, while I live. I am not able yet to receive you, but soon I shall be, and when I am strong enough I will let you know. My urgent request is that you put off your marriage, for your own good, until we can meet, it may be for the last time. You will agree, I am sure, in order to have no future regrets. B. L."

I had no time to think for Mrs. Graham came downstairs just then and I went with her, like an automaton.

Uncle Hughson approved of me, paid me the most beautiful, old-fashioned compliments, and said that I was even more perfect than Hugh had led him to expect.

"What about having the quiet little wedding we planned, the first of next week?" Hugh said. "Then, if the dear old boy keeps on as he is now, we can run off anywhere you like, for a honeymoon."

"I'd love it," I said. "But—"

"Good Lord, is there a 'but?'" Hugh asked.

"Oh, it's only that, since you went away, I've been thinking it might be better after all, if we didn't get married quite so soon."

It was like giving myself a death sentence to say this, but Breakneck Lawrence's letter had hypnotized me. Instead of telling me I was silly, or begging me to change my mind, as some men would have done, Hugh asked very gravely. "Why have you been thinking this?"

"Oh, I hardly know," I said, "except—well, it would be nice to choose the house first, wouldn't it? You see, the Grahams are such dears, they would really like me to stay on. You must have lots to arrange about your new work. It would interrupt all that if we went away on a honeymoon a few days from now. I'm sure it would be better for you if we waited a little while."

"Never mind what may be best for me. Tell me just this. Is your suggestion that we put off marrying only a young girl's shyness of marriage, or do you seriously wish to wait, for a reason which seems good to you?"

"I have a reason," I whispered. "It does seem good to me."

"Very well. I'll wait for a little while," he promised.

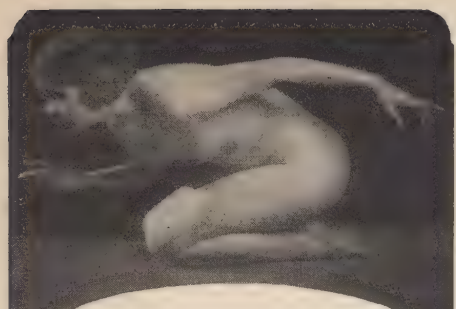
His tone seemed peculiar to me. It was not cold. It had in it enough disappointment to keep me from feeling that he didn't mind. He did mind, I was sure of that. He minded very much indeed. But his regrets seemed to my sensitive conscience to have some queer complication in them.

"You're good to me, dearest!" I said.

"I want to be good to you," he answered, but even in those words there seemed to lie some mysterious meaning. "Do you want to put off our wedding for weeks or only days?"

"Well," I said, "we can't tell exactly how long it will take us to find the place where we want to live."

"I've had an apartment offered to me in New York," Hugh said. "It sounds rather



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wonderful, from the description given to me."

"You didn't tell me about it!" I said.

"No. I didn't mention it. But I found a follow-up letter when I got back. Didn't you see me opening envelopes while you and my aunt were feeding Uncle Hugh with beef tea?"

"Is it a friend's apartment?"

"No. Not a friend's. Do you like a flat?"

"I don't at all!" I said. I shuddered as I thought of the Midnight Sweetheart's luxurious quarters. "Where is this place?"

"Near Gramercy Park, I believe."

I felt a flush steal up to my cheeks. "I don't care about that neighborhood," I said. "It's too near where I used to live, and I'm tired of that part of New York. Couldn't we go further uptown or else into the country?"

"Of course. It's for you to choose. We haven't had much time to talk over our plans. Uncle Hughson's illness interrupted everything. But I thought we might take a furnished house or apartment near where we wanted to have our own place, and give ourselves time to work on that, to make it just what we want."

I hardly heard him. It was the first time I had ever been absent-minded while Hugh, my wonderful, adorable Hugh, talked to me.

When Uncle Hugh grew better, he became restive about the hitch, as he called it, in our wedding arrangements. After three weeks had passed Uncle Hugh said straight out, "What about the wedding? I'm ready for it! What says the bride?"

"The bride says that she's so thrilled with house hunting, she can't think of anything else," I said.

"Nonsense, child," grumbled Uncle Hughson, "I understood from the boy that the minute I could lift my head from my pillow, I should be allowed to give the bride away."

"Well," I said, "I'd like to find a house first and Hugh says he doesn't mind."

"Oh, doesn't he! That's all a girl knows about a man," said Uncle Hughson. "I'll talk to the boy about it myself."

If he did talk to Hugh, Hugh must have persuaded him that I was to be given my way. Another fortnight passed, and by that time we had really chosen a house, not in town, but quite near the place where Hugh's new work was to be. We had actually begun to pick up bits of beautiful old furniture, mostly early American.

It had been only six weeks since Breakneck Lawrence's accident but to me it seemed twice as long. We had news of him now and then, from people who called, and once from two persons whose very names had made my heart beat with fear, Virginia Gold and her aunt.

They had been invited to a dinner party Mrs. Graham was giving. "A few old friends" were being asked to meet Uncle Hughson, and a few young ones for Hugh and me. "Virginia Gold and her aunt have just come back from Paris," Molly said. "They've heard about the engagement, and they're dying to see what Hugh's girl is like. In fact, if the truth were known I believe Virginia used to hope for Hugh herself once, though she gave up long ago."

"If she should recognize me, what would happen?" I asked myself in fright. She had stared at me, the night of her dance. If Miss Blake had told her about the borrowed dress, and if she grudged Hugh to another girl, she might do most anything. Besides Hugh knew that I had been at the birthday ball.

But I had to face the danger. Pretending to be ill would only be putting it off. So I stood up to the introduction, and smiled calmly when Miss Gold said, "Haven't we met before?"

"I'm sure I should remember, if we had," I answered.

As someone took Miss Gold away from

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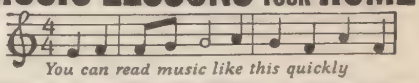

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me, I caught Hugh's eyes, fixed upon my face with concentrated interest as if he were studying a problem. When I had a chance to speak to him, I took the bull by the horns.

"You must have wondered how I got to Miss Gold's dance that night, without knowing her or her aunt," I said. "You've always been a darling not to ask me questions about that wild adventure, but—"

"I'm not going to ask you any now!" Hugh said. He no longer looked tense, but merely pleasant and kind. "You have some reason or other to dislike talking about what happened at the dance. It's enough for me that I met you that night."

"I adore you!" I whispered.

"And I you!" he answered.

Only three words, but they thrilled me through and through, for Hugh was not demonstrative.

That was the worst night I had passed, since I had received Breakneck's letter, but I was up early next morning. It was my privilege to give Hugh his breakfast before he drove to New York.

There were several letters at the table for Hugh and two for me. I glanced at the envelopes, and saw that one was from Miss Nelson who wrote to me every week. The address on the other was typed, and I imagined that it was an advertisement. I had received a number of such communications since the news of my engagement to Hugh Hardinge had leaked out. In no hurry to open either envelope, I went on pouring the coffee.

"You might read your cousin's letter to me, while I make the waffles!" I said.

Hugh obeyed and we laughed together over Miss Nelson's little witticisms.

"Shall I read you the other, too?" he asked.

"Please!" I said.

Hugh cut the top of the rather common envelope with a knife, in the neat way he had. I hardly looked up from my task, though I was vaguely conscious of seeing him pull out a folded sheet of commercial paper, and unfold it.

"My little Midnight Sweetheart," he read aloud.

MY heart stopped beating. After all the trouble I had taken to keep Hugh from knowing about the "Midnight Sweetheart" nest he was to discover my secret like this? Was he already suspicious? Could I go on lying to him? Would he believe me if I did? I'll tell you in May SMART SET *the outcome of my "Uneasy Love"*

Continuing from Page 12 the Opening Instalment of Warner Fabian's Story of Girls' College Life

La Lond, the girl who won a key junior year.

"Reduction. Latest wrinkle. Night and morning," answered Starr, the girl who was standing on her head.

"Doesn't Duke like 'em fat?" asked Roxy Ann Merrick, a thickset and tawny blonde.

The question was answered by an arrival from the inner room. "Don't get rancid, Rocks," advised the newcomer.

The proprietress of half-rights in Suite Twenty was a brisk, brownish nineteen-year-old with the bearing of self-confidence and self-competency so characteristic of American girlhood. To her poised roommate she said, "Come off it, Starr."

Being incompetent, for good and sufficient reasons, to shake her head, Starr waved her feet negatively. Sylvia raised her voice in her determination to attract attention.

"I've got some news that I bet'll bring you down. Our Giff's grown a 'stash."

THERE was a heavy flop. Miss Starr Mowbray lay upon her back, her face turned to the ceiling, her deep-drawn breaths filling the lines of her sweater with a ripple of curves.

"Say it ain't true, dee-rie! Say it ain't true!" she besought, kicking feebly.

At once the conversation concentrated upon the most popular member of the faculty.

"Have you seen him?" demanded Gwen Peters, tall, languid, and the mainstay of the crowd in fabricating ingenious excuses and stratagems for more or less unlawful weekends.

"No. The maid in the South corridor told me. She was almost in tears."

"Ruined!" exclaimed Celia Forsythe.

"Oh, I dunno," put in Bertha Ruehl, generally known as Golden Ruehl for the sake of the pun rather than for her coloring, which was that of the useful though inartistic brick. "Maybe it'll only make him sterner-looking and more fascinating and wholly irresistible."

"How do you two juniors rate these quarters anyway?" demanded Jessamine Dahl, a senior. "They're the best in the house."

"OH, WE just happened to get 'em," was Sylvia's careless rejoinder. She was the sort of girl who obviously would "just happen to get," the desirable things of the world by simply and confidently assuming the right to them, she being what she was, one of the blessed, but by no means meek, inheritors of the earth.

With a single, lithe movement the self-proclaimed corpse came to life and its feet. "Ye gods, what a mess this room is in! Clothes all over! How I loathe cleaning up!"

"Got to be done, though," said her roommate. "Match you for the big dresser, old bird."

"Lend me a cent, somebody. All right, I'll match you. Tails."

"Heads."

"Damn."

"You unpack first, then."

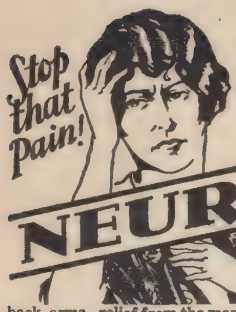
Upon this broad hint the others said good night and drifted out yawning, planning, making dates, cursing the resumption of studies, comparing notes on classes and courses, on house parties and fashions and the male sex.

"Did you really have a good time this summer, Starr?" said Sylvia after the others left.

"Swell!"

"New York?"

"Mostly."



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"Anything (meaning anybody) new in your young life?"

"A couple."

"Serious?"

"Just enough to be interesting but not really dangerous."

"Do you know, Syl," Starr went on, "I don't get as much kick out of things as I used to, and I'm only twenty. What do you suppose is the matter with me? Even necking is losing its tremors. There isn't the least bit of a thrill in it."

"Naturally."

The other stared. "For goodness' sake! When did you get so wise Syl? Have you gone and resigned from the touch-me-not school of thought?"

"No. It's still a matter of theory rather than actual practice with me. But it stands to reason that all this playing at love is poor stuff unless you go through with it."

"You're an immoral woman, Sylvia Hartnett. I'm surprised at you!"

"Immoral, nothing! I'm logical. I never could see anything in this stuff that you all pull," returned the younger girl coolly. "Why get yourself all stirred up over a false alarm?"

"How do you know it's going to be false? It might be a real fire."

"Oh, well! It never is with your type and if it was you'd send in a loud yell for the hose-cart. Me, if I ever come to the Rubicon, I'm not going to take off my shoes'n stockin's and just wade. Sink or swim for mine."

"All right, Cæsar. Me, I'm for old Mother Goose, modern version: 'Keep your clothes on your rickety limbs and don't go too near the water.' Well, what's vacation done for you? Come on now! Tell me all there is to tell."

"Oh, I've been butterflying, too. Detroit isn't New York but it isn't so dead slow at that."

"Any new suitors Syl?"

"Bob's been playing me pretty hard, and Winsome Walter from Williams gave me a week's attention before he got the bum's rush to make up a condition. Also that Gale lad of Nixie's showed enthusiasm at the one party I met him at."

"What's that?"

The whole place shook with the impact of a tremendous thump overhead. Starr uplifted an indignant demand.

"What the devil are you pulling up there? An earthquake?"

"I'm sorry," said a clear voice. "Did it do any harm?"

"Only to our nervous systems. Come in, Freshman."

"My trunk tipped over." Verity Clarke stepped into the light, looking in the loose negligée she wore like a tousled and charming little girl. She had entered college from the West, the previous year, but had been inconspicuous, except for a rather marked success in a small part in the Dramatic Club, and she had dropped out, halfway, because of a death in her family. Now she was back, taking her Freshman year over.

The year before she had been admitted to the jealously restricted table over which Starr, Sylvia, and Gwen Peters held despotic though unofficial sway, so they knew her pretty well.

"Didn't know you'd moved in upstairs," said Sylvia.

"I only just did. And now I'm moving out. It's revolting." The big eyes were humid with resentment.

"What's the matter?"

"Jinny was going to room with me but she's been kicked. She hasn't been doing any work at all this year; says she hates the place anyway. And two seniors have put in a bid for the room."

"Pretty rotten, young Clarkey. Where are you going?"

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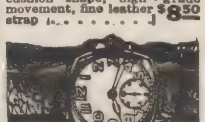

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The girl hesitated. "Olga Tremwich wants me to room with her over in Blatch."

The two older girls exchanged looks. "I wouldn't be in any hurry about deciding, kid," advised Starr carelessly. "It's easier to get into a room than to get out of it sometimes, in this woman's college."

"I've got to go somewhere," said Verity with a touch of petulance. "Good night."

"Know the Tremwich person, Syl?" asked Starr as their visitor left.

"Tall, dark girl, scraggly around the neck? Sophomore?"

"That's the one. What do you say we crab her little game and take the kid in with us? Olga's no person for a youngster like Vee to play with."

"This is no Rescue Mission," protested Sylvia.

"No. But—"

"At that, she wouldn't fit in so badly," admitted Sylvia. "She's different enough from our style to make a good third. And maybe," she added optimistically, "we could work her to make our beds. Think she'd come?"

"She'd jump at the chance. Don't count too much on working her, though. That's a stiff little lower jaw of hers."

"Oh, well, she ought to pay something for rooming with the two most popular girls in the place," said Sylvia modestly. "Anyway, we can try it out. Match you to see who goes up to call her."

"You do. You've got your shoes on."

"Oh, all right," grumbled Sylvia. "But that's a breakfast-place hold-out you owe me, then."

She left, presently returning with the freshman.

"Sit down, Vee" Starr invited. "How'd you like to come in with us?"

"I'd love it." Verity's clear eyes sparkled. "But how can I get out of going with Olga? I haven't exactly promised but I expect—"

"Leave that to us," Starr cut in. "When could you move in?"

"Why, 'most any time."

Thus Verity Clarke was made a member of the famous trio in Suite Twenty.

Only one week completed of the term and already drab monotony had descended upon Suite Twenty.

The three occupants sat, disconsolate. Outside a soft night wind was blowing out of clouds that smelled of unshed rain. Windows stood open to its lure. It carried restlessness like a contagion. A masculine-toned bell droned out ten strokes of warning to the campus.

Twin windows on the second floor of Trumbull House were discreetly lowered. The shades descended, leaving only a thin, golden outline. Had any college mentor been prowling, she might have guessed that the trio in Twenty were again ignoring the rules. Two fine points of radiance within the dimmed room marked a phase of changing time, since it is historically as well as inherently improbable that the virginal Althea Sperry smoked cigarettes.

"Listen! Somebody's coming along the hall," said Sylvia.

"If it's one of the god-hoppers, we're sunk," Starr groaned.

Inexperienced Verity dashed into her bedroom with her cigarette.

There was a hesitant knock. "Who is it?"

"It's only me," came the deprecating response.

"Ida McKay" whispered Starr.

"What do you want?" asked Sylvia.

"Can't I come in for a minute?"

"Starr's working like a fool."

"I just wanted to ask you about something" said the applicant in a hurt tone.

"Oh, all right." None too graciously.

"Did you hear it?" asked Ida, stepping back.

"Hear what?"

"Steps." She pointed across the hall.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Starr. "Have you got ghosts?"

"It's Sara La Lond. Lots of nights I've heard her. She walks back and forth, back and forth."

"What if she does? She's working for her scholarship. Wouldn't hurt you if you did more of your walking in your own room."

"All right, sometimes," Ida persisted, "but I've heard her at five in the morning."

"Oh, beat it!"

When the visitor had rid them of her drab and unkindly presence Starr said thoughtfully, "I've heard that, too. D'you s'pose Sara's in any trouble? Money or something like that?"

"She isn't the kind you could go to and ask."

"Oh, well! I expect it's just that she's been working too hard and got insomnia. She'll land the Alumnæ Scholarship, and then she'll be on Easy Street.

With that the trio went to bed.

Twitching his bulbous-headed club of a cane, Professor Patterson Gifford strode across the campus. The formidable weapon invariably accompanied him even when conditions indicated a need for the more protective umbrella.

The cane had served as text and object lesson for one of his most popular lectures, "The Instinct of Combat as the Germ of Wars." He was wont to maintain, with that dry, hard vehemence which gave point to his words, that a cane was either a practical weapon or a vapid foppery, and that he would as soon carry a revolver loaded with chocolate creams as a stick with which he could not fell a man at need. The legend that "Giff" had once killed a man with that weapon was only one of the romantic traditions which gathered about his vivid personality.

He was a distinctly handsome man who gave the impression of being amusedly cognizant and contemptuous of his good looks and of their all-too-obvious effect in the super-feminized atmosphere wherein he lived and moved and had his academic being.

For the rest, he possessed an abrupt manner, a biting voice, a Puritanical conscience in all matters of scholastic standard, and a fund of infinite and long-suffering patience with an often absent wife.

As he passed Trumbull Hall the instructor of youth raised his head slightly to where Sylvia Hartnett sat in her window. It was a daily greeting.

Neither Sylvia nor Patterson Gifford could have told when that mutual curiosity first manifested itself. Each was sharply conscious of it early in their acquaintance; each clearly confident that the other felt it, also. Opportunities of contact between an undergraduate and a "faculty" are rare and difficult in an environment where scandal is an orchid, requiring little more than air to nourish it.

Against Sylvia the barriers might have remained inviolate throughout her college course but for a chance train ride just before the previous vacation, in a crowded car where the other half of her seat was the only unoccupied space.

"I won't talk to you," she promised.

He settled back and after a time she heard a dry, hard chuckle. His first words almost lifted her out of her seat.

"Ever been drunk?"

"Yes."

"Like it?"

"No."

"Neither did I."

She had controlled her voice to casualness in asking, "Do you do it often?"

"Never have before. Never expect to, again."

She added shrewdly, "What's the idea? Experience?"

"How did you guess that?"

"I'm rather strong for experience, myself. But a girl doesn't get so much chance."

"Quite as much as a college professor."

"Maybe. I wonder why you are telling me about it, Professor Gifford."

With a certain conviction he answered: "I think you are to be trusted. If you aren't, I'd better know about it now than" —a brief pause—"later."

So much was implied in the final word of this astonishing speech that she turned to study his face. How keenly blue his eyes were, burning with a cold fire under the black brows! "What does that mean? What is there—late?"

Composedly he answered: "I don't know. Do you? Something."

He was taking for granted an understanding between them, built up out of a multitude of significant trifles in the past term, an involuntary meeting of their eyes in classroom, a queer sort of excitement which she tried to repress whenever she asked him questions, an almost imperceptible emphasis upon his brusque greetings when they met on the campus; something which she had been powerless to keep out of her manner toward him on the rare occasions of their social encounters at formal college functions.

At once he had begun to talk to her of political events, of a rare-book auction which he had been attending, of the changing standards and values of the younger generation. Then he had spoken of the people of their common environment, etching them with acid incisiveness.

"You are a friend of Sara La Lond?"

"Yes. In a way."

"I am specially interested in that girl. Not as I might be interested in you."

She had flushed sharply, but made no answer, and he had continued: "Hers is a fine mind. Most of you girls are floundering morons or intelligent fussers."

"Thank you," said Sylvia, finding her voice.

"You're welcome. I should place you in the latter category. La Lond has a genuine love for learning. Unhappily, this does not always exercise more instinctive emotions. Do I make myself clear?"

Sylvia recalled the all-night pacing in the room opposite.

"Are you so well acquainted with her, Professor Gifford?"

"Hardly at all. But we came from the same manufacturing town originally. I fancy she is a lonely soul, here. It might be for her best interests to be less alone."

"Speaking in the interests of morality, Professor?" Sylvia had asked.

"Morality be damned! I am interested in scholarship. If La Lond wins the Alumnæ Fund as she should, she may go on and do something worth while. If she could do better work by being immoral, though I don't admit the invidious distinction in the realm of mind, then I should advocate immorality for her. Quite possibly it would be the best course." Again his dry chuckle. "What a flutter in our dove-cote if my abominable sentiments became known. Good-by." He had gone like a magician's evanishment with no further word of that future which he had so calmly assumed.

Sylvia had told her roommates the whole conversation about Sara, and part of it about herself, with reservations.

But further development was slow in coming. Teacher and pupil saw each other thereafter only in the midst of crowds. He had made no move to see her alone, nor had he communicated with her when she went home for summer holidays, as she had rather expected he would.

So one day, Sylvia fabricated an excuse to stay after class.

"Is that what you stayed to see me about?" he asked.

"No, I really wanted to speak to you about Sara La Lond."

"Why lie? Is it worth it?"

Wrath gleamed in Sylvia's eyes and glowed beneath her skin. "I'm sorry I stayed."

"I'm not. You are quite improved when angry. I must study to rouse you."

"You don't need to study to insult me."

"Nonsense! We're beyond that already, you and I."

"We're not beyond anything."

He ignored the contradiction. "You're annoyed because I haven't made opportunity to see you. There have been reasons. Are you going to New York soon?"

"I don't know when I'm going," was the pettish reply.

"As you please. Anything else, Miss Hartnett?"

Suddenly her eyes appealed to him. "I didn't think you'd be this way to me," she murmured.

"Stop it! I'm not—and you know it." His tone was quiet, but a dark flush had risen in his face.

There were footsteps outside. One of the lovelorn, hopefully returning.

"Thank you, Professor Gifford," Sylvia said, as if in formal acknowledgment of information imparted. But her voice was husky, and her nerves were humming like tautened wires, responsive to the thrill of her unexpectedly revealed power to stir him. A phrase of Starr's was borne to her brain: "Some people are just made to make trouble for each other and there you are!"

There, indeed! But where? Sylvia had not the vaguest idea where she was with Gifford. Somewhere, at least. No longer in misty space. So much had been gained by her venture.

At home, her chum was waiting for her. "Well? Did he explain?"

"Yes— No— Partly."

"You look rattled. What happened? Have you been able to make him crawl?"

"Giff? Crawl? I should say not."

"I don't know what's the matter with you," said the disgusted Starr. "I think you're a perfect smoosh."

Gwen Peters came up to them just then. "Going to the Junior Costume this evening?"

"Sure."

"Come around to the room afterward for a little quiet party."

"What's up?"

Gwen explained that she had become possessed of a bottle of not-too-filthy red wine and already had the remains of a flask of brandy, donated by the family for medical use only, out of which, with the addition of lemon sugar and mineral water she would back herself to produce a blend of superior potability, definite authority, and negligible aftermath.

Starr and Sylvia held swift wireless consultation and assented. It wasn't much in their line, nor in Gwen's either, for that matter.

There was an eleven o'clock late permission for the event. Gwen slipped away at ten-thirty. The two juniors from Twenty with Helen Quigg, the third invited guest, followed a few minutes later.

They found themselves in a devastated area in the midst of which Gwen impotently raged. Somebody had made away with the materials of the revelry! Wrath inspired a furious thirst in the four. Where, a few hours before, they had languidly accepted the invitation and would have been about as well satisfied not to, now their spirits craved stimulus and the revenge of which it was the symbol. Drink they must and would have. They instituted a canvass. Nobody had any of the desired contraband.

"What about Balaam, the janitor?" asked Helen Quigg.

Hurling themselves into long coats they

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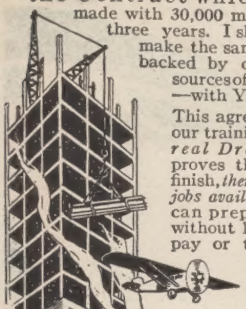

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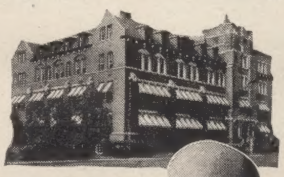

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went to his house and cautiously but insistently made their wants known.

"At any price," they said.

"I know where I could get some, I guess. Any of you want to go along? It ain't far."

Wild, but guarded cheers. All of them, it appeared, wanted to go.

Two miles of main road and nearly a mile of muddy country byway were covered before the car came to a halt in front of a shed.

"How about a li'l drink inside?" invited their conductor.

"Is it safe?" asked a doubtful voice.

"Safe for you as for me."

There were a dozen men in the lamplighted room, half of whom were more or less drunk. There were also two women who appeared to be neither drunk nor respectable. Balaam ordered five Scotches. The girls found them strong, bitter and comforting.

"Have another round?" he invited promptly. Starr and Gwen declined. Helen who had a hickory head said she'd stay with it, and Sylvia said she'd stay with Helen. But her head was of a softer material than hickory and before the second Scotch had more than begun to tingle through her nerves, she suspected that she had made a mistake, albeit a not unpleasing one. She stood up. Her coat flapped open.

"Show-girls, by golly!"

A man at the adjoining table had caught a gleam of fancy costume and bare flesh. He rose and lurched forward, presenting himself with an elaborate bow.

Sylvia wavered on her feet. He thrust an arm around her neck. The shock sobered the girl. She shoved him violently back and he was prevented from falling only by the interposition of his companion who had also risen and come forward, and who now feelingly rebuked him.

"Get out, quick," muttered Balaam.

The four girls, seriously alarmed now, made for the door. Several male figures interposed. "No, you don't!" they exulted.

Instantly the fight became general and enthusiastic. A side lamp went down with a crash.

Gwen and Sylvia were already near the outer door which Balaam had yanked open when, with a wild crash the other lamp bracket came down. Total darkness superseded the twilight interval.

Balaam had got clear and as he stepped on the starter a wave of femininity swept out of the night and poured through the car doors.

"Oh, I'm glad to be out of there," said Starr.

"Who are you?" Helen asked wildly.

"Where's Sylvia?" shrieked Gwen.

"She isn't here."

"We've got to go back," Starr said.

"Cheer up, dearie. She'll be all right. The fellows we was with are perfect gents. They'll look after her. One's an alderman."

The car was bumping wildly over the rutted road, but it could not make great speed. Far ahead a lone figure, picked up by the headlights, moved lightly and swiftly aside. Starr in the front seat sensed something familiar in it. A moment later she was sure. She opened the door and thrust her head and half her torso out.

"Sylvia!" she yelled. "Back there. The road house. Sylvia Hartnett."

Patterson Gifford raised his heavy cane and waved it.

Then she saw him turn and run back along the road.

Now turn to page 34 and read the second instalment of this great serial, "Unforbidden Fruit."

An Invitation

By Edna Wallace Hopper

You've heard of this woman who has been a stage beauty over forty years, and of the French beauty formulas that have kept her beautiful for a lifetime. But you never have had so wonderful an offer as she makes you here.

This is your golden opportunity to have your own beauty box of Edna Wallace Hopper's own beauty requisites. Not just a collection of stingy samples of commercial cosmetics, but liberal quantities of seven scientific aids to beauty culture; the self-same things this famous beauty spent years in searching out; the secrets once known only in France.

Look at the photograph of Miss Hopper—taken this year. At a grandmother's age, she still looks like a flapper. That's what the right beauty aids can do; what ordinary tallow creams and crude clays and starchy powders can never accomplish. Try these seven aids, in generous quantities; enough powder for six weeks, all in decorative box suitable for travel or home use, for coupon and only 50c.

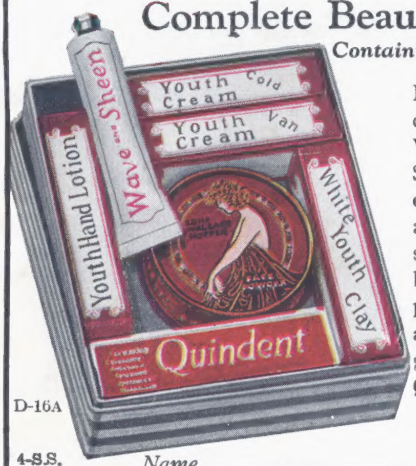
Full-sized packages would cost you over four dollars!

FREE: Certificate for full fifty-cent tube of exquisite Quindent toothpaste will be included, so this week-end beauty case really costs you nothing!

All toilet counters sell Miss Hopper's Beauty Aids

Complete Beauty Outfit, 50c

Containing Every Beauty Need



Mail this special offer coupon at once to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago—enclosing 50c (stamps accepted) for liberal trial sizes of all seven of these beauty aids, Miss Hopper's own beauty book, **also Free certificate good for 50c tube of Quindent toothpaste.**

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